THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett – Charles Brackett – C. E. Scoggins – Corra Harris
Nina Wilcox Putnam – Kennett Harris – Joseph Hergesheimer

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It must cleanse *safely*, because it is made of the very finest of pure ingredients, blended to produce a pure, mild, white and delightfully fragrant soap—which floats.

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to pay only for *pure soap*, which contains no "mysteries" and offers no "magic" except the soothing magic of cleanliness. PROCTER & GAMBLE.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

IVORY

Julia, maid of maids, is as concerned as if the blouse were her own, instead of Sally Jollyco's. Its delicate crêpe is faded and torn. Sally washed it *herself*, with soap of her own choosing.

"Oh, and I *warned* her, Mrs. Jollyco. But she wouldn't listen."

"I know, Julia," says Mrs. Jollyco. "Miss Sally is one of those who learn only by experience. Perhaps next time she will use Ivory. Then she won't have to rub, and there will be no fading or tearing."

Side out on a triple play! The professor notes this thought: "Clean bodies make keen minds." Well, if Bobby keeps on resisting soap, we don't know how he is going to be a famous shortstop—even with the help of his canine friend, Ulysses.

"Why, Sally Jollyco!" cries Miss Tippit, the family nurse, "What's that Mrs. Prowl doing in here?"

"Now, Tippity, you go right away!" says Sally. "Mrs. Prowl says this new soap will keep me beautiful."

"Oh dear, oh dear! And after I brought you up so careful on Ivory Soap, too!"

Poor Sally! She has a terrible time, doesn't she? But Miss Tippit is right—soap keeps one *pretty* only by keeping one *clean*. Ivory does that, and gently, *too!*

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THE CINDER BUGGY

A Fable in Iron and Steel—By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A GENERATION has fled since a stranger was seen in the streets of New Damascus on an errand of business. The town has nothing to sell except the finest wrought iron in the world. As the quality of this iron is historic and the form of it a standard muck bar for use in further manufacture, you order it from afar at a price based on what is current in Pittsburgh. Sellers of merchandise miss New Damascus on purpose. It is a catalogue town. It buys nothing because it is new, nothing it does not need, has no natural pride in waste whatever. Strangers are not unwelcome, only they must not mind being stared at. The town is shy and jealous and has the air of keeping a secret.

There are no sights to see. Once people came great distances, even from Europe, to see the New Damascus blast furnaces. They were the first of their kind to be built in this country, had features new in the world and made the scene wild and awesome at night. All that is long past. There is only a trace of the mule railroad by which ore came down from the mountains. Where the furnaces were are great green holes. Nature has had time to heal her burns. No ore has been mined or smelted at New Damascus for many years. Yet the place is still famous for its fine wrought iron. The ore now comes from the top of the Great Lakes, stops at Pittsburgh to be smelted, and arrives at New Damascus in the form of pigs, to be melted again, puddled and rolled into malleable bars. That may be done anywhere. It is done at many places. But it is so much better done at New Damascus than anywhere else that the product will bear the cost of all that transportation. The reasons why this is so belong to tradition, to the native pride of craftsmanship, to that mysterious touch of the hand that is learned only in one place and cannot be taught. The iron workers here, descended from English, Scotch and Welsh smiths imported to this valley, are the best puddlers and rollers in the world. Therefore, as people they are dogmatic, stubborn and brittle.

There is the old Woolwine mansion on the east hill. There is the Gib mansion on the west hill. Nobody would recommend them to the sense of wonder. Besides they are disremembered. They were once very grand though ugly. They are no longer grand and have been made much uglier by architectural additions of a cold ecclesiastical character. One is a nunnery. One is a monastery. The church got them for less than the walks and fences cost. Only a church could use them. All that the indwellers know about them is that the woodwork polishes easily and must have been very expensive. The grounds are still nice.

The river is lovely at New Damascus, but nobody has ever cared for it æsthetically. The town is set with its back stoop to the river, as to an alleyway or tradesmen's entrance, facing the mountains where its wealth first was. Sights? No, unless it be the sight of a town that seems to exist in a state of unending reverie. New Damascus appears to be haunted with memories of things confusedly forgotten, as if each night it dreamed the same dream and never had quite remembered it.

In the Woolwine library there is a memory of distinction in sixty parts—bound volumes of the New Damascus Intelligencer back to 1820. There was a newspaper! An original poem, a column humorous, a notable speech on the slavery question, the secret of Henry Clay's ruggedness discovered in the fact that he bathed his whole person once a day in cold water, and the regular New Damascus advertisers, all on the first page. One of the advertisers was a Wm. Wardle, bookseller, stationer, importer of all the current English imprints, proprietor of a very large stock of the world's best literature, periodicals, and so forth. Wm. Wardle's name is still on the lintel of the three-story building he occupied until about 1870. The ground floor now is rented to a tobacconist, who keeps billiard tables in the back for the ironworkers, the upper floors are in disuse, and there is no bookshop in New Damascus. Well, that is a sight, perhaps; only nobody would think to show it to you. Much stranger than the disappearance of that important old bookshop is the fact that no one can remember ever to have missed it.

If you mention this curious fact to the First National Bank president he helps you look at the faded name of Wardle above the tobacconist's sign and says "Well!" precisely as he would help you to look at one of the great green holes where a blast furnace was and say "Well, well!" never having seen it before.

"What do people now read in New Damascus?"

"I find in the Sunday newspapers everything I want," says the banker.

"How do you account for the fact that New Damascus, an iron town, has fewer people today than it had fifty years ago?"

"After Your Wedding I May Not See You Again for a Long Time. Then I Shall be Going to Europe for a Year"

"You've touched the answer," says the banker. "New Damascus is an iron town. Always was. When modern steel making came in fifty or sixty years ago New Damascus stuck to iron."

"Lack of enterprise, you mean?"

"Something like that."

"But New Damascus had the enterprise to roll the first rails that were made in this country."

"Yes, they rolled the first American rails here—iron rails."

"And having done that there was not enough enterprise merely to change the process from iron to steel?"

"Well, there was some reason. I've heard it said a committee of New Damascus business men went out to investigate the steel process. They reported there was nothing in it. Then the steel rail knocked the iron rail out completely. There isn't an iron rail made anywhere in the world now."

"And nails. New Damascus was once the seat of the nail industry. What became of that?"

"Same thing. They made iron nails here—what we call cut nails. The cheap steel-wire nail knocked the iron nail out. Then of course you must remember that when the Mesaba ore fields were opened we had to close our mines. We couldn't compete with that ore. It was too cheap."

"That wasn't inevitable, was it? Since New Damascus stopped, other towns have grown up from nothing in this valley, towns with no better transportation to begin with, no record behind them, hauling their raw material farther than New Damascus."

"Yes," says the banker. "Well, I don't know. There's something wrong in the atmosphere here."

The banker on the next corner has another explanation.

"It's the labor," he says. "People who've been around tell me, and I believe it's true, that labor here is more independent, more exacting, harder to deal with than labor anywhere else. In other mill towns you'll find Italians, Hungarians, Polacks and that like. All our labor was born here. Jobs go from father to son. Foreigners can't come in."

"But one never hears of serious labor trouble at New Damascus—not the kind of trouble they have in other mill towns."

"Not that kind," says the banker. "There's a very peculiar thing about labor in New Damascus. It can live without work."

"How?"

"I don't know how. It just does. When anything happens these people don't like, they stop work. That's all."

"Is it a union town?"

"They don't need a union."

Bankers in New Damascus are like bankers anywhere else. They know much more than they believe, and tell only such things as ought to be true.

It is scandalous for labor to be able to live without work. That offends the economic law. It ought not to be so. Yet in so far as it is, there is no mystery about it. The town is invisibly rich and has a miserly spirit. There are as many banks as churches, and the people are very religious. The banks are full of money that cannot be loaned in New Damascus. It has to be sent away to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York to be put out at interest on other people's enterprise. If you ask why that is, the answer is cynical.

"Perhaps," says the banker, "we know each other too well."

But you see how it is that labor can live without work. Everybody has something by—a home, a bit of land, a little hoard to sit upon. Spending is unfashionable. Carried far it is sinful. Living is very cheap. Three mornings a week the farmers come in with fresh-killed meat, sausage, poultry, eggs, cheese, butter and vegetables and turn the main street into an open-air market; and there is an ordinance forbidding shopkeepers to buy of them before ten o'clock. By then there is nothing left, or if there is, no dealer wishes to buy, since the demand is already satisfied.

But that is off the question: What happened to New Damascus? Ask John Tizack, the tobacconist in the old Wardle Building. He meets you with the air of a man of the world and pretends to be not in the least surprised when you say: "I've asked everybody else and now I ask you—What's the matter with this place?"

"But, Esther! At This Hour—Alone. I ——" "Yes," She Said, Waiting. "Do You Forbid It?"

"Neighbor," he says, "I was born here, my father before me and his before him. I began as a lad in the mill here. Everything in New Damascus came out of that mill. I say everything. That ain't exactly right. Them mansions on the hill—they came out of it. The library, that row of fine houses you may have seen on what we call Quality Street, all the big and little fortunes you see people living on here came out of that mill. When I was twenty-five I says to myself: 'I'll see a bit of the world before I die. Some of it anyhow.' That was thirty years ago—yes, thirty-two. I've been to New York City and Buffalo and around. Now I'm back. I'm going to die here. This ain't a bad business if you look at it right. Not so bad. And you want to know what's the matter with this place? You've been asking everybody else. What do they tell you?"

"This and that. No two alike."

"'Swhat I thought," he says. "I couldn't agree with them. There's men in this town, merchants, mind you—well, you wouldn't believe it. There's not ten business men in this town been as far away as Philadelphia. I know what I'm saying. I won't mention any names, but I happen to know the president of the biggest bank in town was never in New York City."

"Is that what's the matter?"

"Now wait," he says. "You see the kind of place I got here. No profanity. Nothing at all out of the way here. I know the boys that come here every night. Ironworkers you might say, but they're gentlemen, in a way of speaking. They play billiards, smoke, talk. Not one of them under thirty. Went to school with most of them. Their fathers was born here like mine. And they don't get treated right.

"Now I'm telling you. They're the best iron men in the country, bar none, and they don't get treated right."

"So that's it?"

"No, that ain't it either. I'm just telling you some of the things that's wrong with this place. You asked me the straight question, didn't you?"

At this point he gives you a piercing look. Are you also a man of the world? He seems to doubt it. You may be one of those people who go around talking just for the excitement of it.

It is necessary to remind him that he was apparently coming to something—to the point, perhaps. He waits for you to do so. Then with an air of extreme asperity, meaning that you shall get all you came for, he clears the top of the show case and leans at you with his bristles raised, looking first toward the back room, which is empty, then toward the street, which is clear, and lastly at you in a pugnacious way.

"You asked me, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Do you happen to believe in any of them unnatural things?"

"Such as what?"

"Such as hants and spells?"

"More or less."

"All right," he says. "Now, neighbor, take it or leave it. Suit yourself. I've seen my share of this world and I know what I'm talking about. That's what's the matter with this place."

"What is it?"

"What I'm telling you, and I'm going to die here. There's a spell on it. Nobody can help it. There's a spell on it. Now that's all."

"Who put it on?"

"Oh, well now," he says, becoming very oblique. "That's different. That's very different again. I'm not telling you anything I don't know. Who put it on? I tell you frankly I don't know. Maybe you'll be smart enough to find that out. To speak the truth, I don't know as it's anything I want to meddle with."

There is a difference, you see, between a banker and a tobacconist. A tobacconist believes more than he knows, and tells things that ought not to be so.

Still, there is the fact. New Damascus, having cradled the metallurgical industry, ought to have grown up with it, and simply did not. A town that rolled the first American rails smaller now than it was fifty years ago! Why? If it had died you could understand that. But it is not dead. Its health is apparently perfect. There is not a sore spot on its body. It functions in a kind of somnambulistic manner. The last thing you hear as you fall asleep at the old Lycoming House is the throb of its heart. That is the great engine of the Susquehanna Iron Works, muttering:

"Wrought iron. Wrought iron. Wrought iron." It never stops.

II

WHEN in 1789 Gen. Aaron Z. Woolwine founded this place all the best Palestinian names, such as Philadelphia, Lebanon and Bethlehem, were already taken in

Pennsylvania, so he called it New Damascus; and this name, when he thought of it, was perfect. The New Damascenes were famous artificers in metal. He imagined even a geographical resemblance—a plain bounded on one side by a river and on the other three by mountains representing the heights of Anti-Lebanon.

He resolved a city, and that its character should be Presbyterian, and entered in his diary a prophecy. With ore, coal and limestone in providential propinquity, with a river for its commerce to walk upon and with that spirit of industry which he purposed to teach and exemplify—aye, if necessary to require—New Damascus should wax in the sight of the Lord, partake of happiness and develop a paying trade. Besides capital and imagination, he brought to this undertaking a partner, three sons and a new wife.

For thirty years he fathered New Damascus. He saw it become the most important point of trade between Philadelphia and Wilkes-Barre, with five notable inns, two general supply stores, three tanneries, six gristmills, two lumber mills, and the finest Presbyterian conventicle in that part of the state. The river was a disappointment. It was high and swift in flood and very low in the dry season, all very well for lumbering and seasonal traffic, but not a true servant of steady commerce. To bring the canal to New Damascus he entered politics and continuously thereafter represented his county in the legislature. He did not live to see the rise of the iron industry. That was left to the wonder of the next generation.

One of the disasters of his old age was with stone coal, the name by which anthracite was first known. All the coal around New Damascus was anthracite. For all that could be made of it commercially it might as well have been slate or shale. Nobody knew how to burn it. The fuel of industry was soft coal, which ignites easily, and wood was burned in open grates, not in New Damascus only but everywhere at this time; and as anthracite, or hard coal, would not burn in the same furnaces and grates that burned soft coal and wood, people were sure it would not burn at all. General Woolwine knew better. Wherever he went he carried with him samples of hard coal, even in his saddle-bags, begging anyone to try it; but the notion against it was too strong to be overcome by propaganda. Only time and accident could do that.

Once he freighted a large quantity to Philadelphia, resolved to make it burn in some of the large forges there. The result was a dismal failure. Others before him on the same crazy errand had been arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, selling black stone as coal, and the prejudice was irreducible. He abandoned the stuff in Philadelphia; it was broken up and spread in walks. Later—too late to benefit him—the secret of burning anthracite in furnaces was discovered by accident. A perverse foundryman who believed less in hard coal than in the probability that what everybody disbelieved was for that reason true, spent a whole day trying to make a fire of it. Then he left it in disgust and went home to supper. Returning some hours later he found an amazing fire, hotter than any soft-coal fire he had ever seen. The secret, beyond having a strong draft, was to let it alone. In a little while everybody was saying that you could burn stone coal if you only let it alone. That simple bit of knowledge, derived from trial and error, was worth more to Pennsylvania than a thousand gold mines.

In the last few years of his life General Woolwine, by his efforts to exploit stone coal and in various schemes of the imagination, lost a considerable part of his fortune by not attending to it. He was not a sound man of business in that sense. Ideas obsessed him. The idea that stone coal would burn was an obsession on which he made large outlays of time and money. He pursued the idea to failure. A more practical man would have first invented a grate suited to the fuel. A more conservative, selfish man would have sat on his anthracite beds until someone else had invented a grate. Yet he was never discouraged. The day before he died he wrote in his diary:

"As I lay down this life I am moved to reflect on its beauty and fullness to me. I have used up my strength in works. Nothing have I withheld from the Lord. I have walked in the faith. I have imagined civilization in a wilderness. Then I have seen it with my eyes."

That was all he said of New Damascus. Other memories crowded in.

"In 1774," he wrote, "I married a pious, sensible woman, who bore me two sons. In 1781, I married an eminent, worthy woman, who bore me a third son. In 1788, I married a delightful, affectionate woman, whom God was pleased to spare me to the end. She bore me my one daughter, Rebecca."

The two sons by the first wife were already dead. This he did not mention in his testimony. The third son, born of the eminent and worthy woman, was at this time thirty-seven and unmarried, unlikely to perpetuate the line or to grace it if he did. All the Woolwine vitality went into Rebecca, born of his union with the delightful, affectionate woman. Rebecca had married Phineas Breakspeare, the innkeeper, and was for a long time estranged from her father on that account. He forgave her on the head of a grandson, his namesake, Aaron Breakspeare.

The founder's affairs were left in a somewhat involved condition. Everyone was surprised that the estate was not greater. His partner had large claims upon it and their accounts were in confusion. The widow survived the general but one year. The third son died the next year. The whole estate then passed to Rebecca, who had buried her innkeeper; she held it in trust for the founder's grandson, Aaron. Here ends the Woolwine line. The name disappears suddenly from the annals of the county.

III

NOWHERE in the annals of the county or in those lymphatic biographical histories, quarto vo., half or full leather, profusely illustrated with steel engravings, which adorn the bookshelves of posterity, is there any mention of General Woolwine's partner and man of business. This was Christopher Gib, cold and logical, with a large broad face, dull blue eyes, a long bleak mouth line and a hard apple chin. People feared him instinctively. He inspired them with dread, anxiety and a sense of injury; yet in practical matters, especially in great emergencies, he commanded their utmost confidence. Those who complained of his oppression were certain to have been weak or wrong. That made no difference, or made it worse. In every dispute he was technically, legally, perhaps morally right. By all the rules of law his acts were blameless. Nevertheless, they outraged that subtle sense of the heart, higher than the sense of right and wrong, to which human conduct is referred for ultimate judgment. He acquired his rights fairly.

(Continued on Page 44)

"I'd Like to Give You a Farewell Party," He Said. "Will You Come?"

STEVE TOKACZ—By R. G. Kirk

THE CONTRACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW ON IMMIGRATION

WHICH of our immigrants make the best American citizens? How do you go about making them into American citizens? How do you educate them? How do they react to the American higher culture? Do they like Mr. Volstead or not? How many do they sleep in a bed? If you ask the contractor, the mill owner or the walking boss these questions he will look blankly at you, take a fresh chew and a fresh start at cursing the gang that's fighting the concrete mixer. What you want to ask him is "How many men do you want?" That'll make him put up his ears; and you won't have to ask him the next question, which is "What kind?" He'll answer the second question along with the first, before you've put it.

He'll say, "Gimme a lot of hunkies."

And there you are, and you can go ahead and theorize your ears loose on it.

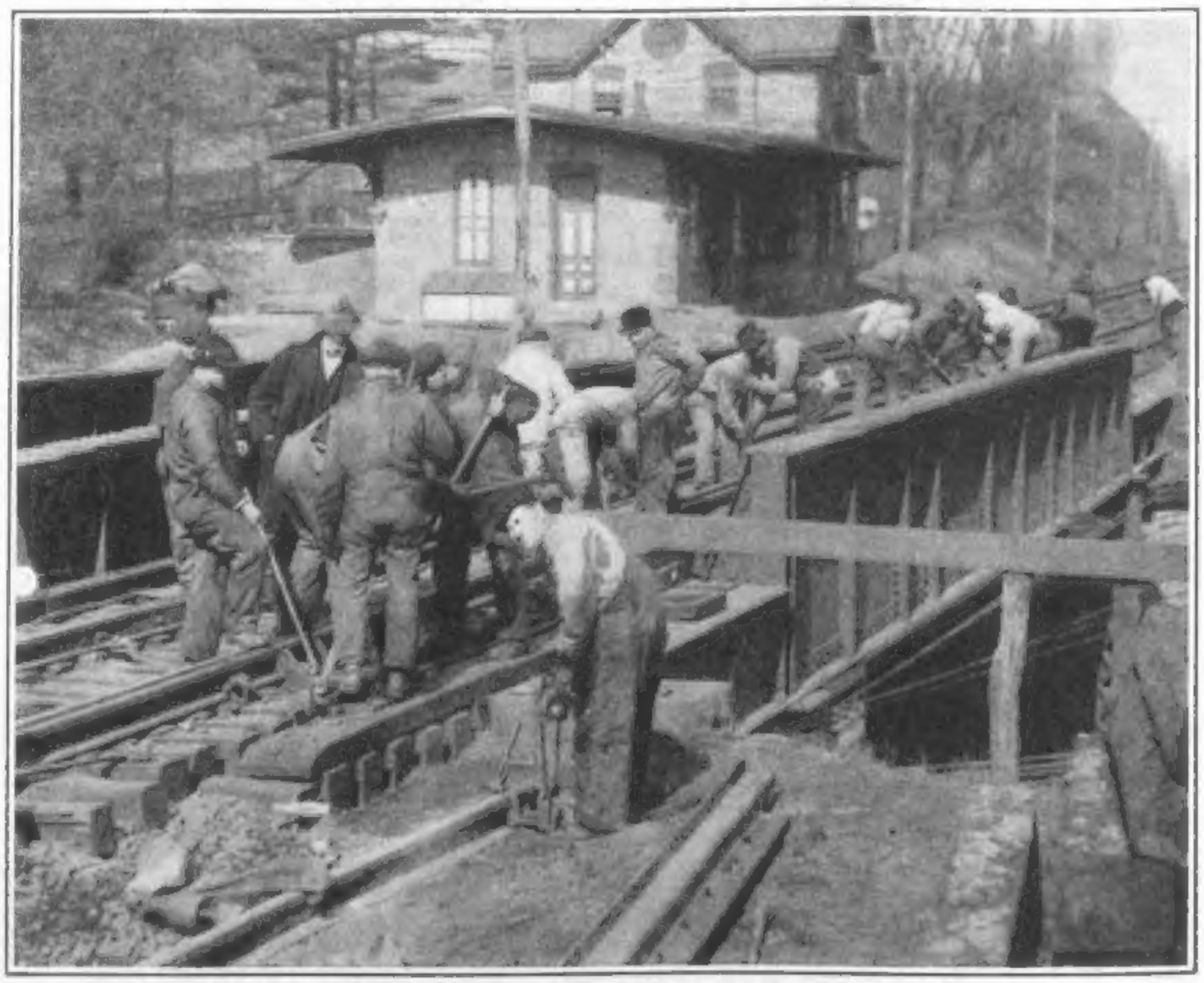
Bill McGuire wants them because he's got a whale of a lot of concrete to pour, and he knows from experience that nobody else but hunkies will pour it for him.

McGuire and his boss, whose wants are built on McGuire's wants, do not desire future American citizens particularly. And if this be treason, make the most of it. If these hunkies make good American citizens, all right, let 'em. If they don't, don't let 'em.

What Bill McGuire is after is a bunch of men who can make a pick and shovel sing My Country, 'tis of Thee—and a gang of Americans can't. Make the most of that also. We also have our doubts about the Nordics; which may also sound a bit treasonous from a fellow who is Nordic himself, thank God.

But, after all, what is back of the immigration to America? The press of overpopulation in Europe?

Not primarily. Not by a jugful. The thing back of immigration is our need of these people to do for us the work which we will not do ourselves. And by "we" is meant you and me; not the fellows we so delight in classing under the opprobrious title of plutocrats; not the rich; not even the well-to-do; not alone the salaried men who proverbially never get rich. By "we" is meant you and me, including the milkman, the grocer, the freight brakeman, the plumber's helper and the bricklayer's apprentice. Ask any one of us to snatch hold of a pick and shovel. No, sir! Hunky work!



The Unpoetic But Important Job of Keeping the Tracks Safe for the Traveling Public

The Need for Pick-and-Shovel Men

DUE to our own birth rate, which is not far from twice our death rate, we are increasing by bounds the numbers of us who demand foreign labor to do our hard work. And not only that, but it is a fact that the immigrants that we bring in to do this work are not pick-and-shovel men in the second generation. Absolute fact, even among the humblest. And not only that, but the immigrants themselves, especially the younger men, graduate out of the pick-and-shovel crowd with unbelievable speed—more especially the Nordics. You see what is happening. Much, much faster than our birth rate causes it, we are increasing that part of our population which absolutely demands an increased number of pick-and-shovel men to do their work for them. Speaking of vicious circles! Deplore your head off if you want to. What we are trying to get at is that this man McGuire wants a lot. And this vicious circle has much to say as to quality; but of that later.

Now, McGuire isn't particularly anxious about the labor wants of the country as a whole. He doesn't even care a hoot if Skookums & Snooks, who are building the big city reservoir uptown, have enough labor or not, so long as the boss isn't riding his frame to get more men on the job in order to get out the work in contract time. What McGuire needs on his job, in order to get it done on contract time, is just enough men to let him kick out the bums. In other words, McGuire doesn't want any labor shortage.

Now, McGuire is more or less human, although this should not be held against him. He has handled human beings so long that he has absorbed the curse. So McGuire doesn't like to see a horde of hungry wops swarming all over his job, begging for work and offering him bribes for the privilege of stepping high between a wheelbarrow's shafts. There is nothing more demoralizing to a community, and McGuire knows it; and so does his boss.

But of the two evils McGuire knows which is the worse—a labor surplus or a labor shortage; and so does his boss. He has lived through many labor shortages, and any man who will lend an ear to the elegant outburst of that gentleman on this particular subject is likely to acquire an increased vocabulary. McGuire will tell you that during the late fracas there was no worse profiteer in the country than the laboring man, both foreign and American. More treason! All right, all right. The reason that it hasn't been said louder and oftener is not because the men who handle labor do not know it, or are afraid to say it, but because they are too busy to talk and write, and don't know how to do either if they did have the time. Ask any man who handled labor. Not the heads of concerns; not the presidents and vice presidents and the big stockholders; not the fellows who made the big money; but the fellows on salary; the superintendents and their subordinates and the field bosses, who often made mighty little more than the men who worried them mighty nearly into the dippy house. Ask them.

And after all, there is little disgrace connected with it for the laboring man. The disgrace, if any, is to human nature. Have you ever lived in a growing town with only one telephone company in it? You know what I mean. When competition is gone you're in for it. It's human.

The whole point to the matter of labor shortage is this: If the butcher, the baker and the electric-bulb maker, the labor foreman, the mill superintendent and the contractor must work under such competition that they've either got to give the best they've got or get kicked out on their necks, why in the name of all that's fat and brown shouldn't labor?

No labor foreman, no mill superintendent, no contractor has any objection to high wages as such. High wages are very often a sign of national prosperity; and high wages, heaven's sake, can always be passed along. But when you get past a certain point, the higher the wages the less the work. Absolute fact. Any man who handles labor knows it. This certain point is reached when the labor shortage becomes acute. If it goes on long the boss is no longer boss.

Who cares how high wages go so long as the mint can stand the gaff and the men do an honest day's work—and so long as the boss is boss? There has got to be a boss, you'll admit; and the fellow you'd most naturally think best fitted to be that thing is the boss. He got to be boss because, in most cases, he had the guts. We're talking about the actual superintendents and foremen who get the work out for a salary, not about the plutes. But when every working man on the job is the boss, then things head rapidly to the w. k. demnition bowwows, and you and I both know it.

McGuire wants hunkies.

We've talked quantity roughly; now, what kind? McGuire says hunkies. Canvass the men who handle labor, who actually get out the work, and you'll find that they nearly all like hunkies.

Now this term covers a multitude of men. To the uninitiate it is an abbreviation of the word "Hungarian," and means to them, first, foreign workmen of any nationality, but, more concisely, men from the old prewar empire of Austria-Hungary. McGuire has this last meaning in mind when he asks for hunkies, although McGuire knows that the old empire furnished many different types of men to immigration, the average of them making mighty good laborers.

Hunky Types

THREE types of men have come out of old Austria-Hungary to America—the Magyar, the Slav and the Teuton—named in the order of their excellence as pick-and-shovel men. The Slav goes a little too far toward the type of the docile ox, the Teuton a little too far toward the balky horse. The Magyar combines the two traits splendidly. He is a plugger. He sticks to his job at a steady gait all day; and yet you can stir him out of this pace, and you can't a Slav. The Magyar Hungarian can be roused. A spark glows within him that will ignite. Pride, the dominant Magyar characteristic, is present in the most stolid; fighting spirit also, and a stubborn determination that matches the Slav's. Given a crisis on the job, and the Magyar laborer will rise to it, will get into it, will put his shoulder up against the thing to be moved and move it—especially if he likes you. The Slav will contribute with his eighty-one moves per hour, and though the heavens fall on this particular piece of work, he will not give you eighty-two—unless he also happens to like you a lot.

No class of men respond more quickly to square treatment than the hunkies. Square treatment will break through the hard shell of hunky passivity when nothing else will. Under the lash the German Austrian sulks. He responds to it quickly, but, unlike the Hun and the Slav, he remembers it and hugs it to him and growls about it, and often as not plans a come-back the first time things come his way. And this is no good, for the lash we speak of is not the slave driver's lash but the lash that falls on the shoulders of boss and men alike in this country, the everlasting drive to get the job done day before yesterday. The type of man who can't stand that beating without nursing a grouch is not the kind of laborer McGuire wants.

So we say Magyar first, Slav second, Teuton last in value as pick-and-shovel men out of Austria-Hungary; but we say that this section has produced the best pick-and-shovel labor obtainable for the needs of the last decades. The rating of this Hungarian labor—as to Slavs especially—varies, of course, from one extreme to the other; from the

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DESERT PLAYGROUNDS

By HAL G. EVARTS

THOSE who view the waste stretches from Pullman cars, the windows closed against the yellow dust of the desert, shades drawn to shut out the blistering white glare of the sun, while whirring electric fans create a sluggish current of warm air through the coaches, may consider the prospect bleak and forbidding. As the train rolls through the Escalante Desert, the occupants of the coaches may well wonder how any life aside from cactuses and rattlesnakes could manage to eke out a precarious and colorless existence anywhere within a hundred miles. They imagine that their own discomforts, even in coaches equipped with modern conveniences of every sort, must naturally be amplified a hundredfold for any who would brave those scorching wastes without such shelter and protection. But that is because they do not know the friendly desert.

The view from the train windows at Lund holds forth no promise of any unusual attraction within a thousand miles. Yet off to the south and east there is a wonderful country, a playground of vast possibilities as yet undiscovered by the tourist, the camper and the sightseer, but which is destined to draw them all in swarms once they have found it out. A hundred miles, two hundred—one gets deeper into it every mile; a land of sharp contrasts and swift transitions, harsh and naked areas of cactus and sandrock, forbidding and waterless, blending suddenly into charming glens, cool and dripping from unsuspected springs; the country of the wild horse, mustangs descended straight from the chargers of the first Spanish conquerors; a land of amazing color. Surely there is nowhere else a country so recklessly daubed and splashed with every imaginable hue.

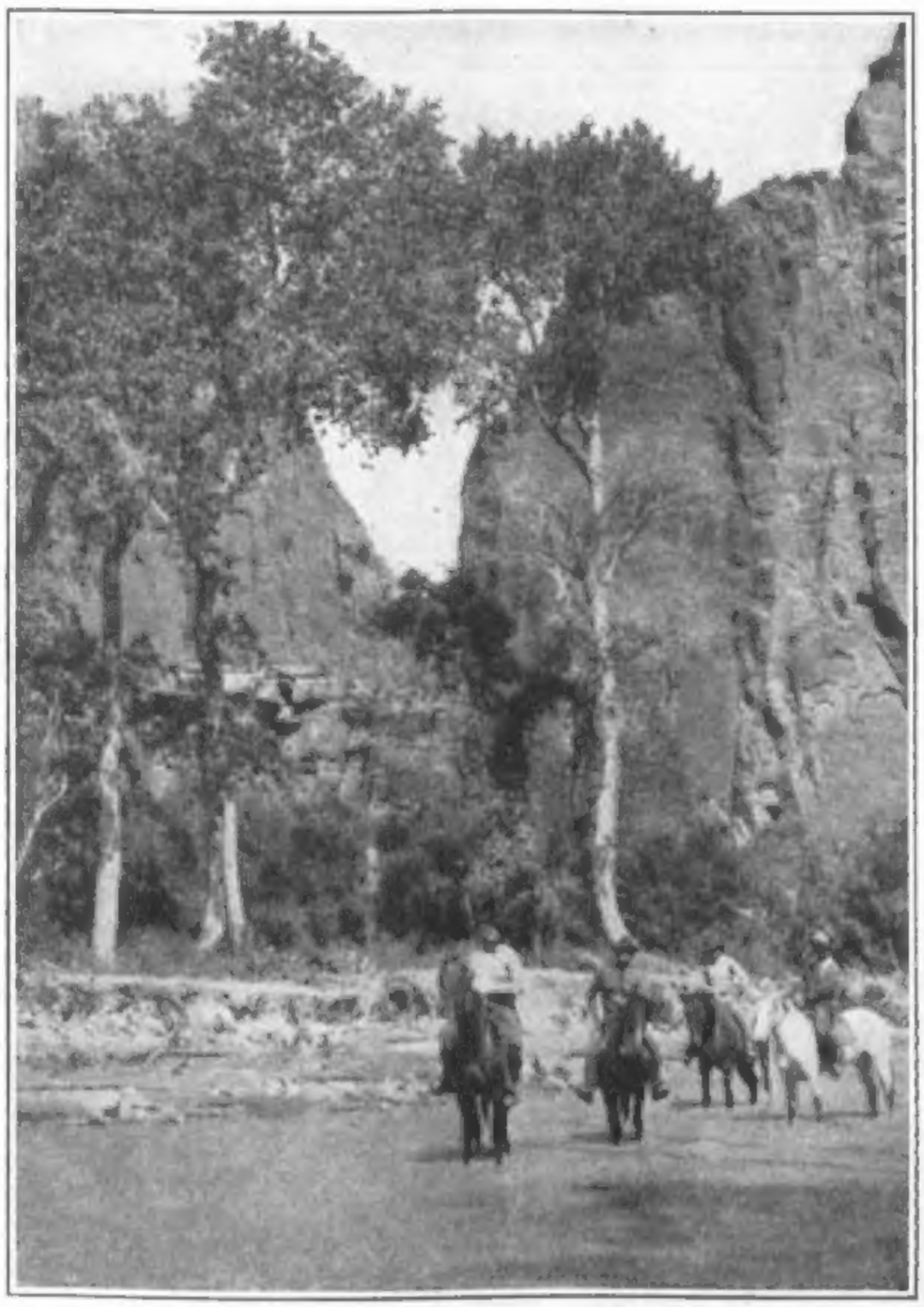
Where the Paint Pot Spilled

IT IS apparent that Mother Nature modeled and fashioned all the rest of the earth with exceeding pains, leaving this spot till last; then viewed it with some remorse.

"I've handed you a raw deal out here," she says. "You're the flattest and most barren stretch I've chanced across, but materials are running low. I'm considerably short of water, low on grass and not heavily stocked with much of anything except a few odd billion tons of colors; and even those trifling shades ran amuck and mixed themselves all up. But anything is better than monotony, of which you're the personification for a fact; so I'll just churn you up a bit and stand about half of you on edge, give you everything I have left in one big dose and quit the job."

Early in September I left Lund, Utah, in a car with Chance Parry and Ed McNaghten, headed for that country where Nature spilled her paint pot. As we drove eastward across the Escalante Desert we kept watch for the few head of antelope that still range there, Chance having located them at daylight. The animals had either shifted to some other point or had bedded down, and we failed to locate them. Some miles off to the south a low cloud of dust rolled across the flats with considerable speed, and Parry stated that it was occasioned by some of the boys from the little inland town of Cedar City in pursuit of a band of wild horses, intent upon catching some to be used at the annual rodeo show soon to be held at Cedar.

There was a low wave of ground that afforded a bare 2 per cent rise in the road ahead, and as the car took this slight lift it scattered a gang of coyotes that had gathered in the shallow dip beyond. We were almost among them, within a dozen yards of the rearmost, and I counted ten as they raced for safety. McNaghten pulled his gun and fired a single shot at a distance of a hundred yards, tossing up a puff of gravel behind the last straggler; and the coyote troupe turned on a fresh spurt of speed and showed us some fancy running.



Much of the Travel Was by Water. Virgin River Flowing Through Zion Cañon

Al Thorley and Gron Parry joined us as we passed through Cedar City. A few miles beyond that point a branch road turned off to the left, twisting up the face of Cedar Mountain. Its lower flanks were clothed with juniper and piñon pine, while its top flattened out into an expansive plateau, where open meadows alternated with dense stands of pine and aspen. An hour's drive across this tableland brought us to a bowlder field that barred the further progress of the car. Horses waited there, and after a stop to cook lunch Gron turned back with the car, while the rest of the party rode on up the gentle slope of the mountain. A ride of fourteen miles landed us at Al Thorley's Blue Springs Ranch, where his stock ranges of summers. We spread our bed rolls outside the cabin, slept, rose and breakfasted in the early dawn, and set forth for a thirty-five-mile ride which was to include a trip along the west rim of Zion Cañon.

The Architecture of Nature

THE country was mainly a tangled jungle of scrub oak that rose to twice the height of our heads as we sat in the saddle. An hour of forcing our way through the brush and we were treated to one of those swift contrasts. An open space ahead did not prove to be a clearing, as one might surmise, but rather a void, and we rode from the brush on the very edge of a rim that dropped hundreds of feet.

It seemed that we gazed out across some vast Oriental city that stretched away for a dozen miles. Scores of gaudy mosques and tinted towers, striped citadels topped by flat-roof gardens rose in countless tiers in this congested, painted metropolis. There were areas where domelike architecture predominated, each tower shaped as if molded in some inverted Gargantuan goblet. And the coloring! Imagine a tremendous city of spires and turrets set down in the desert, its buildings catching every dazzling reflection of the sunset, and it will afford a partial impression of our first view from the west rim of Zion.

There were soft apricot and salmon tints, vague pinks and creams; lemon blending into deepest orange, with all gradations in between, and with here and there a haunting suggestion of pale mauve. Brilliant red spires stood beside domes of ivory white. In many of these fairy structures the stratifications pitched so abruptly as to lend a spiraling, barber-pole effect; others where the stratifications themselves were flat and level, but whose parent columns seemed to totter and lean, conveying the impression of a stack of giant poker chips about to fall.

Even exclusive of all this coloring, the rock formations were quite the most bewildering and fantastic that human eyes have seen. One could stand in one spot and pick the likeness of any known object or animal from a battleship to a flea.

There are better-known spots where millions have made the pilgrimage to view the grotesque erosions of the rocks. I have seen some of these, but the whole of them combined pale into drab insignificance when compared with any forty-acre stretch within a dozen miles of where we stood. Yet we were but the second party of outsiders to look upon it all.

We peered down through the Guardian Angel Pass and the Great West Cañon. During our eight-mile ride round the rims we viewed from

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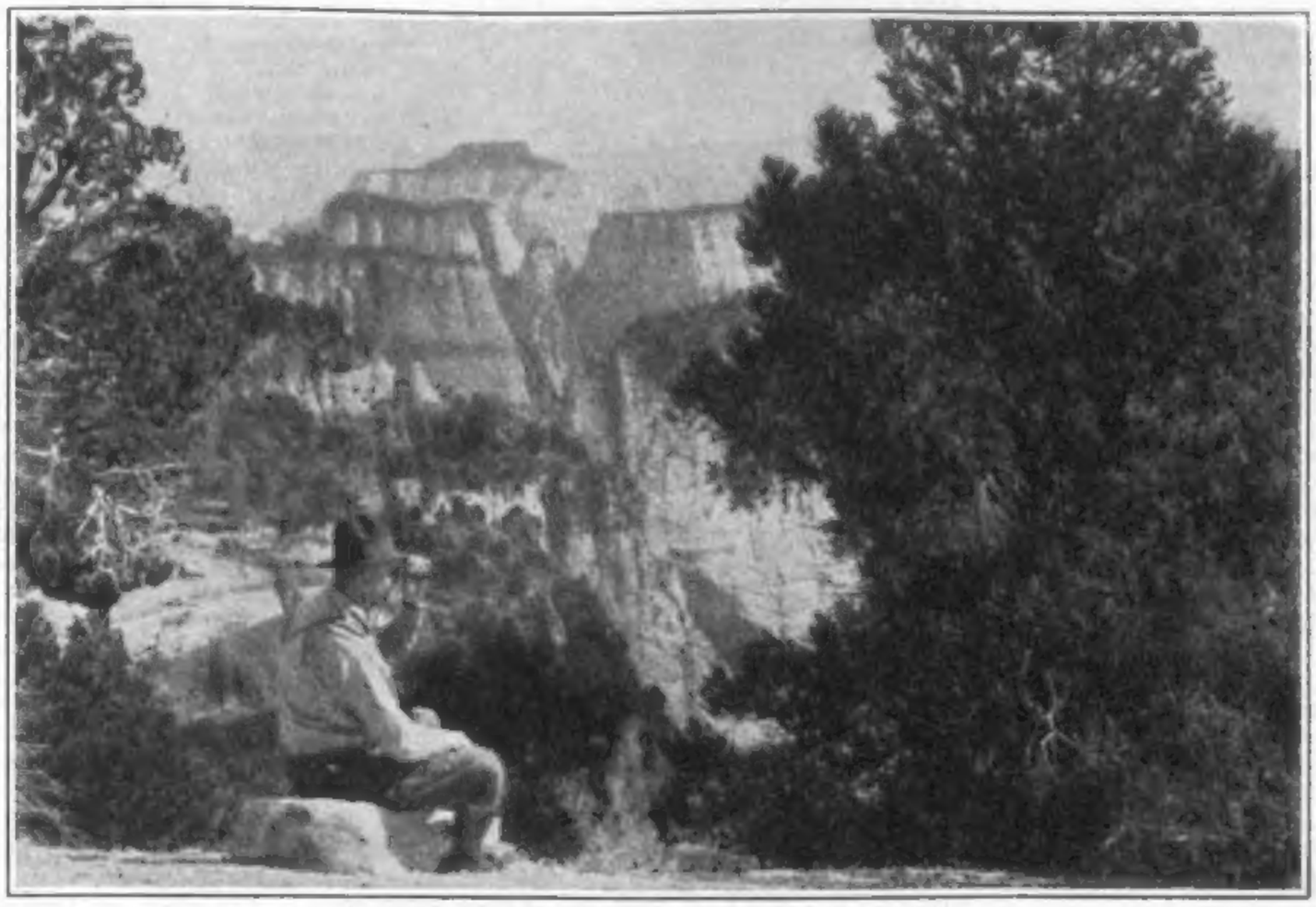

A View From the West Rim of Zion

PEARLS BEFORE CECILY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

"YOU will probably make a very charming little bourgeoise," Mrs. Thayer Stoughton said to her daughter Cecily, who stood in the center of the rosestrewn Aubusson, with pleading eyes. "I must find what domestic-science courses the new second maid took. You'll have to have something of the sort. You're really wretchedly unprepared and it's my fault. Certainly observation should have shown me that it's madness in America to bring up a girl as though she would always have a personal maid. The Continent seems to make a principle of failing investments and people who marry out of their class."

It was rather a good speech for a person as disappointed as Mrs. Stoughton.

Cecily had expected a more direct attack.

"And Ted won't always be poor," she fairly wailed.

"I didn't mean to imply that he would," her mother answered. "He's a nice, plodding boy. When he's fifty he'll probably have saved enough for you to take a vacation abroad. It's the thought of your immediate future, which is really more important to a person of my age and egotism, which bores me so. I shall hate to lose you, Cecily, my dear."

"But you won't lose me, mamma."

"Are you perhaps going to suggest that I shall gain a son?" Mrs. Stoughton allowed herself a sharp-edged little laugh. "Don't let's gauze this engagement of yours in any rosy mist. If it goes through it means that I relinquish you to another class, with other preoccupations. You will have to live in the suburbs, and you know how I loath Suburbia. You will make friends among the young married people of the vicinity—women who bring their sewing when they come to dinner. You'll know them better than the men. Those sets are mournfully Quaker-meeting. They'll ask me to luncheon when I visit you, and it would be awfully bad policy to refuse, so I'll go. They'll entertain me with the comparative merits of various grocers. I'm afraid I shan't come very often."

There was the suspicion of a shudder in the gesture with which Mrs. Stoughton reached for a cigarette.

"How can you take the fun out of it so horridly?" Cecily asked.

Mrs. Stoughton was sorry for Cecily in a way, but as she regarded what she had said as an inspired utterance she didn't retract it.

"I don't mean to be horrid, darling," she said. Then: "Let me see, who has a daughter who's dropped out that way? Lucile Ashburnham's eldest one did, I think. Wasn't her name Lucile too? I'll telephone her mother and ask where she's living. We might drop in some afternoon. While I'm doing it, won't you go down to the kitchen and ask that maid about her alma mater? I believe her name is Susie."

"I'll Go Upstairs," Lucile Said Quietly. "You Can Usually Keep Her Amused With The Little, Small, Red Hen"

It happened that Shubael Peabody, Mrs. Stoughton's lawyer, was Ted Pynchon's boss. Mrs. Stoughton motored to the tower where he practiced, was shot up twenty-seven stories, addressed a kind of chamberlain and, since she was a client of very long standing, had only to wait three-quarters of an hour before she was admitted. Her summer ermine and sapphires looked particularly well against Mr. Peabody's sand-colored walls.

"Isn't there a law about employers' liability?" Mrs. Stoughton asked. "I think I've heard of one, and if there is, it certainly should apply to firms which employ penniless young dancing men."

"I suppose you're referring to Ted Pynchon," said Mr. Peabody.

"Cecily informed me today, in the midst of a luncheon entirely too good to have been spoiled, that they are engaged."

"Do you want me to fire him?"

"Great heavens, no! If his one source of income were cut off I haven't a doubt that they'd marry this very afternoon. How much do you pay him?"

"Three hundred a month, I should say."

"What an uncanny instinct I have about such things!"

"I imagine he has two or three thousand a year of his own besides."

"I know it wouldn't interest you to hear exactly what items of Cecily's expense account six thousand a year would cover, so I won't go into it. But I want you to promise that you'll put the arguments against such a marriage before him. I've paraded them before Cecily—a whole chamber of horrors. You know the sort of thing."

"I should," Shubael Peabody said.

"Well, wasn't it infinitely wiser?" Mrs. Stoughton queried. "If we hadn't been so well handled you certainly wouldn't have been here now. With an extravagant wife to discourage you you'd probably have been—oh, that man who tells people they can come in or not."

"Cecily has more interesting chances?"

"Haven't you seen her? She's one of those cream girls with cherry-colored cheeks, a complexion so beautiful that it's perfectly artificial looking—and yet makes the best make-up look terribly ill done. There are dozens—literally dozens. Well, to come down to actual statistics, there are three besides Ted who've made definite offers: young Coults-Brown, young Bingham (pills), and—don't laugh—Sam Lappington. I say, if she loves Ted so desperately, why on earth doesn't she marry Sam Lappington? He can't possibly last long, and then they could be married so beautifully."

"You're a wicked old thing," Mr. Peabody observed.

"Am I? Awfully practical, though. Ted Pynchon doesn't by any chance think he's marrying a rich girl, does he? Of course I was, as we both melodramatically told each other at the time, sold by mamma; but it turned out that mamma was a wretched business woman. I have a nice income, but I always spend just a little beyond it. I haven't any scruples about it. I don't owe Cecily any financial protection. A girl with her complexion can have whatever she wants in this world. It's merely a question of her making her choice. Will you speak to Ted?"

"Right away."

"Thanks. I won't take any more of your time, even though I don't expect to pay for it."

When she had withdrawn, Mr. Peabody touched his buzzer and commanded that Pynchon be sent to him.

Shubael Peabody, as a person who dealt professionally with intimacies, hated doing so in any other capacity.

He was standing by the window inspecting his far-flung view of the river when a young man with an armful of papers entered and said, "Was it the Strickland injunction, sir?"

Mr. Peabody wagged his dissent.

"Aren't you flying pretty high, Ted?" he asked.

"Mrs. Stoughton been here?"

"Just now. I guess she wanted me to tell you I wanted to marry her when I was your age. And that we're both blamed glad I didn't. Bad business hitching your salary to a kite, Ted."

"You don't know Cecily."

"That's what I went around saying about Cecily's mother. Got those Strickland papers there? Let's have a look at them."

Lucile Ashburnham's daughter lived in a suburb called Glenville, which wasn't—as Mrs. Stoughton said—even visited by a good railroad. She had married a man named Wheaton. He was vaguely described by his mother-in-law as a manager.

Mrs. Stoughton didn't make use of her information until she had packed Cecily off to a house party young Coults-Brown's mother was giving at Tuxedo, which promised to be an agreeable assemblage. She let Cecily take her Edith, an unusual indulgence, for Edith combined the precision of an adding machine with the silken hands of an ayah, and Mrs. Stoughton was as dependent on her as on her morning coffee.

While Cecily was gone her mother motored to Glenville, visited with young Lucile for an hour, and saw she had found just what she wanted.

It had once been necessary for Mrs. Stoughton, in order to settle a little question of social precedence, to visit London during a season when a certain lady was being piloted about it by an impecunious dowager duchess. After three days at Claridge's, Mrs. Stoughton had transferred her belongings and spent the remainder of her stay as the guest of Queen Alexandra. It was therefore not remarkable that Lucile Wheaton found herself unexpectedly issuing a most inconvenient invitation, which was instantly accepted.

Mrs. Stoughton told her daughter about it when Cecily had just finished describing what must really have been a glorious time.

"I called on Lucile Wheaton yesterday," she said casually, "and she's getting along quite nicely. I told her

you were thinking of following her example and she very kindly invited us out for the week-end, beginning Friday. That's tomorrow, isn't it? Ted can come up Saturday if you like."

"I suppose you found her in a perfect hole!" Cecily suspected her mother's good faith

"No, my dear, it isn't half bad. They have two children, and they're quite poor, but one isn't knocked down by that sour-baby smell which simply overcomes one on opening the doors of some young married people. Of course we can't take Edith. There wouldn't be room for her. If the Wheatons keep a maid—and I'm not at all sure they do I imagine she sleeps in some convertible part of the gas range. Quite a nice little house. That Dutch Colonial which always amuses English people so much."

"I'd love to go," Cecily said.

"We must get back by Monday, though. El Ahmed has gotten hold of a string of tiny pink pearls he'll sell for a song if they're taken at once. I may give them to you if you think you will be in a position to wear them occasionally."

On Friday, for the first time in years, both Mrs. Stoughton's motor cars were out of commission, but Mrs. Stoughton was very good-natured about having to take the gritty local

"I shouldn't care for it every day," she remarked, "but it's rather a lark going into a coal mine."

When Cecily said she wasn't sure she'd know Lucile, Mrs. Stoughton was laughingly explicit.

"She'll be wearing a box-coated, heather-mixture suit, with a coonskin collar—at least she was the other day—like the one for which we thought fifty dollars such an outrageous price when Anna paid it two years ago."

Anna was a governess Cecily had particularly disliked.

"You'll have to excuse the flivver," Lucile greeted them. "I meant to have it washed and dazzle you with my style, but Loscha had the baby all last night and I'm going awfully easy on her today. So I babytended myself, and neither of us had time to wash it."

"Loscha is the nurse?"

"That's one of her functions. She's also cook, butler, furnace man—when George isn't home—and my entire circle of friends."

"You're in great luck to have found someone like that," Mrs. Stoughton commented.

"I didn't find her. I evolved her. I just got to the point where I couldn't go on without help, and Loscha appeared, like Noah's rainbow. If it weren't for the fact that she's nineteen and has a beau, I'd be a happy woman."

In the tonneau of the grimy little car Mrs. Stoughton seemed to levitate herself miraculously and so reduce her contact with its baseness to a minimum, but her words were consistently cheery.

"Isn't it pretty country, Cecily dear?"

"Lovely."

"If they'd only fix the road," Lucile called over her shoulder. "And here's the house."

Cecily told herself insistently that it was really very pretty. The fact that one had seen a good many like it couldn't make it otherwise.

A baby carriage and a doll's coach blocked the center of the front porch, and Mrs. Stoughton, who barely grazed them with her skirt, managed somehow to convey to her daughter the impression that she had fallen prone and injured both knees.

The three had to be very hushed in the little entrance hall because the baby was making up sleep in the room at the head of the stairs.

"And he needs it so, poor lamb," Lucile explained. "He cried like a fiend from the pit last night. I think he's getting a toofums. And his poor nodey ran a little."

"One gets to speak a dialect, doesn't one?" Mrs. Stoughton said.

In the living room, with the door closed, one could be as noisy as one wished, which was fortunate, as the introduction of little Lucile was a noisy business.

"And this is the Peach Pie. Peach Pie, say 'How do you do' to Mrs. Stoughton and your Aunt Cecily."

The Peach Pie, swung into the air, roared with tiny laughter. She was a faërie child.

"Say 'How do you do.'"

"How de do"

The Peach Pie held out a rose-petaled hand.

"Aunt Cecily."

"Cecilee"—with another small chime of mirth.

"What have you been doing while mother's been away? Oh, darlingest, you've scratched mummy's pretty desk."

"Oh, isn't that too bad!" Mrs. Stoughton exclaimed, but Cecily knew that she expressed a sympathy that must be mitigated by the fact that she had sent a far better one to the attic the preceding spring with the remark that it was as uncivilized as the Declaration of Independence.

"And the one good piece mummy has too," Lucile mourned. "Oh, darling, how could you!"

"With a penchil," the Peach Pie boasted.

"Well, you're a good girl to tell mummy, anyway. There's Georgie. Will you stay with Mrs. Stoughton and Aunt Cecily while mother goes and fixes him?"

"Georgie c'y," the Peach Pie reëxplained her mother's departure. Then, going to Cecily, she ventured a request: "Look at angel bookie?"

"If you'll find it for Aunt Cecily. Isn't she a duck?" Cecily asked as the Peach Pie tugged a book from the case.

"Sweet," her mother agreed. "Of course you know children and dogs haven't the sort of conversation I enjoy. It stamps me as an entirely worthless person, but it's true."

She sighed over her limitations, took out her eyeglass and inspected the brown room.

Isn't it amazing how quickly things wear out?" she commented. "Lucile couldn't have been married more than five years."

The big couch in front of the fire was indeed as saggy as an old elephant, and the seat of the overstuffed chair beside it a flattened confusion of wrinkles. The mouse-colored rug didn't lie flat and had spots where the couch and big table must once have stood. One hinge on the phonograph door was loose and it hung askew.

Mrs. Stoughton walked to the mantelpiece and tapped with her finger nail one of the twin candy jars which stood at either end.

"Wedding presents," she said. "Fashionable five years ago. Doesn't it seem incredible? You have one for bath salts, haven't you? I wonder what I gave. That lamp with the soiled fringe, I think. And I suppose an usher inflicted the Lion of Lucerne book ends."

The Peach Pie had singled out an illustrated sketch of the works of Fra Angelico and placed it on Cecily's lap.

Cecily opened to a bright altar piece.

"Dass a angel," the Peach Pie remarked with enthusiasm; then issued a command: "Talk!"

"What about?"

"Talk!" A small hand pointed at a red-and-gold angel with a trumpet, then went to the Peach Pie's mouth in imitation of a bugler.

Cecily gathered that she was to talk for the angel.

"Hallelujah!" she trumpeted on her hand, it being the only angel remark she could remember. "Hallelujah!"

"Dass good," the Peach Pie applauded. So Cecily had to do it again and again.

With most of her mind, however, she watched her mother, whose attention had turned to the mantel itself, and who, after some minutes of inspection, said musefully, "It must be cypress—the wood eternal"; and as she passed to the window, repeated: "The wood eternal."

No other phrase could have told Cecily how inexpressibly dreary she found the prospect of its durability.

Lucile entered with little Georgie in her arms. He was a red, whiny baby, not disposed to be friendly.

"Feels pretty mis'able," his mother apologized for him. "I think he has a little temperature, don't you? Oh, if they only could be born with full sets! Your mother tells me you're thinking of joining the ranks, Cecily. Is it really true?"

"Thinking of it," Cecily admitted.

"Well, it's the devil in some ways." The Peach Pie looked so interested that Lucile paused to say, "That's a nassy word, nassy."

The Peach Pie showed how nasty by screwing her little face into a pansy grimace.

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"But You Won't Love Me, Mamma." "Are You Perhaps Going to Suggest That I Shall Gain a Son?"

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

OSWALD HEMPSON looked enviously at the boiled New England dinner that his friend Leach had ordered. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "that certainly looks good! Why didn't I order that?" He cast a disparaging eye on his own shoulder of lamb and currant jelly. Its appearance was not uninviting by any means, but Leach's beef, cut smoothly against the grain in generous slices of the right gradations of color, with the proper proportion of fat edging and flanked by its steaming vegetable affinities, seemed to make the lamb—what the dickens made him think he wanted lamb when there was the good old New England on the bill in perfectly legible type?

"You can get the waiter to change it," Leach suggested, somewhat indistinctly, through his first mouthful. "They'll do it."

"No," said Oswald with a sigh; "it's too late now. I'll make the best of it." He took up his knife and fork and got to work.

"That's the right spirit," Leach approved. "Funny, though, isn't it, how the other fellow's order always looks better to a fellow than his own? Something like marriage, isn't it?" He chuckled.

Oswald considered for a masticatory moment.

"No, it isn't," he replied very firmly. "Not a bit of it!"

The children, Lois and Harry, had betaken themselves to the movies, and Oswald repocketed his bill fold and thanked heaven in so many words and overfervently, perhaps.

"They must have a little amusement, dear," Mrs. Hempson pleaded; "at their age," she added. "And Harry is really working hard now."

"Oh, I'm not kicking," said Oswald. "Of course, we might have a little amusement at our age, when you come to think it over. As to working hard, I suppose the boy is doing as well as most boys. I've been hustling a little myself."

He gathered up the evening paper—"gathered" is the word—and after some folding and refolding shook his head at his wife reproachfully.

"As per usual! My dear, why don't you order an extra copy for yourself, as I have begged and implored? Why, after a hard day's work, must I always have the job of unscrambling and getting the pages into proper sequence when for two cents extra—which is nothing to people of means like us—I could be saved all this toil? One sheet missing! Woman, what have you done with it?"

"Here it is," said the woman, producing it from beneath some sewing material. "I was interested in something I read. Go on and read what you've got. You can't read the whole paper at once, can you? How silly you are—and rather piggy, my dear, don't you think?"

"I know it," sighed Oswald. "It all comes of being cursed with an orderly mind. However, we won't argue about it. I'll wait until you have finished what you are interested in."

He laid his lion's share of the paper on his lap and settled back in his chair with an air of grim resignation. She smiled. "Well, here it is, darling," she said.

Her voice, like Annie Laurie's, was low and sweet, as Oswald used to tell her before he got out of the habit. For all her thirty-eight years—twenty of them with Oswald, too—she seemed curiously young. There were more than a few gray hairs in the careless little curls at her temples, and faint lines could be detected at the corners of her mouth, if you looked closely; but the curls had a juvenile look, and her mouth, particularly at such moments as this, seemed almost pathetically youthful. A little bit of a woman. The fragile and appealing sort.

"No, I'll wait," said Oswald.

"You have had a hard day, haven't you, Jimps?" She had always called him that for a pet name, Ozzie or Oz being clearly impossible.

"No harder than yesterday, or a thousand yesterdays. No harder than I'll have for a thousand to come. It's what a poor dub of a salaried man has to expect."

"Shall You Miss Me—and Gedley?" She Asked Audaciously. "There Will be Something Lacking When You Go," Oswald Diplomatically Answered

Oswald spoke rather bitterly and Mrs. Hempson looked troubled. After a pause she asked him if he had had a good lunch.

"Rotten!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

There was so much genuine concern in her tone that Oswald's heart smote him.

"Oh, it wasn't so bad, at that," he hastened to say. "Gedley Leach and I ate together. Lucky Gedley! Not that he deserves any credit for his luck. If Annabel hadn't held him straight and made him save and then invested his money for him, the old bonehead wouldn't be swelling around, buying new cars and putting in about two-thirds of his time playing golf."

"I haven't made you save your money, have I, Jimps? And as for investing it ——"

She laughed, but it wasn't altogether the right sort of laughter, and she blinked rapidly against a teariness that was caused by no mirthful recollection.

"The cat lapped up that milk long ago," said Oswald. "Forget it, dear. I've forgotten it, or had until you reminded me of it."

It was a magnanimous lie, for he hadn't. He had been thinking about it ever since lunch. Being in the magnanimous mood, he accepted the section of the newspaper that she had offered, and after a glance at it returned it to her. After a little while Oswald happened to look up. He saw that his wife had the newspaper spread on the table under her elbows, leaning her chin on the palms of her hands and gazing afar, with a dreamy expression in her fine dark eyes that Oswald knew only too well. Her lips were moving slightly.

"Hey! Wake up, Bess!"

She started and then smiled at him absently.

"I was just thinking," she said.

"I was afraid it was that. Don't do it, girl. Don't you know it makes wrinkles on your forehead? Look at me and take warning."

"If—if it was a guessing contest about the number of beans in a jar, or something like that, I wouldn't waste a minute on it," she said slowly and thoughtfully, "because, however honest the firm may be, there's always the chance that the miserable person who put the beans in the jar counted them beforehand and told somebody else who would share the prize with him; but, you see, Jimps dear, they couldn't do that with this. They would just have to play fair."

"Of course they would," said Oswald. "Quite evident. Would you mind telling me what you are talking about?"

"And it wouldn't be like the mushrooms," pursued Mrs. Hempson.

"More of a resemblance to a toadstool, perhaps."

"I mean it wouldn't cost anything. Oh, I didn't tell you, did I? It's the Antimacula soap people. In the paper, you know. You saw it, didn't you? They're offering a prize of ten thousand dollars to whoever can make the most words out of 'unconstitutionality.'"

"Some corporation lawyer will get it," said Oswald. "Those fellows have used more words on that question than Webster put into the dictionary, and they've a habit of getting real money for doing it. Gad, I wish I could get my hooks on a little right now!"

"What would you do with it, Jimps dear?"

The innocent question angered him

"Oh, nothing much," he replied sarcastically. "I'd probably wheel it down to the lake in a barrow and see how far I could throw it. Or I might save myself that trouble and hand it over to a Florida land shark."

"Oh, Jimps!"

Her arms dropped to the table and she leaned her head upon them. Her slight shoulders jerked in a big sob. Good reason; and Oswald, who hadn't been intentionally cruel, knew it, and was out of his chair patting and consoling before the second sob shook her.

"Come, honey! Come! Don't do that, dear. It sounded pretty mean and brutal, I know, but I was peeved about something and it slipped out before I realized what I was saying. You see—stop it now, Bess dear, please!"

"I—I w-was a perfect f-fool, I suppose, but it did look so promising. I d-do try to help. I w-want to help so much!"

"You do help—lots," said magnanimous Oswald. "And as to that Florida thing, it wasn't you put the money into it, I guess. I did it, didn't I? Nobody held a gun against my waistcoat to make me do it."

"I ur-urged you."

"Well, what if you did? I don't always do what you urge me to do. Wipe your eyes now and listen and I'll tell you what it was got my goat. Old Gossage called me into the office this afternoon and casually offered me a block of stock in the concern—to sell it to me, you understand. Well, I knew what that meant. Naylor's job at ten thousand—or eight at the start, and a big chance. Well, there's no use talking about it. I had to tell him that I couldn't scare up five thousand dollars for that stock to save my everlasting neck. He couldn't understand that simple little thing, though. He didn't say anything, but just looked stonier than ever; and the result is going to be that Rennie will take Naylor's place when he goes out next month; that's my guess; and I'll stick on in the same old rut until I'm ready for the scrap pile. That's what made me ugly."

She forgot her hurt instantly, and was all sympathy and contrition for her weakness. Oswald wasn't ugly and he wasn't mean or brutal—he was a dear, and if Mr. Gossage had any sense at all he would take the dear into full

partnership immediately, instead of making him slave on a salary that was ridiculously inadequate for a man of his wonderful ability. And here was this brave, noble husband of hers coming home with all this weight of trouble on his poor shoulders bearing it alone with a smiling face and ——

"But, darling, do you mean to tell me that all you want to get Mr. Naylor's place is five thousand dollars?"

"Just that trivial sum," Oswald answered, relieved to see her brightening up. "Of course, providing that my guess is right."

"Then, dear—why, it seems like a guiding finger! Listen, darling! I'm going to try for that prize and that will give us twice what you need, won't it? If I win it, of course." She had grown to believe in being conservative.

"No doubt of your winning," her husband told her. "But, for Aunt Aurelia's sake, Bess, don't go off on another of those financial jamborees of yours! You leave the dirty money-making to me and ——"

"The Word is 'Unconstitutionality,' and You Take the Letters in It and Make Up Other Words Out of Them"

"You shall help!" she cried. Her eyes shone with excitement, and a girlish pink colored her cheeks as she drew a chair to the table beside her and forced him into it. "Lend me your pencil."

"You'll put it into your mouth and spoil the lead," Oswald objected; but he gave her the pencil and told her to fly to it.

"Now, you are not to laugh," the lady admonished; "and you are not to groan, either. It's a perfectly simple thing. The word is 'unconstitutionality,' and you take the letters in it and make up other words out of them. I thought of one right away—'contention.' No, there isn't an 'e,' is there?"

"There's 'con,'" Oswald suggested

"Don't be absurd."

"'Con' is all right. You've been conning that advertisement all the evening. I'm not saying what the advertisement was doing to you. Perfectly good word, 'con.'"

"There's 'constitution,'" she went on, "and 'constitutionality.' And—s-a-l-t, 'salt.'"

"To put on the Antimacula tail."

"And—wait a moment—yes, 'unction.' That's a splendid one!"

"Extremely so," said Oswald wittily. "But see here, Bess! Do you suppose that these people are generously going to give away this enormous sum of money for just a collection of words? Honestly, I've a grain or two of doubt about it. I hope I'm not oversuspicious and inclined to attribute ulterior motives to my fellow man, but I fear me there's some catch. Take that pencil out of your mouth, please."

"Jimps," said Mrs. Hempson, "I'm really surprised at you. You say I'm not a good business woman, and perhaps I'm not. Not like Annabel Leach, I know; but it's perfectly clear to me that there's a big advertisement in this to introduce the soap. And then everybody who tries for the prize will have to buy ten bars for the wrappers that they have to send in with the words, and by the time they've used up ten bars they'll like it so much that they'll go on using it. Don't you see that they can afford to do it, dear? Oh, I've thought of another word—'tint' and 'lint.' Jimps, I just feel I'm going to get that prize! And won't it be lovely?"

"There's another question," Oswald said gravely. "Will it be lovely? Granted that this is a bona-fide offer, and that you get the money, just consider whether riches won't spoil us. Aside from our moral deterioration, about the first thing we'd be doing would be buying a car. You probably never thought of that."

"Indeed, I did!" Mrs. Hempson contradicted. "It's the very first thing that flashed into my mind when I read the advertisement—how wonderful it would be to have a car and be able to go places, anywhere, without walking to the street cars and waiting for them. And calling and all. And I could take poor old Mrs. Matley out once in a while on fine days. I've often thought if I owned a car how I would like to take the poor old thing out into the air and sunshine and make her forget her aches and pains for a little while. I wonder, Jimps, why rich people don't do that more. I suppose they don't realize what a joy it would be to people like her."

"I guess that's all keeps them from doing it," Oswald agreed, with a cynical smile. "But the point is, Bess, that Harry would want to drive any car we owned. We couldn't keep him from it. And the first thing you know he'd be driving it at seventy miles an hour into a telegraph post, and be crippled for life if he wasn't killed outright. How would you like that?"

It was evident, by Mrs. Hempson's cry and shudder of horror, that she wouldn't like it at all.

"But we could drive very carefully," she suggested after a long pause.

"Oh, have it your own way!" cried Oswald, irritated by his failure. "I can see how this is going to be, all right!"

He returned, frowning, to his armchair, filled and lit his pipe and took a book at random from a shelf within reach, to cover his gloomy meditations. His wife hardly noticed him. Her brows had become knitted with the concentration of her thought, and only relaxed when, with a triumphant smile, she removed the pencil from between her lips and jotted down a word. She was still absorbed when Lois and Harry returned, and she had to stop and explain to them.

"Gee!" exclaimed Harry, who took a great deal after his father. "Another get-rich-quick scheme, mom! I'll say this beats the Belgian hares—all those little words from one big one."

"That's right; try to be smart," said Lois "Don't you care, mother; I'll help you. I've got one already—'act.'"

But here Oswald protested. His expression had been decidedly moody during the discussion.

"This has gone about the limit," he declared. "One in the family—besides, it wouldn't be fair to the Antimacula. They don't offer a prize for any collection of words that a group of people send in. And it's high time that we were all in bed."

Oswald left his home the next morning in a distinctly morning frame of mind, which isn't the happiest in the world for a middle-aged man who is obliged to get up very much earlier than he wants to, bathe, shave and dress in far less time than he should properly allow himself, and eat his breakfast hurriedly, with one eye on the clock. It was seldom that Oswald trolled a merry catch or roundelay as he splashed in his matutinal tub, or that he went downstairs whistling like the mavis, with a radiant face and a jovial greeting for whomsoever he might encounter. Seven-fifteen, antemeridian, was a good time for the family cat to shun Oswald's path.. And on this especial morning, to the usual deterrents of light-heartedness were added the circumstances of Bessie asking him for money for the coal man, of Harry's demand for a five-dollar bill to meet an unexpected and extraordinary emergency, and of the bacon being shamefully burned. Bessie's bacon was usually above and beyond criticism, but she explained that "coal" popped into her head just as she was going to turn the rashers and she just took a moment to write the word down before she forgot it. In the middle of the night she had thought of two or three words to go into "unconstitutionality" and had forgotten them completely.

(Continued on Page 56)

Were They Making Him Out to be a Domestic Ogre, a Petty Tyrant, a Despot, Just Because He Had Displayed a Little Natural Irritation? All Right! Let 'em, Then!

THE FULLNESS THEREOF

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. GATTER

AT THE jutting west end of the barn Welby Crouch stood a minute. He was out of sight of the back porch of the house with its lilacs nodding in bud at the side, where Luella was standing over the clean stone churn which she had that moment rinsed out.

From where he stood Welby could see the small clump of wild plum trees that marked the southeast end of the thirty-five acres; and he could see the single Bellflower tree which stood at the southeast corner of the land. The land lay at a slope

The fallen plum blossoms heavily scented the evening air, even to where he stood. Wild plum petals have a peculiar and tenacious sweet pungency. The lone apple tree, though barren as usual except for scattered pink tufts of buds which seldom became fruit in that northern latitude, was a gentle green receptacle for the soft end-of-day haze.

Absently he was aware of the blossoms' perfume and of the soft haze that enveloped the whole landscape. But his immediate attention was concentrated on the stretch of acres to his right.

A smooth stretch of harrowed brown soil these acres lay; very finely harrowed, as if man and horses had gone patiently and slowly Divided into even rows of small flopping plants, almost invisible now at his distance as the daylight faded, he surveyed the land with unmistakable satisfaction, even while he put a propitiating hand to strained and aching muscles at small of back. It is not a small feat to set out by hand, with no helper, six thousand cantaloupe plants. And given a medium fair market, those acres of his ——

But Welby Crouch grimly corrected himself; this even in his unuttered choice of word. They were his plants, his even, promising rows. His painful small of back was evidence. So were his grimy hands and arms. A depleted hotbed next the barn, where he had painstakingly watched the tiny plants from oval seed, was seal of ownership. But the acres themselves —

The acres were Luella's. The entire thirty-five acres were hers, in fee simple from her father; as they had been Luella's when he married her five years previously.

As he fed the horses and brought water, later as he passed through the barn to the house, Welby Crouch's thoughts went round a beaten track, five years old. Round, round! Given a fair yield and a fair price—a dollar a crate, say—he should clean up a few thousand dollars.

The year before, melons had gone to two dollars a crate; first pickings, that is, and some of the later stuff which was choice. He hadn't had melons in, it happened, but Lima beans. It hadn't been a bean year. Too much rain the wrong month. And the year before had been too dry for his and other folks' cauliflower. It had been too bad. He had gone in rather steep for those high-priced fancy cauliflower plants.

This year, having planted melons, he did not ask for two dollars a crate. That would be asking the heavens to rain silver. His lips parted excitedly, half smiling at such a prospect. He'd be satisfied, though, with a dollar, not a cent over. And he did not ask a mammoth yield, either. The land was old. Luella's father and her grandfather before the father had harrowed it almost to its core in many successive years, drawing sustenance from it for them and their families. Land does its best. Like a long-worked horse, it can do no more. Given a medium-fair yield, Welby now said to himself that he would not complain if eighty cents was the wholesale price. Even that would mean a good many hundred dollars to—to set against a claim that chafed.

He went hastily on to the house. Luella had appeared at the kitchen door.

"Coming to supper now, Welby? It's ready."

"Soon's I wash up, Luella."

"Luella, I Take It Back! You'd Make a Fine Poker Player. To Begin With, You've Got the Face"

He was a tall spare man, reticent-eyed, with the gaunt tanned face and the toughened shoulders of one who works his land to live and who lives to work his land, counting food and rest and sleep as so many necessary squares before the king row of daily outdoor toil

For all a question of ownership of land which lay over days and years like an ulcerous weight over flesh, his eyes, as he entered the house, rested with satisfaction upon the supper table and the woman standing beside its head

If it was a furtive satisfaction, quickly hidden as he bent over his basin of clean warm water and soap, Welby Crouch was quite conscious of feeling it, conscious indeed of a glow in his reticent eyes. He bent farther over the washbasin as Luella handed him a clean towel, red-fringed.

Luella Crouch was not a pretty woman; but even to first glance she had a tall symmetrical body and a clean, almost delicate skin, except her hands, which showed some field work besides housework. There was perhaps a too schoolteacherish neatness to her starched light green house dress and narrow-tied apron. But this set well enough on her. She moved from table to sink and then to stove as capable women move about their work—women who are sure, it may be, of themselves and their position in the world.

The kitchen itself was lamp-lighted and invitingly neat. An open pantry door showed scoured pans and dishes on lace-papered shelves. A half-swung cellar door gave forth the pleasant odors of long-stored apples, potatoes, pickles and nuts. And the supper table itself was beauty incarnate to a man from a field—or to a man from any place else. Its blue-checkered cloth was white-fringed; hot vegetables—potatoes in their jackets, parsnips and beets—steamed in blue-and-white deep dishes between white bread and yellow spongecake on blue-and-white plates; a platter of hissingly hot ham was flanked by two coffeecups of a little finer handle than most farm tables know. The ware had belonged to Luella's mother, and to her grandmother before that. The three were a line of careful women.

"Tired, Welby?" the one now asked her husband.

"Some," he admitted reluctantly.

"I could have set out part."

"Back-breaking work for a woman," he said quickly. "I don't mind being tired." This last hurriedly, as if to put back any covert meaning. He added: "They're all set out. Last day. And all I ask now is a fair yield."

"It's been nice weather now for two weeks."

"Last three days have been what I call hot," he said, pulling out his chair at one end of the table. "Steady sun."

"Cal Hockles drove by a while ago. He said"—there was a hint of pause in her voice—"he looks for a drop tonight."

"That old man makes me tired." Welby stirred his coffee with unnecessary vigor. "Always cawing 'Bad luck, bad luck!' If it hadn't been for his harping on a January fog and its May freeze, I'd had those plants set out a week ago. And a week means considerable in the early melon market!"

"Yes, it means considerable," agreed Luella. She had the quiet way of speaking of a woman who was not garrulous. "I don't take much stock in signs myself. Although ——" She chose not to finish, but poured Welby more coffee.

"Cantaloupes don't mature in one month, or even in two," he said with some heat of manner. "A week more, and there'd be no use to set the plants out at all."

"No, there wouldn't be much use."

But when supper was finished, before she started to clear the table, she went to the outer door. She lifted her face as if to test the air. Welby was going out to the barn to milk the cow. Seeing her action he waited until she was busy within doors, then he put out a hand, as one does for rain or wind.

There was a slight chill in the air, which had not been there earlier. That, however, is part of a Great Lakes nightfall. He went on with his milkpail; but as if impelled against his will he turned back toward the south side of the barn where hung a thermometer.

It stood forty-two. At four o'clock it had been forty-five. But at that middling hour a yellow sun had been riding high, teasing the mercury. No danger from the small fall, he decided.

His back ached grimly from the days of plant setting He finished the chores expeditiously. Returning to the house he noted that the wind had not gone down with the sun, so there was small cause for alarm.

However, he thought best not to go to bed for two hours, in spite of his assurance and his fatigue. In the sitting room, where Luella was mending underwear, he drew a rocker to the center table, where lay a pile of the Truck Growers' Weekly. It was running a column of questions and answers on aphis; of aphis it might be said, like the poor, ye have it always with you. Luella, too, for all her own heavy day, did not seem in a humor for early bed. Her needle was steady.

Both times she glanced up when he returned from a carefully casual trip outdoors. That she asked no questions irritated Welby; even though, as he was aware, he would have been irritated by any question.

At half past ten the mercury stood forty. "Guess I'll turn in," he said.

Luella's eyelids drooped as she came with him. Their bedroom adjoined the sitting room.

The loose casement of the east window of the bedroom was rattling, sign that the wind still held. He was aware that Luella, also, noted it.

He forced himself to keep awake for a while. This last year or two he had found that it was becoming easier to stay awake when he was even slightly worried. There had been a time when a day's hard muscular labor was followed by a night of deep sleep, whatever lay on his mind.

At 11:30 he got out of bed very carefully, and into his overalls. He tiptoed to the kitchen, to the back porch, where he had hung the thermometer. Thirty-nine. But the wind still held.

At twelve o'clock—thirty-eight. The wind did not seem so strong. Was it dying down? If so —— He stiffened. Luella had not been wakened by his reconnoiter. He continued to hold drowsy eyelids open. And at two o'clock

Gravely He Conceded That There Is Something Satisfying in Land Itself

he drew a great breath of relief. The wind still held. And the mercury had benevolently turned, begun to climb again, as befitted the time of year and month. It stood thirty-nine. He fell asleep, wrapped in relief.

He woke with a start at 5:30. The wind must have ceased—the casement was not rattling. Something, too, in the early morning air warned him, even as he put one foot out from the bedclothes. Luella was asleep.

She was still asleep when he returned, gray-faced, from the back porch. He saw no need to arouse her, to tell her, to let her know that sometime in the past three hours an earlier rise of thermometer had been freakishly reversed to the destruction of his melon plants and his hopes.

Mercury is given to such freakish action in all states touching upon the Great Lakes. Meteoric it can rise: as abruptly as if a cruel imp has put on a spiteful finger it can fall.

Luella would not be greatly surprised. She would not reproach him—in spoken words.

He looked down upon his wife's sleeping face with a curious expression. It was not dislike—but it was not liking, either.

Asleep, Luella Crouch seemed somewhat younger than her forty years, and perhaps not so capable as when awake and erect upon her feet. But there remained a lurking suggestion of primness and authority about her. Her brown hair was neatly parted as in daytime; in her white nightgown, of plain muslin, but handmade, she was as in her starched house dresses, a neat self-contained woman. Somewhat like her neat immaculate pantry shelves Welby Crouch had felt, at times, that the past five years might have been different had Luella been another woman.

But always at such thought he grew ironical at himself. Had he not, five years before, married Luella because she was precisely what she was—a quiet-voiced woman with neat brown hair and clean white frills at neck and wrists? A woman with something of the girl about her, for all her thin mature shoulders and settled lips, who sat quietly on her porch one late afternoon when her day's teaching was done, looking up from her sewing as he passed? Her posture, and her low-roofed old white house and the sloping land in the background suggested home and ties and companionship to a man who possessed none of the three.

The wild plum trees were in red fruit that lazy warm day. A last rose of summer, its full pink petals spreading consequentially, hung on an old-fashioned great sprawling bush at the front gate of the Beeway place. From the front porch, where Luella sat sewing, around the side of the white house to the clean-scrubbed back porch, pink and white and purple hollyhocks stood like drowsy lovely sentinels.

The old low-built house had that quietude which houses acquire when only one quiet person dwells therein. In tidy row behind were the old barn and outbuildings. The small old orchard of some three acres, the garden patch, a stretch of corn in tassel, the wild plum trees, the strip of pastureland with its slow wind of creek, two rows of aged currant bushes, a windbreak of maples at the farthest boundary—all these on the sloping land were exposed to the view of passers-by, like a huge game board slightly tilted by an omnipotent hand.

The old gnarled apple trees and the maple windbreak told that the place had been home to more than one generation; although parts of that section of the state had been settled only in the last two decades.

Welby was with a road-construction company that year. He had charge of a relay crew on the new state highway. To him and his sweating men one day Luella Beeway kindly brought out a pitcher of cold lemonade. Thus was acquaintance begun

With his crew he boarded in town. He learned that she was thirty-five years old, she was a school-teacher, she had some savings, she was well thought of. Her parents had been dead a few years. Now that they both were gone and didn't need her, people guessed Luella Beeway might marry if she got a good chance. But she might not. She might be fixed and satisfied in her way of living. People in town were not much interested. She lived too far out of town; her school was rural. She had too long been a decorous member of the community, like an ordinary unflowering bush in the corner of a large yard.

(Continued on Page 117)

As He Walked Back Toward the Barn He Glimpsed Luella's Light Skirt Flash Into Sight From the Kitchen Door

LOOSE FOOT

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

By the Time I'd Made the Long Swing to the Other End of My Territory They Were Married, Living Down at Sylvan

BILL ALLEN was good. He admitted it; and the funny thing is, he was as good as he said he was. This was pure luck on his part, because he was one of those optimists who honestly forget where the truth leaves off. I want to be fair to him, and it isn't easy. I was fond of Merry Macrae myself.

Not Mary; maybe her folks named her that, but everybody called her Merry, and it fitted her. Forget all your ideas of cigar-counter girls in city hotels. Live Oak, Florida, is a little town back in the sticks, a junction point for three railroads; and many's the time I've skipped two or three mills to spend Sunday in the Suwanee Hotel. So has many another man; mill-supply men mostly, with an occasional saw plugger like myself, because there was nothing much but sawmills out there. The clerks in the Suwanee called you by your first name and the waiters never asked but one question:

"How you take yo' aigs, Mistuh Mac?"

Once Merry Macrae tried to be formal like that, calling me Mr. McCray; and a couple of strange traveling men — standing there buying more tobacco and stuff than was good for them — thought she was my wife. So to avoid confusion she called me Mac and I called her Merry, like all the old-timers did, and the Suwanee felt like home to me. Get this straight, though: I never made love to her. There was something in her eyes that wouldn't let me. She was free with her friendship and her laughter, making allowances even for the thick-skinned ones; but behind that there was a place you came to, a cool, quiet place, and something that said as plain as print, "Asleep. Walk softly here."

On Sunday afternoons we used to beg her away from the counter into the parlor, and she'd play the piano and we'd stand around and drop cigar ashes on the old red carpet and roar sentimental songs at the top of our lungs, putting our souls into it—without the slightest danger of waking that sleeper.

There's something about living all over five states that softens a man toward a girl like Merry Macrae. If I'd known what would come of it I wouldn't have introduced Bill Allen on a bet.

I remember the first time I ever saw him. I was in the anteroom of Gibbs' office in Savannah—Gibbs & Hamilton Lumber Co., you know, who were building that big band mill up the river—waiting to sell him four thousand dollars' worth of saws. It was a big order. I was on the anxious seat, I won't deny, sitting there going over my selling arguments in my mind. The office door was open, and when I became aware that another saw salesman was in there I made no bones about listening.

His talk would have charmed the birds out of the trees. But Gibbs was a wise old bird in the sawmill game; he knew there were only three saws worth considering—Brown or Markley or Allison—and the saw this fellow was selling was a rank third-rater. That was all that saved my bacon, I've got to admit.

Mr. Gibbs grinned when I went in.

"Mac," said he, "sharpen your pencil quick. I want Brown saws, but if that big fellow gets back in here I can't trust myself. Ain't he a dandy?"

So I took the order and went out feeling pretty well pleased with myself. Half a block down the street Bill Allen loomed up from somewhere and ranged alongside—this big, easy-moving fellow with a sort of rubber-tired walk. Like springs in his legs, you know; maybe that was why he lasted so long

"Say, you know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

In time I got used to expecting Bill to bob up anywhere, and that got to be a sort of formula. He would begin "Say, Mac"—and I'd chime in and finish with him—"you know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

But that was his first appearance in my territory and I didn't know him then.

"Yes," I said. "You know a good sawyer that wants a job?"

"Me," rumbled Bill Allen modestly. "I'm fast, I'm a crackajack grader and I can ram it from whistle to whistle. Band or circular, twin or shotgun, right or left hand, pine, cypress or hardwood, it makes no difference to me."

Now that was the exact truth; but as I say, it was pure luck that it was. He would have claimed it anyway.

"Thought you were selling the best saw in the world," I said sarcastically, remembering all the virtues he had claimed for that third-rate junk; but he only grinned.

"Shucks, I know it ain't much of a saw. Me, I always holler for Brown saws to saw with. But you got to stand up for a thing when you're selling it. Those folks just offered me a job and I kind of thought I'd like to take a whirl on the road. Sold a lot of 'em too. Too many! I been all over the territory now and I'm scared to go back."

You see? That was why he had no business to be selling saws, even the best. No saw is indestructible or perfect; but when he started claiming, he couldn't help claiming everything in sight.

It went fine the first time around, because everybody liked him; but he couldn't repeat—unless what he was selling was actually too good to be overpraised, like his ability as a sawyer.

Feeling, as I say, genial at the moment, I laughed and told him that the Corbett mill over at Hazel City needed a man. And the next time I was in Hazel City old man Corbett nearly fell on my neck. Bill was there and had said I sent him.

He really was a wonder, it seems; fast, steady and tireless, the ideal sawyer. He preferred Brown saws, Corbett told me, so I was to go out to the mill and ask the filer what was needed.

That's gratitude, eh? At that, I think Bill was sincere. He kept on pulling for Brown saws even after I got out of patience with him and told him to go to thunder. But that was afterward.

There he was in the sawyer's box, big and jolly and easy-going, his broad hands on the levers shooting the log carriage to and fro, the band saw whistling through the cut as if it were a fourteen-inch instead of ten, shedding a steady stream of boards on the roller bed. On my way to the filing loft I stopped on the stairs to watch him, and he looked up and recognized me and grinned, as fresh at four in the afternoon as most men are at ten in the morning.

Saw filers often have violent opinions about speed sawyers, who are generally pretty rough on saws; but not this one. The filer was as happy as old man Corbett himself.

"Say, Mac, where'd this Bill Allen come from? He's fast as lightning and the easiest man I ever filed for."

Yes, Bill was one of those rare mortals who can please everybody. He was a born sawyer; the best I ever laid eyes on, I'll say that for him. On my way out I stopped in his box to speak to him, and his big hands kept the carriage flying while he talked easily over his shoulder.

"Say, Mac, you know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

"Who is it this time?"

"Me."

"What's the matter with the job you've got?"

"Well, Corbett's a good old guy and he treats me fine, but he can't afford to pay me what I'm worth—not with this dinky mill. Out in Oregon they could drop this rig down the hog chute and never miss it. You know where there's a man-size job?"

"You from Oregon?"

"Oregon, Canada, Texas—I been all around."

Standing there in his box, I could see the fine points of his work. Smoothly yet swiftly the saw sang into those hard cat-faced butts, with never a quiver in the blade; swiftly, never losing a second, the steam nigger whipped up and spun the log on the fly, snapping it back on the moving carriage as accurately as if he had done it with his hands. And grade? He picked the best lumber from the log almost without looking at it.

The sawyer sets the pace for the whole mill. I had never seen that modest outfit hum so sweetly or turn out lumber so fast. He was too good to be tied down to a ten-inch, seven-foot rig.

"You won't find any mills in this section like they have out there," I told him.

"Well, I got kind of tired of that part of the country. I like to amble around and see what I can see."

Watching him, seeing how good he was, before I thought I told him the East Coast outfit needed a man. Then I felt guilty—on Corbett's account, you know; but he told me he had decided to quit, anyway.

"I just about got all I can stand of this place. The boarding-house grub ain't fit for a white man to eat."

That was true enough; I had to eat there myself and I knew. Oh, he always had good reasons for quitting, Bill

did. A few weeks later I blew in at East Coast and there he was, handling that big heavy rig as lightly as he had handled Corbett's.

"Say, Mac—— "

I was beginning to get a line on him then; I chimed in, "You know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

And we laughed. There was something about Bill; he was older than I was – thirty-five, he must have been and a good deal bigger, but he always made me feel elderly and responsible

"Well, do you?"

"Look here, Bill, you won't find a better job than this, not in this neck of the woods. This is the biggest mill in my territory and they pay top wages. What's the matter now?"

"Well, this deck foreman, he feels like he's got to horn in every so often, tellin' me how to saw—me! I been a deck foreman myself and I know where his job leaves off. I got to get out of here before I get cross and knock him for a row of dry kilns. I ain't so particular about the money; I ain't married and I can get along."

Once I asked Bill how many mills he'd worked in, and he guessed, carelessly, a hundred; and in time I could believe it. You'll rarely find a filer or a sawyer who hasn't worked in a dozen.

That's all right, because that's the way they learn their trade—learning different conditions. But I never saw one that drifted like Bill d.d.

"Bill," I said sternly, "don't you ever hold a job longer than six weeks?"

"Huh? Sure, I do! Why, out in Texas before I went on the road, a filing job that was ——"

"Oh," I said, amused, "you a filer, too?"

"I can do most anything around a mill. You know anybody that wants a good filer?"

He was immense. You simply couldn't look at him and stay out of patience with him. I found Bill Allen a good many jobs, first and last; and more than once I went after him with blood in my eye, like the time he ran out on Rogers down at Sylvan.

Rogers was a queer one to be in the sawmill game. He was a rich man's son, but he didn't have much money; owned a sawmill, but didn't know much about running it - didn't pretend to. He was always asking advice, and of course he got plenty of it

The name of the place may tell you something about him – Sylvan. He built it and named it, and it was what every sawmill camp ought to be but isn't – a village in the woods. He left a big grove of pines around it, trees worth twenty-odd dollars apiece as they stood, just to look at Impractical, you know. He was a sort of poet. He loved the smell of freshly sawed pine, and I've seen him look up at those big trees and draw a deep, slow breath like a man gazing at a wonderful stained-glass window. But I liked him

Rogers asked me if I knew where he could get a good sawyer, and I laughed and told him Bill Allen was likely out of a job—or would be soon. He'd heard of Bill.

"I'd like to try him," he said seriously. "If I can hold him, his experience ought to be valuable to me "

I didn't argue with him about asking advice of his sawyer, or about holding Bill, either. What was the use? And next day in Live Oak, only twenty miles north of Sylvan, Bill himself rolled in on the Greenville train, swinging up to the Suwanee Hotel

"Say, Mac ——"

"Yes," I said, and we laughed; and then, having business out of the way, I took him in and introduced him to Merry Macrae.

"Merry," I said, "this is Bill Allen, the worst sawyer in five states. Give him a good cigar—anything from ten cents down."

This was a stock joke. Merry knew very well that no saw plugger ever bought a millman a cheap cigar. Couldn't afford to

Bill took off his hat and offered his big hand, and she put her strong little one into it; and something happened. I don't know what. He started to say something and didn't, only stood there looking at her, forgetting to let go her hand a couple of seconds, maybe. I saw that easy grin go uncertain on his face, a lovely wave of red starting at the round neck of Merry's dress and sweeping right up to her dark curly hair. Then she ducked her head and got out a box of five-cent cigars, and Bill took one and dropped it and picked it up and bit off about an inch of the wrong end

I hadn't the heart to be funny about it. It was nothing new to see a stranger come in and lose his vocabulary, but I had never seen Merry fussed before. She sat down behind the counter and took up her knitting, but as we went out I saw her gazing after this big, easy-moving Bill.

Yes, something had happened. Twenty minutes later he went back for more cigars, but forgot to buy them. I couldn't see that they said anything much. It was the look in her eyes. As if I'd been watching a pleasant house, passing it day after day, wondering who lived there; and suddenly had seen her, a lovely face at the window, flushed with waking, warm with a shy and eager welcome—not for me

That evening she played the piano for us, and somehow I wasn't surprised to find that Bill had a voice. Not trained; only one of those soft, rolling barytones that made you forget to sing yourself, listening. It made me feel unsatisfied and sad, though Rogers had given me a very good order for saws. I still felt that way when I took the train for Jacksonville. I remember I came near telling Bill Allen I'd murder him if he didn't hold that job.

That's the way with a traveling man; he sees a lot, but he gets everything in installments. By the time I'd made the long swing to the other end of my territory they were married, living down at Sylvan; and when I saw Rogers he was sitting on the world.

"This man Allen is worth any three men I ever had. No matter what comes up, he's seen it happen somewhere and knows just what to do. There's something," he told me, smiling, "to be said for the rolling stone "

"Sure," I admitted, "between rolls. How long you had him now? Four months? How do you do it?"

"I've made it worth his while to stick."

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"You!" She Said, Making Fun of Him, Adoring His Big, Easy Strength, So That I Had to Look Away, Embarrassed

BACK TO THE HILLS

By CORRA HARRIS

"Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccl. IV, 6.

WE LIVE in the Pine Log militia district. This is a small green body of land in Northern Georgia entirely surrounded by mountains. We are out of the world, behind the times, and poor. What treasure we have is laid up somewhere else. We are a community, but not a town. We live far enough apart to love one another. We see only these hills, these fields and this sky. They are as familiar to us as the walls of his cell are to a monk. We do not read anything, except the Bible, for conscience' sake. We know what Paul said to the Romans, but I doubt if anybody around here knows what Mr. Harding said to the Senate. Religion is our backbone, and love is our only extravagance. The young people marry early regardless of their united poverty. And nobody gets a divorce. On the contrary, they beget children.

We produce one kind of saint only, the hardshell Baptist, a hardy son of God with a stern-visaged faith in his Almighty. And it has occurred to me that he may outlast some of us who are of softer caliber, spiritually speaking, because he is impervious to any mere interpretation of the Scriptures. He takes them straight, down to the last "the" and "Amen." Such sinners as we have are young ones who may be converted at the next revival, and who know beyond the shadow of any doubt that they must repent sometime or die in these sins and be damned forever. Now, I hold that even this state of mind indicates more faith in God than some of the best people of the world show.

Our only public institutions are a church and a courthouse, where the justice of the peace undertakes to settle such of our carnal affairs according to the law as have reached the legal stage of dispute. The courthouse is a one-room weather-stained building, furnished with a few chairs, a table, a rusty stove and the only spittoon in this section. The door is always wide open and half the lights are out of the naked windows, as if the law was an explosive bad thing that had been put down and out with considerable violence and would not be back any time soon. But our church is white and glistening with paint. It has a grand sweet look, very peaceful with the tombstones of those among us who have gone before standing thick in the spreading-wing shadow of it, as if this house alone was the home of all of us, living or dead.

I reckon the contrast between the little old courthouse and this church with its clean windows, bright in the sun, and its doors decently closed to hold in the sacred silence left by our songs and prayers, gives the best definition of this community. If any of us are summoned to the justice court to account for some deed done against a neighbor, that dingy little house rocks upon its spider-legged foundation. We burst through the windows, and the law does very well if it escapes before we take it by the scruff of the neck in our own hands. But if the church bell rings we arise and go meekly to that place. We get down on our knees and pray. We praise His name with ancient hymns. We are mulled in the Word. All our human heinousness passes away. If the preacher accuses us of our transgressions we submit humbly to this chastisement. And if he preaches loud enough some conscience-stricken brother whom none of us suspect may rise in the congregation, confess to his sin and ask the prayers of all Christian people.

The Whirlwind of Our Times

WHAT I mean is that we are the children of God still, evading the laws of man according to our judgment and necessities, but never denying our allegiance to Him. It is not exactly a civilized state of affairs, but it is singularly scriptural. And whatever transgressions we commit, when we die we do go to heaven, which is more than we have reason to hope about some of the most law-abiding citizens who die in the world at large, unless heaven is a less orthodox place than we think it is.

For ten years I have made my home in this community. And why I ever want to get out of it is as unreasonable as it is inexcusable; but once in so often the spirit of restlessness takes possession of me. I want to go off again and see the world, find out what is going on, watch the whirlwind of our times. I know I shall be shocked by the spectacle, but something in me alien to the sublime peace of the home life of the heavens and the earth behind these hills, and not to God, thrusts me forth. My belief is that if the man mentioned in the Scriptures who had the devils cast out of him which entered the herd of swine, causing them forthwith to rush off and drown themselves, lived now every one of those seven devils would stay in him and finally lead him to some great city where he could destroy himself merely by instinct.

This year I set out upon my travels shortly after fodder-pulling time. Everything was peaceful and quiet when I left. The protracted meeting was over. Some of us had been baptized and all of us had been revived that could be revived. The boll weevil had consumed most of the cotton crop, the drought had cut off the corn crop, and we were wondering why the price of wheat had fallen, with the world so much in need of bread. But as I have said, we were in a spiritual mood, submissive as we always are when we are expecting a hard winter.

What is Bound to Happen Soon or Later: Every Young Man in This Country Will Have to be Drafted to the Land

Where I went nothing was quiet. And nobody was arranging his affairs according to Providence. There were churches, even cathedrals, and preaching as usual, and charities so great that they filled whole office buildings. Maybe it was due to a lack of spiritual elegance on my part, but I did not feel the presence of God in a grand church where I attended services, which is unlike the common experience with us in the church at home.

Spiritual things, ideals and faith, seem to me to be breaking up in the world. They are no longer eternal values; they are fashions, even commodities.

The social season was in full swing. But I did not get into that. I merely saw the flare of it. If you are from the country, born and bred to the land and to the wing singing silences of the field, you are bound to be a dub, socially speaking. I belong to that class. If by any mischance I get into the conversational zone of polite society my expression slowly thickens to one of monumental stupidity. It is frequently the moral protest of a durable countenance against what is being discussed.

This time much of the intellectual conversation I heard was along the lines of psychoanalysis. It appears to be an old disease of the modern mind under a new name, and has to do with whatever is physically illegal or morally degrading in human experience. Not only do the professional psychoanalysts get themselves interviewed about it but otherwise decent people, especially young ones, commune together about what life really is and proves from the psychoanalytical point of view. Having belonged to the church for many years and a human being besides, with the usual pharisaical tendencies of the spiritual species—I am well acquainted with hypocrisy in all its disguises; but the solemn gravity, the noble eye-to-eye frankness with which young men and young women talk about the problem of their instincts are the shrewdest, most scandalous manifestation of hypocrisy I ever saw. One day I heard a college-bred young woman chase her instincts to the lowest level of the prehistoric imagination. And she was talking to all of us, including the man she hoped to marry. I am a respectably evil-minded person and would not dare to quote here what she said.

What the Theaters are Featuring

I SUPPOSE she would have been equally disgusted if I had said something intimate about my soul. I do not know what to think; I am all in a whirl, but my suspicion is that psychoanalysis is the carnal method by which spiritual qualities are dissolved and reduced to a purely physical interpretation. The long word should be beheaded and called "animoanalysis."

I wanted to see a good kind little play, and I kept on going to the theater every night until I saw ten different shows. Adultery, divorce or illicit love was the leading interest of all but one of them. The best acting I saw was by a man who played the rôle of an insanely bigoted, morally depraved preacher. Preachers are the strongest men morally in this world, otherwise all of them would fall from grace, because they are the most constantly tried of all men. But the audience cheered rejoicingly at every downward step of this actor, and the women snickered when their faces should have frozen with shame and horror. My feeling was that these people had lost the sense of reverence and were callous to the blasphemy being dramatized.

Every one of the lady stars in these plays was autographed on the program with the name of her dressmaker in Paris. One of them published her milliner's name also. When she tripped out with an entrancing hat on her pretty head I thought of Mrs. Teal back home, and wondered which of them was the better woman. You cannot judge a woman by the hat she wears, nor even by her mere gifts. This actress was certainly gifted. She was playing the part of mistress to two men at the same time. She did it with a duplicity of innocence and cunning that brought the house down. Mrs. Teal has no gifts, but she has one or two virtues. She has been the devoted wife of a bad man for thirty years, and she has brought up a family of sober, decent sons. If she had a talent at all it was millinery. She has a hat made of black tulle with a black lace ruffle spread on the wide brim. Around the crown there is a remarkable wreath of pink and yellow roses. They are made of the softer tail feathers of a white gander, dyed and cunningly cupped up into the shape of roses. She made it herself and everybody admires it. I will warrant you no Paris milliner could make such a hat, or one that could endure the wear and tear of Sabbath services for twenty years as this one has, especially when you consider that Mrs. Teal sometimes shouts in church, and is utterly regardless of her hat when she does.

What news we produce at home is one-man stuff, something we hear about a neighbor or something our neighbors hear about us. But we never get the hurricane news of the world, not until long after the wind of it is passed. The only bulletin board we have is the open heavens, where the Lord publishes His weather and His stars. But in this great city everything that happened in the uttermost parts of the earth was slapped on bulletin boards nearly as fast as you could read it. I do not know anything more terrifying than standing before one of the things if you are not accustomed to hearing more than one little scrap of gossip a week about what has been going on in just your own neighborhood.

Mr. Bonar Law had just begun to sit as the portrait of a Prime Minister when one day I was passing a bulletin board and saw the news flash on it that the Turk was marching again and on the way to take possession of Constantinople. I never have been peacefully settled in my mind since we sent two million American soldiers to fight in France. And what disturbs me more is the frightfully widening international sense of duty we are getting about attending to other nations' affairs. The opinion of some of

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The Men I Have Met in Business

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY O. J. GATTER

He Was Nothing to be Really Frightened At. I Remember He Wore a Pink Celluloid Thimble on the Middle Finger of His Right Hand

THIS title represents a hard subject for a modest woman like myself to take up. The simple truth of the matter is, if I claim men have been nice to me the public may say I am one of those conceited vamps; and if I admit the men I have met have driven hard bargains, why then it will look as if I were pleading guilty to being a homely old crab, and no woman craves either label. In other words, I am aware that there still hangs in the public consciousness a notion that men are men and women are women, and that this undisputed fact must in some way affect business relations between the two.

Another reason why it is difficult for me to round off such a story in proper form is that in writing a history of my business relationships a part of it ought, according to autobiographical conventions, be devoted to a few nasty cracks, and I am hard put to it to find any. The men I have met in business have on an average treated me so splendidly, and proved themselves of such high caliber, that I am going to have a hard time digging up a little interesting dirt such as might logically be expected from any professional woman.

In trying to get this thing started right I made a dozen inquiries among my acquaintances who are in a like position—girls, females, women and ladies, who work for a living or live for working; it was all the same to me, provided most of their business had been done with men. The idea was to check up my own experiences with the variety of theirs in order to find out if mine were in any way a standard. And the sum of my inquiry was this: That the mean women had received a lot of mean treatment, the pretentious ones had taken a lot of bad falls; that flirtatious women had been flirted with, and the fair, straightforward ones been given square treatment. In other words, the men with whom these women dealt had pretty well taken their cues from them, and acted accordingly. A remarkable discovery, to be sure, and one which looked as if it were going to crab my article right at the start.

Well, says she modestly, if all that be true, it certainly looks as if I must be pretty good; as though when I got up in the morning I must just naturally put in an extra half hour before the mirror pinning on leather medals, and keep a substantial standing order at the corner florist's for bouquets to throw at myself.

Annie Ashtray's Secret

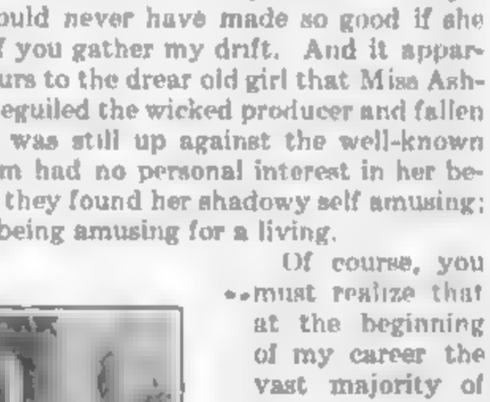
BUT there is one flaw in that seemingly perfect sequence: I had to work for fifteen years at hard labor before success showed on me at all noticeably. And those fifteen years were pretty closely packed by contacts with business men who criticized me without mercy, and then bought my stuff after I had sweated over it along the lines they had suggested.

One other fact lets me out, and that is the nature of the commodity in which I deal. To have a sheaf of written words for sale is a phenomenon in itself, and I can't account for it any more than the veriest layman. I recognize that I make something salable which only a comparatively few people are capable of producing, and that therefore my market is a more profitable one than if I were turning out so much currant jelly a week. I take no credit for this phenomenon; but I acknowledge it, and realize that because of this my business experience is scarcely average.

But as a matter of fact, I was not always in the writing business, having quite a varied record, and from all my jobs I have learned about the same things.

Firstly, I wish to go on record to the effect that doing business with men is different from doing business with another woman. How, exactly, men act when they are alone together I can't say, never having been there; but I am sure it's different. I do not wish to lay any undue emphasis on sex in business, but the truth is that the difference between men and women does constitute a factor in their joint work. This is something comparatively new under the sun of the workaday world. In fact it's less than twenty years old, and has not as yet settled down into the comfortable harness of the utterly commonplace.

There are even now home bodies who still regard women's going out into the world and scratching for their own as considerable of a risk; and, for example, it happens to me every once in a while that a maiden aunt, fired by the clandestine hope that there is something vaguely improper about all these younger women being in business, slips me a frightened whisper to find out how the men really act when you go to see them in that den of iniquity, their private office, and do I know anything about how Annie Ashtray, the famous screen sartorial siren, really got her job, eh, my dear? Aunty always hopes for the worst and it is really rather pitiful to have to disappoint her. There seems to be an impression in aunty's mind that Annie would never have made so good if she had been so good, if you gather my drift. And it apparently never even occurs to the drear old girl that Miss Ashtray, once she had beguiled the wicked producer and fallen for his check book, was still up against the well-known public, most of whom had no personal interest in her beyond whether or not they found her shadowy self amusing; and it's hard work, being amusing for a living.



He Wanted His Saleswomen to Look Classy

Of course, you must realize that at the beginning of my career the vast majority of American women still considered, more or less, that men were ogres ready to devour good-looking young females on the slightest provocation. This mental attitude was a hang-over from the days when my mother was afraid to go home alone at night, even from aunty's house, six blocks away, and Uncle Henry would have to get up out of the only really easy chair in aunty's parlor, groan and mutter—no wonder, poor soul!—put on his coat and shoes, and just see Nellie home safe. The fact that Nellie, alias my mother, was at that time of an age to be

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In the Picture Producer's Case It is Usually a Windy Statement Concerning the Tremendous Possibilities of the Deal

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER VI

THE rain had stopped when Psmith stepped out into the street, and the sun was shining again in that half-blustering, half-apologetic manner which it affects on its reappearance after a summer shower. The pavements glistened cheerfully and the air had a welcome freshness. Pausing at the corner, he meditated idly as to the best method of passing the hour and twenty minutes which must elapse before he could reasonably think of lunching. The fact that the offices of the Morning Globe were within easy strolling distance decided him to go thither and see if the first post had brought anything in the shape of answers to his advertisement. And his energy was rewarded a few minutes later when Box 365, on being opened, yielded up quite a little budget of literary matter; no fewer than seven letters in all; a nice bag.

What, however, had appeared at first sight evidence of a pleasing ebullition of enterprise on the part of the newspaper-reading public turned out on closer inspection, when he had retired to a corner where he could concentrate in peace, a hollow delusion. Enterprising in a sense though the communications were—and they certainly showed the writers as men of considerable ginger and business push—to Psmith they came as a disappointment. He had expected better things. These letters were not at all what he had paid good money to receive. They missed the point altogether. The right spirit, it seemed to him, was entirely absent.

The first envelope, attractive though it looked from the outside, being of an expensive brand of stationery and gayly adorned with a somewhat startling crest, merely contained a pleasantly worded offer from a Mr. Alistair MacDougall to advance him any sum from ten to fifty thousand pounds on his note of hand only. The second revealed a similar proposal from another Scot named Colin MacDonald, while in the third Mr. Ian Campbell was prepared to go as high as one hundred thousand. All three philanthropists had but one stipulation to make—they would have no dealings with minors. Youth, with all its glorious traditions, did not seem to appeal to them. But they cordially urged Psmith, in the event of his having celebrated his twenty-first birthday, to come round to the office and take the stuff away in a sack.

Keeping his head well in the midst of this shower of riches, Psmith dropped the three letters with a sigh into the waste-paper basket and opened the next in order. This was a bulky envelope and its contents consisted of a printed brochure entitled This Night Shall Thy Soul Be Required of Thee, while, by a curious and appropriate coincidence, Number Five proved to be a circular from an energetic firm of coffin makers offering to bury him for eight pounds ten. Number Six, also printed, was a manifesto from one Howard Hill, of Newmarket, recommending him to apply without delay for Hill's Three-Horse Special, without which—"Who," demanded Mr. Hill in large type, "gave you Wibbly-Wob for the Jubilee Cup?"—no sportsman could hope to accomplish the undoing of the bookmakers.

Although by doing so he convicted himself of that very lack of enterprise which he had just been deploring in the great public, Psmith placed this communication in the waste-paper basket. There now remained only Number Seven, and a slight flicker of hope returned to him when he perceived that this envelope was addressed by hand.

There She Stood, as Blue-Eyed, as Fair-Haired, as Indescribably Jolly and Charming as Ever

Beyond a doubt he had kept the pick of the bunch to the last. Here was something which made up for all those other disappointments. Written in a scrawly and apparently agitated hand, the letter ran as follows:

If R. Psmith will meet the writer in the lobby of the Piccadilly Palace Hotel at twelve sharp, Friday, July first, business may result if business meant and terms reasonable. R. Psmith will wear a pink chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, and will say to the writer, "There will be rain in Northumberland tomorrow," to which the writer will reply, "Good for the crops." Kindly be punctual.

A pleased smile played about Psmith's solemn face as he read this communication for the second time. This, he felt, was the right stuff. This was much more the sort of thing for which he had been hoping. Although his closest friend, Mike Jackson, was a young man of complete ordinariness, Psmith's tastes when he sought companionship lay as a rule in the direction of the bizarre. He preferred his humanity eccentric. And the writer, to judge him by this specimen of his correspondence, appeared to be eccentric enough for the most exacting taste. Whether this promising person turned out to be a ribald jester or an earnest crank, Psmith felt no doubt whatever as to the advisability of following the matter up. Whichever he might be, his society ought to afford entertainment during the interval before lunch. Psmith glanced at his watch. The hour was a quarter to twelve. He would be able to secure the necessary chrysanthemum and reach the Piccadilly Palace Hotel by twelve sharp, thus achieving the businesslike punctuality on which the unknown writer seemed to set such store.

It was not until he had entered a florist's shop on the way to the tryst that it was borne in upon him that the adventure was going to have its drawbacks. The first of these was the chrysanthemum. Preoccupied with the rest of the communication, Psmith, when he had read the letter, had not given much thought to the decoration which it would be necessary for him to wear; and it was only when, in reply to his demand for a chrysanthemum, the florist came forward, almost hidden, like the army at Dunsinane, behind what looked like a small shrubbery, that he realized what he, a correct and fastidious dresser, was up against.

"Is that a chrysanthemum?"

"Yes, sir. Pink chrysanthemum."

"One?"

"Yes, sir. One pink chrysanthemum."

Psmith regarded the repellent object with disfavor through his eyeglass. Then, having placed it in his buttonhole, he proceeded on his way, feeling like some wild thing peering through the undergrowth. The distressing shrub completely spoiled his walk.

Arrived at the hotel, and standing in the lobby, he perceived the existence of further complications. The lobby was in its usual state of congestion, it being a recognized meeting place for those who did not find it convenient to go so far east as that traditional rendezvous of Londoners, the spot under the clock at Charing Cross Station; and the writer, though giving instructions as to how Psmith should ornament his exterior, had carelessly omitted to mention how he himself was to be recognized. A rollicking, slapdash conspirator, was Psmith's opinion.

It seemed best to take up a position as nearly as possible in the center of the lobby and stand there until the writer, lured by the chrysanthemum, should come forward and start something. This he accordingly did; but when, at the end of ten minutes, nothing had happened beyond a series of collisions with perhaps a dozen hurrying visitors to the hotel, he decided on a more active course. A young man of sporting appearance had been standing beside him for the last five minutes, and ever and anon this young man had glanced with some impatience at his watch. He was plainly waiting for someone, so Psmith tried the formula on him.

"There will be rain," said Psmith, "in Northumberland tomorrow."

The young man looked at him, not without interest certainly, but without that gleam of intelligence in his eyes which Psmith had hoped to see.

"What?" he replied.

"There will be rain in Northumberland tomorrow."

"Thanks, Zadkiel," said the young man. "Deuced gratifying, I'm sure. I suppose you couldn't predict the winner of the Goodwood Cup as well?"

He then withdrew rapidly to intercept a young woman in a large hat who had just come through the swing doors.

Psmith was forced to the conclusion that this was not his man. He was sorry on the whole, for he had seemed a pleasant fellow.

As Psmith had taken up the stationary position and the population of the lobby was for the most part in a state of flux, he was finding himself next to someone new all the time; and now he decided to accost the individual whom the reshuffle had just brought elbow to elbow with him. This was a jovial-looking soul with a flowered waistcoat, a white hat and a mottled face. Just the man who might have written that letter.

The effect upon this person of Psmith's meteorological remark was instantaneous. A light of the utmost friendliness shone in his beautifully shaven face as he turned. He seized Psmith's hand and gripped it with a delightful heartiness.

He had the air of a man who has found a friend, and what is more an old friend. He had a sort of journeys-end-in-lovers-meeting look.

"My dear old chap!" he cried. "I've been waiting for you to speak for the last five minutes. Knew we'd met before somewhere, but couldn't place you. Face familiar as the dickens, of course. Well, well, well! And how are they all?"

"Who?" said Psmith courteously

"Why, the boys, my dear chap!"

"Oh, the boys?"

"The dear old boys," said the other, specifying more exactly. He slapped Psmith on the shoulder. "What times those were, eh?"

"Which?" said Psmith.

"The times we all used to have together."

"Oh, those?" said Psmith.

Something of discouragement seemed to creep over the other's exuberance, as a cloud creeps over the summer sky. But he persevered. "Fancy meeting you again like this!"

"It is a small world," agreed Psmith.

"I'd ask you to come and have a drink," said the jovial one with the slight increase of intensity which comes to a man who approaches the core of a business deal, "but the fact is my ass of a man sent me out this morning without a penny. Forgot to give me my note case. Damn careless! I'll have to sack the fellow."

"Most annoying, certainly," said Psmith.

"I wish I could have stood you a drink," said the other wistfully.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these: It might have been," sighed Psmith.

"I'll tell you what" said the jovial one, inspired. "Lend me a fiver, my dear old boy. That's the best way out of the difficulty. I can send it round to your hotel or wherever you are this evening when I get home."

A sweet, sad smile played over Psmith's face.

"Leave me, comrade!" he murmured.

"Eh?"

"Pass along, old friend, pass along!"

Resignation displaced joviality in the other's countenance.

"Nothing doing?" he inquired.

"Nothing."

"Well, there was no harm in trying," argued the other.

"None whatever."

"You see," said the now far less jovial man confidentially, "you look such a perfect mug with that eyeglass that it tempts a chap."

"I can quite understand how it must."

"No offense."

"Assuredly not."

The white hat disappeared through the swing doors and Psmith returned to his quest. He engaged the attention of a middle-aged man in a snuff-colored suit who had just come within hail.

"There will be rain in Northumberland tomorrow," he said

The man peered at him inquiringly. "Hey?" he said.

Psmith repeated his observation.

"Huh?" said the man.

Psmith was beginning to lose the unruffled calm which made him such an impressive figure to the public eye. He had not taken into consideration the possibility that the object of his search might be deaf. It undoubtedly added to the embarrassment of the pursuit. To have to stand in the lobby of a large London hotel, bellowing barometric predictions concerning the northern counties was no occupation for a man of sentiment. He was moving away when he felt his coat sleeve clutched. "I say!"

Psmith turned. The hand which still grasped his sleeve belonged to an elegantly dressed young man of somewhat nervous and feverish appearance. During his recent vigil Psmith had noticed this young man standing not far away, and had had half a mind to include him in the platoon of new friends he was making that morning. There was something about the other's face which stirred a chord in his memory. He had the feeling that they had met before. But where, memory failed to state.

"I say," said this young man in a tense whisper, "did I hear you say that there would be rain in Northumberland tomorrow?"

"If," said Psmith, "you were anywhere within the radius of a dozen yards while I was chatting with the recent deaf adder, I think it is possible that you did."

"Good for the crops," said the young man. "Come over here where we can talk quietly."

II

"SO YOU'RE R. Psmith?" said the young man when they had made their way to a remote corner of the lobby, apart from the throng.

"The same."

"I say, dash it, you're frightfully late, you know! I told you to be here at twelve sharp. It's nearly twelve past."

"You wrong me," said Psmith. "I arrived here precisely at twelve; since when I have been standing like Patience on a monument ——"

"Like what?"

"Let it go," said Psmith; "it is not important."

"I asked you to wear a pink chrysanthemum; so I could recognize you, you know."

"I am wearing a pink chrysanthemum. I should have imagined that that was a fact that the most casual could hardly have overlooked."

"That thing?" The other gazed disparagingly at the floral decoration. "I thought it was some kind of cabbage I meant one of those little what-d'-you-call-its that people do wear in their buttonholes."

"Carnation, possibly?"

"Carnation! That's right."

Psmith removed the chrysanthemum and dropped it behind his chair. He looked at his companion reproachfully.

"If you had studied botany at school, comrade," he said, "much misery might have been averted. I cannot begin to tell you the spiritual agony I suffered, trailing through the metropolis behind that shrub."

Whatever decent sympathy and remorse the other might have shown at these words was swept away in the shock resultant on a glance at his watch. Not for an instant during this brief return of his to London had Freddie Threepwood been unmindful of his father's stern injunction to him to catch the 12:50 train back to Market Blandings. If he missed it there would be the deuce of a lot of unpleasantness, and unpleasantness in the home was the one thing Freddie wanted to avoid nowadays; for, like the prudent convict in a prison, he hoped by exemplary behavior to get his sentence of imprisonment at Blandings Castle reduced for good conduct.

"Good Lord! I've only got about five minutes. Got to talk quick—about this thing—this business that advertisement of yours."

"Ah, yes, my advertisement. It interested you?"

"Was it on the level?"

"Assuredly. We Psmiths do not deceive."

Freddie looked at him doubtfully.

"You know, you aren't a bit like I expected you'd be."

"In what respect," inquired Psmith, "do I fall short of the ideal?"

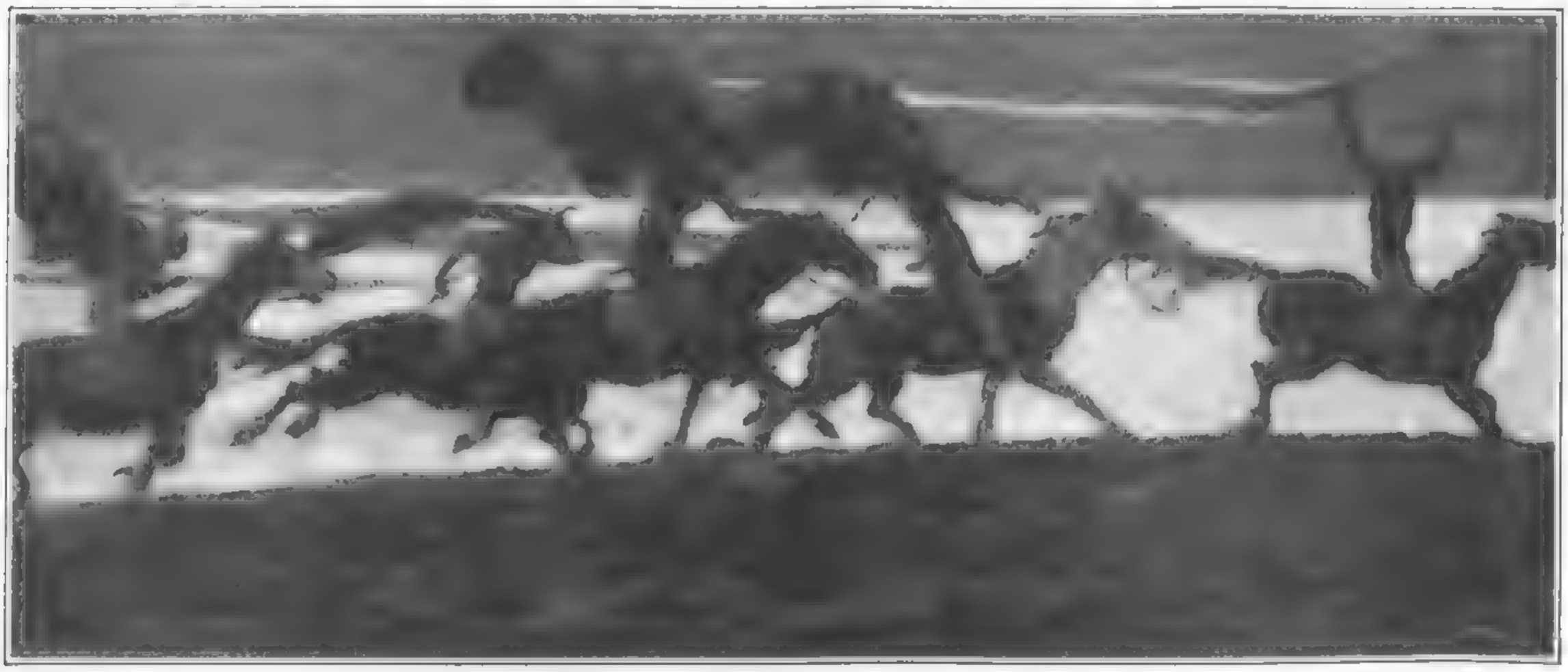
"It isn't so much falling short. It's—oh, I don't know—well, yes, I thought you'd be a tougher specimen altogether. I got the impression from your advertisement that you were down and out and ready for anything, and you look as if you were on your way to a garden party at Buckingham Palace."

(Continued on Page 74)

"Steal Your Aunt's Necklace?" He Said Indulgently

THE MAGNETIC WEST

The Spanish Risk—By Joseph Hergesheimer



Shaking Their Blankets in the Hope of a Stampede, and Filling the Air With the Cries Which the Day That Heard Them Could Only Describe as Bloodcurdling

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IT WAS Nuño de Guzman, bringing a large company of Spaniards and Indians up the west coast to the Yaqui River in 1531, who began the characteristic Spanish salvation of the pueblos in North Mexico—they murdered, for their souls' good, the peaceful agricultural dwellers in adobe villages, founded the villa of San Miguel and announced the kingdom of Nueva Galicia. The mines of Zacatecas were discovered, the mines of Santa Eulalia by the Real de San Felipe, and the company of adventurers had word of a region of royal emeralds. They saw cotton garments and implements of gold, cowhide shields; reports of the thirty-four pearl islands, the seven cities of Cibolá, reached them; and they searched for the hot lake, Totonteac. A few years later, in July, Vasquez de Coronado marched into the New Mexico; and Spanish occupation and influence were notably extended.

Their colonizing, though, was not met with that profound gratitude the natives should have returned for the inestimable benefits, civil and religious, granted them. They objected, flatly, to being violently propelled from this world in order that they might be secure of the next; and in 1680, under a San Juan Indian named Pope, they rose on the day of San Lorenzo and, except for some uncommonly pretty girls, killed all the settlers and missionaries they could reach. The Spaniards defended themselves within the adobe walls of Santa Fé, and then executed a forced march to the pueblo of Isleta, just over the Rio Grande. The following year, commanded by Otermin, they surged back, north; there was a return to Spanish forms; and in 1692 Vasgas reëntered Santa Fé. By the end of the seventeenth century the Indians were few, wasted and submissive; the pueblos—there had been a hundred when Nuño first saw their blank walls and ladders—were reduced to a scattered few.

Santa Fé the Romantic

IN 1709 there was a war with the Navajos; Juan de la Peña with some stray families from the province of Tiguas, resettled the deserted pueblo of Isleta; ten years later Valverde sent an expedition, which explored Colorado and Kansas, against the Apaches; in 1747 Codallos killed more than a hundred and seven Comanches; and, soon afterward, an additional four hundred were slain at Taos by Manuel Urrisola. The year 1805 saw the Navajos, in the Cañon de Chelly, reduced to agreement, and the Louisiana Purchase, because of the absence of any lower boundary, drew the attention of the United States toward the Rio Grande. They claimed that river, the Spaniards the Mississippi, but, finally, the Arkansas River became the dividing line.

In 1804 William Morrison, of Kaskaskia, sent a creole trader, Baptiste La Lande, up the Platte to Santa Fé. He was arrested but, liking the region so well, he settled and remained there, accumulating a comfortable fortune from the merchandise Morrison had trusted to him for trade. James Pursley, a Kentuckian, chose Santa Fé for his place of dwelling; and Zebulon Pike, with twenty-two men, went exploring the country of the Red and Arkansas rivers. Lieutenant Wilkinson took part of the company down the Arkansas; Pike and the others penetrated to the mountains. They suffered terribly through the desert lands, yet reached, as they thought, the Red River. Pike raised the American flag five miles up a branch; but, discovering that he was on the Rio del Norte and Spanish soil, he was forced to lower it again. He arrived safely at Santa Fé, from where he was sent a prisoner to Chihuahua; but almost immediately he was released and courteously sent home.

Robert McKnight, 1812, with a small party crossed the plains to Santa Fé; but, their goods confiscated, they were held in prison until 1822. Three years later Auguste Choteau and Julius de Mun conducted a hunting and trading party to Taos and Santa Fé; and they, at first politely received, were taken prisoners and then released without their property. Colonel Cooper in company with a number of his sons traded in Taos peacefully; and Captain Becknell, with no more than an azimuth compass for counsel, left the Arkansas River at Caches in a direct drive at Santa Fé. Dying from thirst they cut off the ears of their mules and scattered in hope of relief; and, about to attempt the impossibility of a return to the Arkansas, came on the water of the Cimarron. In the January of 1822 the independence of the Mexican empire was celebrated, and the Santa Fé Trail open to America.

The city at its farther end was founded before 1617, but, both in exterior and forms, it had changed very little when the caravans from the Mississippi rolled in with saluting whips like pistol shots. Santa Fé was still gathered loosely about its plaza—the single-story adobe *palacio* was shaded by its open *corredor*, the customhouse and barracks and *calabozo* remained the same; the *casa consistorial* of the *alcaldes* and the *capilla de los soldados* faced the dusty square with a few dwellings and the shops of American trade. The *parroquia* had two towers, with four bells; the bells rang for vespers, first solemnly and then, after a pause, with a brighter chiming, and they rang for the fandangos at nine of the evening; and the music of the church was furnished by a triangle and a violin.

The fandangos were public, for the common people; there the white teamsters in boots danced the cachina; the *baile* was more aristocratic; but they all had the same guitars and little Indian drums and fiddles. Everyone, then, danced, and all Santa Fé gambled at monte. The most expert dealer was a woman, La Tules; rather, she began as La Tules, but, growing rich, she gave up monte and became respected under the name of Doña Gertrudes Barceló. The women mostly played *chuza*, with little colored wooden balls, and frequented the cock pits, the *correr el gallo*, on Sunday. They wore no hats, but *rebozos*, long shawls over their hair, often in gorgeous silk; they painted their faces with the crimson juice of a fruit called *alegría*, and covered them with clay and starch to make their skin fine for parties. They smoked *puros*, cigars of clear tobacco, all day, holding them, perhaps, in *tenazas de oro*, miniature gold tongs; but—women and men—the New Mexicans drank little besides water.

It must have been a romantic destination for the young men from the frontiers of Missouri. Along the streets they passed the procession of the Señoras de Guadalupe; the hurried passage for the administering of extreme unction was announced by its bell; the bearer of the *alcalde's* cane of justice, with its black silk tassel, summoned the suspected to the *palacio;* the trains of burros bringing down wood from the mountains in single file filled the narrowness of the city ways.

When They Outfitted at Independence

INDEPENDENCE, at the top of the Santa Fé Trail, was wholly different from the New Mexican city. It was as representative of the future as Santa Fé was of the past. Franklin, on the Missouri, held the beginning of the trading caravans into the Southwest, but the advance of steam navigation made it possible to outfit at Independence, saving a hundred miles of mud road. Then, after the war with Mexico, Kansas City in turn held control of the prairie commerce. Independence was on a high plateau above the river; in the spring, and again in the fall, but to a lesser degree, it was a town of a vigorous and picturesque energy.

After 1824, when a company of traders succeeded in the transportation of twenty-five wagons and dearborn carriages, the caravans were composed of both *atajos* of pack mules and long strings of covered wagons made, mostly, at Pittsburgh, and the activity of filling them was varied and intense.

Aull & Co. was the principal firm of supplies, but farmers brought in the meat and dried fruits and vegetables for the expeditions of trade. A man on the trail required fifty pounds of flour and fifty of bacon, ten pounds of coffee and twenty of sugar and a little salt. Beans were sometimes included as a luxury. The wagons, originally drawn by horses, were later hitched to eight or ten, or even twelve, spans of oxen—at the crossing of the Arkansas fifty yoke labored at each wagon—and, after the rendezvous at Council Grove, a hundred and fifty miles from Independence, an escort of United States cavalry was added for protection against the Indians. The caravans, marching in four parallel columns, became impressive affairs too large

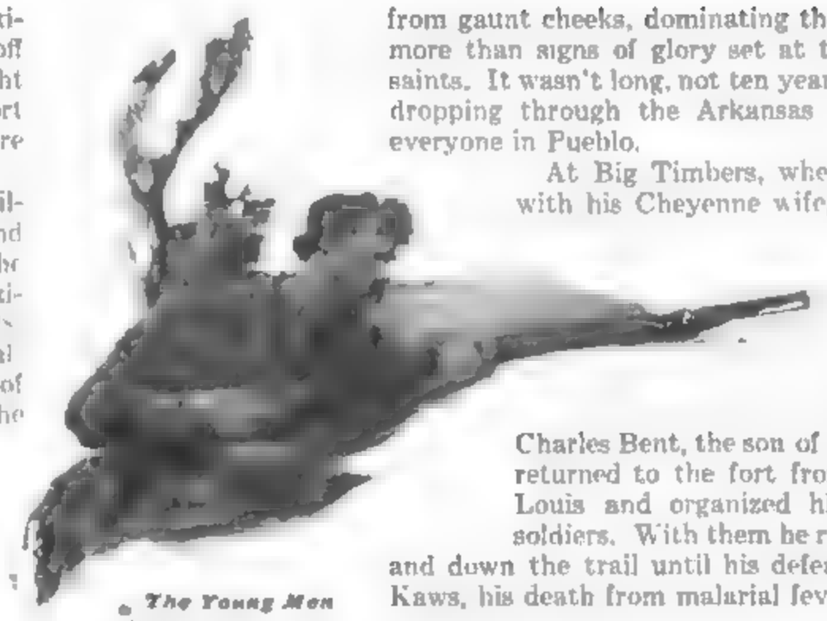
and heavily guarded to be successfully attacked by nomad bands of Sioux or Comanches, Mexican brigands or the marauding and predatory citizens of the Republic of Texas.

Enterprises of large capital were enlisted then, but the first expeditions, different from the fur trade with its offices and investments in St. Louis, were individual in conception and ownership and animated by a courage that was wholly reckless. That Ohio merchant named Glenn, with an Indian trading house at the mouth of the Verdigris River, who in 1821 took a small caravan into Santa Fé, was without security for his life or property. Luck and an indomitable physical resolution alone were in his favor. Nor was it only foreign agents that were a menace—Antonio Chavez, who reached Independence with his wagons and private coach and servants, purchased his merchandise in St. Louis, and, returning, was followed by a party of Westport Landing desperadoes, led by a John McDaniel, who robbed and murdered Chavez.

The Four Forts of the Four Bents

KIT CARSON, who was the hunter for Bent's Fort and supplied forty men with food, went out with a party of Santa Fé traders in 1826; but his reputation for deliberate wisdom, his knowledge of the plains and Indians was so profound, that hardly an attempt was made against him. He was a small man, delicate in appearance; President Polk appointed him second lieutenant in the United States Army, but the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. James Beckwourth, another celebrated figure of the Santa Fé Trail, was half negro and half French; he came from Mississippi and wore, as his medicine, a pierced bullet on a thread of sinew about his neck. Richard Wooten, still another, moved from Virginia to a tobacco plantation in Kentucky, and from there he, too, was irresistibly attracted by the wide challenge, the dangers, of the plains. Famous with a rifle, it was asserted that he could shoot out the eye of a squirrel; perhaps, but I doubted it; however, it was certain that he opened the wagon road over the Raton Pass. Bill Williams knew all the southern passes of the Rocky Mountains, he served with General Frémont; and it was Thomas Tobin, who could fling a bowie knife with the accuracy of his revolver shots, who killed Espinosa, the bandit of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. He shot him, it must be admitted, from ambush; and, killing the Mexican's companion, Tobin cut off both their heads and brought them in a gunny sack to Fort Massachusetts in order to secure reward.

There were four Bents—William and George, Robert and Charles; they settled on the Arkansas River, building a Mexican jacal stockade; but, in 182- they moved lower down the valley and built Fort William, of adobe. This was offered to the Government, but when William Bent could not get the price he required he blew it up and established a third fortified post at Big Timbers. He constructed a fourth farther up the river, this was flooded and moved twenty miles below, and there, at last, the Bents stayed, with bastions planted with cannon, a plaza in the Mexican style, a billiard table and a telescope. It was the only building between Council Grove and the Rocky Mountains.



The Young Men Deliberately Preferred Danger to Security

There was an isolated fort at Pueblo, on the original route from the Mississippi to the valley of Taos, north of the Raton Range, and in 1847 it had a small settlement of old trappers and hunters, Missourians, French Canadians and Mexicans; there were about a hundred and fifty men who had variously one or two wives each from the Blackfeet or Sioux tribes, the Assiniboines, Snakes or Comanches; and a party of Mormons with their women stayed at the fort for the winter on their way to California. That was an amazing gathering: the American hunters, already swept back into the past, with scalps hanging from the muzzles of their long rifles; the Indian wives, their faces masks of black or vermilion paint, with robes and leggins glittering with beads and quillwork, their arms cased in rings of brass and shells hanging at their ears; the last of the French voyageurs descended from the white lakes and spruce forests of the north; the Mexicans in their brilliant serapes; and the sombre Mormons with beards depending from gaunt cheeks, dominating the women, who were no more than signs of glory set at the brows of masculine saints. It wasn't long, not ten years, after, when the Utes, dropping through the Arkansas Valley, killed literally everyone in Pueblo.

At Big Timbers, where William Bent lived with his Cheyenne wife, the Old Trail crossed the Arkansas River; the Cheyennes and Arapahoes and Kiowas had their winter villages there under a great grove of cottonwoods. Charles Bent, the son of a squaw and the trader, returned to the fort from an education at St. Louis and organized his band of Indian dog soldiers. With them he robbed and murdered up and down the trail until his defeat in a battle with the Kaws, his death from malarial fever.

It was impossible to consider the Santa Fé Trail apart from the Indians who gave much variety to the trading of the American caravans in New Mexico; they persistently entered the field of my indifference to them, silently sliding forward from cover to cover or charging on ponies, shaking their blankets in the hope of a stampede, and filling the air with the cries which the day that heard them could only describe as blood-curdling.

The Ever-Present Indians

THE truth, of course, was that the Indians designed themselves to frighten their enemy; and when that failed to happen they were at a loss; hanging on the far sides of their ponies, with nothing visible but a feather or two and a clamping leg, they wheeled furiously and rode away to councils adroit rather than daring. I began to grow interested in them if it was only for the beauty of their tribal names and the astonishing perversities of their nature.

During the greatest activity of the old Southwestern Trail there were perhaps ten thousand Navajos to the northwest, two thousand Utes in the north, and five thousand Apaches scattered through the territory. The Navajos

(Continued on Page 140

Men Dying of Thirst, Baked With the Sandy Heat of the Llano Estacado, Jaw in the Northwest the Snow of the Eastern Rocky Mountains

Political Panaceas or Economic Remedies for Europe

By Medill McCormick

SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS

EUROPE is sick. We all know that. But what is the matter with her? In five years I have been to Europe three times—in 1917, when I visited England, France and Italy; in the winter of 1919–20 again, when I visited Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Serbia, Poland, Germany, Italy, France, Belgium and England; a third time this winter, when I visited France, Germany, Belgium and England. On each of these visits, of course, I talked with responsible leaders of opinion in the world of politics, business and journalism. Many of them were old friends. From all of them I know I heard the absolute truth as they saw it and believed it. It is from these visits and from these contacts that I derived the impressions that I venture to set forth here as representing the present posture of affairs on the continent of Europe.

Europe is sick with a variety of ills due to many causes, none of them curable by anything which the American people or their Government might do, unless and until the peoples and the governments of Europe have first decided to put aside political panaceas in favor of less palatable but more effective economic remedies. It would be fruitless to cancel the debts due our Government from other governments; it would be fruitless to add to the eight or ten billion dollars that we have advanced them from public or private credits since the Armistice, so long as there obtain on the Continent the policies that have actuated the majority of the financially embarrassed governments since the signing of the Armistice. It has been hard for the vanquished to acknowledge their defeat and its consequences, as it has been hard for the victors to realize that in a great war victors and vanquished, wrongdoers and wronged, all must pay, even as the people of the United States, remote from the war center, not even party to the political and commercial rivalry that preceded the war, have paid and are paying.

In Western Europe, and more especially upon the Continent, there is very generally an attitude toward the United States that it is not easy for us to understand. There are in Europe sensible and presumably informed people who think and talk as if we had been saved by the Allied effort, forgetting their perilous position in the winter of 1917–18; there are people who seem to believe that because we have suffered less than the European peoples who were involved in the European War, we have suffered none at all, and have even waxed rich as a result of the war. Throughout Europe there is a certain articulate element, encouraged by the outgivings of certain New York bankers, who would make it appear that America has played the rôle of a Shylock. Consequently, not only among the peoples of Western Europe and the Central Empires but among those of the neutral states there has been engendered against America a real though unreasoning irritation because she does not open her purse strings, because she does not incontinently lend more—without security—to those who are now unable to pay, and who are still unwilling to reform their finances and to curtail their expenditures, civil as well as military.

Historic Rivalries and Present Policies

I DO not mean to compare the feeling toward America with that which old allies, as well as old enemies, bear toward one another. There are European peoples who fought side by side who are animated by a hateful jealousy of one another as bitter as the rancor which they still treasure against their enemies in the Great War. Their historic rivalries—like that between France and England—the wars, the feuds, the alliances, which for five hundred years have marked the flux of their fortunes, all contribute to present policy. During the last three or four generations Germany, Italy and probably Poland have been added to the number of great powers. France has suffered a relative decline in population. Italy is a more populous state than France. Today they are jockeying for tomorrow.

A traveler would be very cocksure to set down absolutely and in sequence the relative stability of the various European states, but looking back to 1919 and 1917, the British are farthest on the road to recovery. Conditions—political, social and economic, all considered together—are more nearly normal in England than in any other European country that took part in the war. Belgium follows second, France third and Italy fourth. Germany is in a grave, perhaps desperate condition, and until she begins to advance it is useless to attempt to appraise the present as a basis for the future in any of the states to the east and to the south of her.

The recovery of Europe depends upon a definitive and reasonable settlement of the relations between Germany and France, and the beginning of their economic and financial recovery. If that is not accomplished this year, no man dare predict how serious the future may be or how far the processes of disintegration may go or how far the mark, the lira and the franc may fall. The Austrian crown, which today sells for seventy thousand to the dollar after the heroic efforts of the Allied governments to stabilize it, once was worth twenty cents; the mark, which was worth a fraction less than a quarter, at this writing is selling at ten thousand to a dollar; the franc, which was worth twenty cents, is now worth seven cents. Unless a settlement be reached there is no more reason why it should sell for seven cents than for five cents or for three.

The chronic deficit in the French budget is met not by printing francs but by printing issues of bonds. What must happen when bond buying ceases? The disorder in the finances of the governments, the collapse of their credit and the depreciation of their currencies increasingly paralyze industry and trade, because they drive the producers of Europe to wasteful, primitive barter for the exchange of goods. It is a miracle that Europe has been able to buy from us as much as she has since the war. She could not have done it but for the billions in credits which we risked abroad while there was some security available, hundreds of millions of which doubtless we have lost.

It was presumed by some of the European and by practically all the American supporters of the Treaty of Versailles that the Reparations Commission, created under the treaty, would be an independent body, its members free from the domination of political cabinets, at liberty wisely to discharge their functions. They were to have been, so it seemed, a commission of receivers in bankruptcy. If they had been that, discharging their duty conformably with established practice in business, they would have regarded Germany as a great enterprise, her capital impaired, her railways and her factories out of repair, her soil depleted for want of its accustomed annual fertilization, but none the less a great enterprise which, once rehabilitated, could pay large sums by way of reparations.

We know perfectly well that the commission has not been free; that its members have been mere mouthpieces for the several Prime Ministers who guided their every act and dictated the terms of their every statement; we know that it has not been guided by a consistent policy, by prudence or by economic wisdom; that it has not had the confidence of the several Allies; it has not made a plan and has not been permitted to make a plan that would inspire the German people to pay and thus win their ultimate economic and political freedom, and so induce them to labor, to produce and to save.

Now that England has parted from her Continental Allies upon the issue of reparations it is worth taking note of the fate of the reparations clauses under the other treaties, those of Sèvres, St.-Germain, Nancy and the Trianon. The Turks have torn up the Treaty of Sèvres; according to the press dispatches Bulgaria and Hungary, in view of their territorial losses, have refused to pay reparations in cash, credits or kind; Austria is not merely unable to pay any reparations whatever, but, saved from starvation by America, today is seeking to reestablish her finances with credits granted her by the Allies.

If four states, each of them with less than ten million population, can successfully resist the collection of reparations, what effort must the three Latin powers, now drawn away from Great Britain, put forth to coerce the Germans to attempt payments beyond the resources of Germany to pay? It seems only the other day that supine Egypt, by persistent passive resistance to the British administration of the country, compelled the British to abandon their protectorate established by the treaties of peace and to withdraw British garrisons and British administrators from the valley of the Nile.

It is only yesterday that the military, political and economic forces of forty million British were unable to continue the seven-hundred-year-old British government of four millions of Irish. If Italy, France and Belgium, in collaboration with Great Britain, could not enforce uneconomic terms as against German bankruptcy or German passive resistance, how can the three Continental states do so when they not only have lost British support but when British opinion is against them? Here we are, three years after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, and for the first time the Allied Prime Ministers have fixed as an amount within the capacity of Germany to pay, the sum of fifty billion gold marks, a sum a little in excess of the amount established three years ago by J. M. Keynes, and something less than the amount proposed by B. M. Baruch and the other American advisers to President Wilson during the Paris Conference. Note the sum was fixed by the Prime Ministers, not by the Reparations Commission. Whenever any important thing is done—at Spa, London, Paris, anywhere—the Prime Ministers agree or disagree. The Reparations Commission has become a rubber stamp.

Of course a great deal more than time has been lost during these three sad years. If the German railways and some of the German plants have been restored, the fertility of her soil has not increased, her currency and credit have terribly depreciated, capital has taken flight from her borders, and the whole German people have lost confidence in the solvency and efficiency of their own government. At the same time, French finances have gone from bad to worse, and worse. Economists and bankers who have studied the French revenues, and the ability of the country to support increased taxation as against the annual national interest charge, and the costs of the civil and military establishments, are unable to find any way in which France can balance her budget unless she writes the franc down to a permanent value of five cents gold. This would permit a very considerable increase of taxation in terms of francs without any increase of goods produced. It would be a form of capital levy upon the holders of government bonds.

The Frenchman and His Savings

FRANCE suffers directly and indirectly from most of the ills that affect the other European states. She suffers mentally not only because she consciously fears the renascence of German power, and therefore prospect of another German invasion, but because unconsciously the mass of the people are beginning to be alarmed by the ominous financial outlook. This is not apparent at first, partly because it does not jump to the eye, and partly because the newly arrived traveler at first is not capable of appreciating the evidence. When I landed at Cherbourg last November the franc bore about the same relation to the dollar that it bore two years ago. Therefore it made no impression on me when for a second time in three years I bought three times as many francs for a dollar as I could have bought before the war, or even in 1917. I had no understanding that the French for three long years had anxiously hoped that the franc would steadily rise toward its prewar value.

When I came to my hotel in Paris and was made welcome by the old manager, whom I knew and who eagerly and hospitably sought to arrange my quarters conveniently, he asked me at once if I did not feel that the franc was very weak and pretty bad. It had dropped during forty-eight hours, I discovered, from seven cents to six cents in value. If he thought upon the franc he was thinking of the mark, and wondering if the franc would start in precipitous pursuit of the diminished currencies of Central and Eastern Europe.

The depreciation of the franc for the time being has wiped out a large part of the savings of the French people, all of whom, practically, are investors in bonds of the French Government or of a multitude of municipalities, prefectures and public utilities of France, in which great numbers of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen invest to the exclusion of securities of any other sort. But more than that, the French are a proud and sensitive people. They may be individually indifferent to instance of public corruption and political inefficiency; they may individually criticize their government bitterly and cynically, but none the less they cannot bring themselves to accept the idea that although the pound sterling during two years has risen from 60 to over 90 per cent of par of the dollar, the franc remains at 33 per cent of its gold value, and may forever remain at that ratio unless German reparations are paid in an amount which Frenchmen begin to realize never can be paid.

Three years ago, as compared with the capitals of Central Europe, Paris had made an astonishing recovery. The City of Light, which in 1917 had been dark and cold, with unheated houses and ill-swept streets, in the winter of 1919–20 was as clean and brilliantly lighted as before, while Vienna, Warsaw and Berlin were still dark, cold, shivering and shattered. Paris, visibly then, is no more brilliant today than it was three years ago, except that there are not so many people in mourning on the streets, in the shops or

other public places. I am not an experienced and accurate judge of the displays in shop windows, but this year my wife noticed with renewed surprise each day that nowhere on the Rue de la Paix or the Avenue de l'Opéra were the window displays so varied or so rich as those, for example, which she had seen in New York before sailing for Europe, or as those which she saw again in London before returning home. Plainly, the well-to-do shopping public in Paris, not only French but foreign, has less collective purchasing power than the shopping public in London or in New York. Whatever may be said of the burden of taxation and the wealth per capita in France, I know from what I saw and heard that many, many French people—no matter what their fortunes and incomes may be, no matter how the foreigners who crowd their watering places may live—are living more frugally, more modestly than ever before, thinking all the while upon the present and ultimate value of their investments in French securities.

We were interested in the other shops, but we were concerned about the toy shops, where we wished to gather a little Christmas bundle to carry to our young people at home. I remembered the times which as a boy I had spent in Paris, when with the little French boys we launched exquisite little ships, steam driven and sailing upon the ponds in the Tuileries Gardens, and the windows of the toy shops in the Rue de Rivoli were crowded with ingenious mechanical toys. We were disappointed in the shops that we discovered. We went, upon the advice of French friends, to the best toy shop in Paris, but could find no toy engine, stationary, locomotive or marine, which would match the realities of my youth and meet my promises to my small son. The toys, like the other displays in the shop windows, made it evident that even here the French, who are devoted and generous parents, are not buying toys as they did before.

EUROPA: I Do Wonder Which Is Which

French Frugality

WE DINED, my wife and I, with an old friend of mine and his wife. As French fortunes go, theirs is large. They are serious, active, public-spirited people. During the war Madame —— acquitted herself with great credit as a volunteer nurse, and her husband with equal credit as an officer. They feared a second invasion; they believed that in the Rhine there should be set up either an independent Rhenish state or at least a Rhenish province, as independent of Prussia as is Bavaria. They were concerned by the failure of the reparations policy; like very many others, they recognized the apparent insolubility of the problem of the French debt, but none the less were resolutely, courageously, magnificently confident in the ultimate solution of the problem and the restoration of the franc to par. My friend held up a piece of paper as if it were a French bank note, the better to emphasize his assertion to my wife, and insisted that if his bank note were locked up today, in fifty years it would have a better value than a note for the same sum in pounds sterling. He saw France restored and in the future drawing great wealth from her prosperous and loyal colonies in Northern Africa, while he looked forward with equal confidence to the dissolution of the British Empire, the establishment of the Dominions as independent states, and to the ultimate disintegration of British rule in India. But his great town house, which had been open three years ago, was closed.

It is very easy for the foreigner and casual traveler to fail to appreciate the domestic and frugal character of the average Frenchman. Deauville and Dinard, Paris, Cannes and Monte Carlo no more represent to the traveler a true picture of France than Atlantic City and Newport represent America. It might also be said that the Frenchman lives to save a competence and dies to bequeath it to his one or two children. There are French publicists who believe that the equality of succession—that is, the absolute requirement of the law that an inheritance must be equally divided among children is the cause of the low French birth rate. For no French farmer who has inherited or acquired land can bear to see that land so divided that it no longer constitutes a sufficient and efficient farm. If he inherits a farm he must save enough aside—assuming that he has two children—so that he may leave the farm intact to one and his *rentes* or government bonds to the other. Now, manifestly, the depreciation of the franc has not affected the prosperity of the farm. The vegetables, the poultry, the cattle or the crops are as rich as before, and are sold for three times as many francs as before. But that part of his property which was invested in government securities when francs were at par or over par brings him no more francs in interest than before. He has seen the great part of his savings wiped out. It is not merely that his comfort in his old age is threatened; that his prospect for retiring with his wife from Lyons or Marseilles or Paris to a villa just beyond the suburbs is gone, but his self-esteem, his position and the position which he had thought to assure his children—all may be jeopardized.

It is difficult for the rest of the world to understand France; so it is difficult for France to understand the rest of the world. The French, who have an old and a great civilization, are intellectually, geographically, physically and personally, shall I say, the most self-contained people in the western world. They do not emigrate; they travel very little; their newspapers carry but meager dispatches from abroad; they feel that they do not need to know any language but their own, the old language of diplomatic intercourse. If they do not leave France they seldom leave the neighborhood in which they are born and reared. Their foreign investments have not been commercial or varied, and a very large part of them in Mexico, Turkey, Bulgaria and Russia have proved bad. Thus they live almost unto themselves alone, and feel that the civilization and security of France constitute the quintessence of all civilized peoples. France has been a great power, and they are resolute to maintain her position as a great power despite her crippled finances and her stationary population. There are many reasons for the French determination to maintain a great army, but among them certainly is its weight as a diplomatic counterpoise against the British fleet. Hence their decision to levy legions in Asia and Africa—those in Africa including not only shock troops from Madagascar and the Sénégal, but some Semitic and Berber battalions from Tunis, Algeria and Morocco. Hence, also, their failure to appreciate the feeling engendered in other countries, and especially in England and America, against the garrisoning of German villages by Mohammedan troops. This intellectual and economic isolation of France in the heart of Europe not only explains her indifference to American and British opinion but explains in part, also, her attitude toward reparations.

There are no new business enterprises launched from day to day in France, as with us. Real estate does not change so frequently as in the United States. The bonds of the treasury or the bonds of the state or municipal *rentes* afford to the average Frenchman his chief opportunity for investment. It was precisely because he had this habit of investment in public securities that it was so easy during the ten years before the outbreak of the war to sell him the bonds of the government of the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russians. Here, of course, is the reason for French bitterness against the Bolshevik government, which has repudiated the bonds held by hundreds of thousands of small French investors.

Debts and Debtors

I REMEMBER an evening spent in a small company of diplomats, politicians and bankers, one of whom was all three. He is important enough as a politician to be a statesman, and as a banker had had not a little to do with investment in Russia before the war. He said that he considered that recognition of Russia was of no present economic importance. He told me, to my surprise, that before the war the average annual export of Russian wheat was little more than twice the average annual consumption by little Belgium. I asked him with what Russia paid for her large imports which the British were anxious to reëstablish—with her raw hides and raw flax which she sold in Central and Western Europe? He said no, that Russia had bought abroad with the earnings of the French people, constantly lent to Russia through Russian bonds sold in France.

Here, then, the French people are confronted with the hitherto insoluble reparations problem. They charge that the Germans have sought to evade payment; they have insisted that Germany was not devastated during the war; they have proved that with the currencies of the two countries reduced to a common basis, Germany has paid far, far less in taxes than France. But they have not been willing to receive, except to a limited extent, German labor in France or German deliveries in kind. Certainly it is intelligible to us Americans that French tile manufacturers, or French brick manufacturers, or French cement manufacturers, who since early in 1919 have been producing on a prodigious scale for the reconstruction of the devastated region, should resist the influx of a great quantity of German tile, brick or cement, with the consequent effect upon the French market for those goods. It has been the official opinion of the French Government—now strongly denied by some individual Frenchmen—that the population of the restricted region would never tolerate in their midst the presence of German workmen, laboring to rebuild the ruin that the German General Staff wrought. I have heard, of course, from countrymen and countrywomen, who have

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THE ADDED INCH

By Marguerite Curtis

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

THERE were beautiful things in all the cases. The room itself was beautiful, octagonal in shape, with three windows that bayed graciously on Fifth Avenue in the afternoon light. The cases themselves were of the same wood as the paneled walls something gray and satiny with a faint penciled grain; and the glass above had beveled edges that shone rainbow colored in the sun Dan was rather surprised at the place, because he hadn't expected anything like this, somehow, when he first heard of Lehner Brothers, and he hung over the samples of mesh bags in gold and silver, of delicate platinum filigree, of coral and jade and lapis lazuli and jet, with eyes that were full of pleasure

A firm step sounded on the polished floor, and Dan turned swiftly. William Lehner had kindly, grave eyes and an air of keenness that was somehow disconcertingly real.

"Mr. Stafford? I am delighted to see you. Bob McConnell wrote that you were coming. He said you had something we might be interested to handle"

"Yes." Dan Stafford brought forward the little package he carried beneath his arm. He flushed. "I thought you might like to see my work," he said with a sort of ingenuous frankness, "until I saw the samples in your cases. But I'm afraid, you know—you see, mine is not gold or precious stones; it is something I make; not anything except just—just a novelty in fact"

He was very much embarrassed. The senior partner of Lehner Brothers smiled

"We place beads at nine cents the gross, as well as these luxuries." He indicated the things all about them, smiling.

Dan had untied the package, and now he slipped the cover from a small cardboard box. He couldn't say anything, his heart seemed to be in his mouth. If Bob McConnell, back in Des Moines, had known anything of what he was talking about, this man who had suddenly turned an alert gaze on his work was the authority on this sort of thing in the East.

"You Know, I Was Awfully Hurt at What You Said—About ." He Didn't Know How to Put It

"Lehner Brothers, my boy," Bob had told him, "can make you or break you on a novelty. They are the biggest importers in the business, and they are absolutely square. I've known old Bill Lehner for twenty years; guess I can manage to get you in to see him. Those beads of yours ——"

Well, of course, Bob was an enthusiast and a friend. You couldn't, in a case like this, take the opinion of a friend. You were up against the world, in a way; you had to face your enemies. If they liked your work -

His eyes went back to the things his own hands had produced. The beads lay on the strip of black velvet that had been spread above a show case. There was a pendant with them, a delicate thing of rose and silver, and a buckle, designed for a little shoe or to catch a girdle in place on some slender waist. Dan Stafford seemed now to see them for the first time through other eyes; and, yes, even though he had made them, they were beautiful. His belief showed in his eyes as he raised them questioningly to William Lehner's face.

The importer held a glass to his eyes; he did not speak. His face was a poker face. One by one he lifted the beads, held them in strong, capable hands, turned them over, set them down. His touch catalogued them with definite skill. Finally he came to the buckle and the pendant, and permitted his eyes to mirror pleasure as he looked up.

"Beautiful!" he pronounced. "They are all beautiful!"

Dan drew a long breath. He had never failed of belief in these creations of his, but this sentence was like a medal. He flushed, tried to say something and couldn't. William Lehner took the velvet strip in his big hands, holding the beads as carefully as if they had been precious stones, and motioned for Dan to follow him.

"Come into my office," he said; "we'll talk this over."

He opened the door into a smaller room on the right and gave Dan a seat facing the Avenue. He himself sat where he could watch the boy's eyes and began to talk desultorily, drawing out his visitor. Well, Stafford wasn't a boy, of course; he must definitely be catalogued as a man; but there was something boyish about his eyes that made the term appropriate, in a sense. Perhaps—in that one way—he always would be a boy

"I'd better tell you right off, Mr. Stafford, that I should like to handle your novelty. But first, I want to hear a little more about it. You have a patent on your process, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Dan; "when I first discovered how to make the beads—it really was by way of being a discovery, because I was trying to do something different—I thought it was worth while cinching it. I took out a patent; I have the papers here."

He took them out and laid them down on William Lehner's desk. But the older man did not make any move to look at them. He nodded, waiting for the details, and Dan went on without effort, answering the interest he saw in the kindly eyes.

"It was this way," he said: "My father was rich and I was the only child. I could do whatever I wished I didn't want to go to college; I wanted to study art, and he didn't much care so long as I was happy. I went abroad for five years, studied in Italy and Paris. Then I heard—it was through Bob McConnell when he came over to Paris—that my father had lost most of his money; things weren't going very well at home. He was alone and, of course, I came back at once. I wanted to help him more than anything else in the world."

He paused, and William Lehner nodded to himself It was all in character, all as he had sensed the spirit of the young man as he looked from him to the beautiful objects he had made; but it was a totally unconscious revelation by the man who told it; Dan was just stating the thing as it had been. He flushed a little as he tried to explain how helpless he had felt when he first returned to Des Moines.

"But, you see," he said, "I—I didn't know how very well; how to help, I mean Lots of money had been spent on me, but I didn't seem to be able to make returns on it. I wasn't even a very good artist. I couldn't make money like that, and what dad needed more than anything in the world just then was money. His business was going down; he hadn't the capital to expand just when he might have expanded and made a big thing of it. The only thing he could do was to talk to me about it every evening when he came home—tell me what he would do if he could. Of course, I'd gone into the business. I kept the books. It saved one salary, and he seemed to like to have me. He was a quiet sort of man; he'd never talked very much to anyone since mother died when I was a little chap.

"And of course he never could do what he wanted. He died when we were within a week or so of shutting down, but he really never realized that. I have always been so thankful. I considered what I should do. I could have opened up the works in another way, taken in partners, made a going concern of the place in the way I had suggested to father; but—I can't explain it exactly—but I hated the very idea of that. You see, I'd never cared about business much." He smiled a semiapologetic smile that William Lehner understood.

"Naturally," he said decisively; "you're an artist."

"In a way," said Dan, "yes; but not as some men are I hadn't any particular talent for anything, you see. As an art student I was a bit of a failure, really. I went in for everything—portraits, landscape, design, modeling—made a mess of them all because I wasn't big enough to get out of the ruck. I never had a commendation nor—nor a reprimand. All I had was—I worked; I loved it. There didn't seem any reason for that when I couldn't do anything special.

"The other students laughed about it. It was funny to them. They were used to students who came to study art

and really only wanted a good time, you know; but I wasn't like that. I worked like a dray horse; I was always at it. When I wasn't working I was off in the galleries seeing lovely things. I don't know if I can explain it exactly, but it was beauty I wanted."

"I understand," said the man who listened. "It's a bit as I feel, I think." He looked gravely about the harmonious, lovely room.

"Yes. Well, when father died I thought it all out. I couldn't see any chance of making money, but there wasn't any particular reason why I should want to do that I thought I could make enough to keep me for three or four years if I sold the business, got out of it altogether I couldn't feel about it the way father did, you see, and I knew he'd really prefer me to be happy. Working at something in colors was about the only way I could be that. I determined to make a stab at art again.

"So I got busy with clay modeling. I did small figures and fired them myself; not very successfully, I am afraid One evening I was experimenting with clay and colors and different waxes, and I made something I thought beautiful; it was an accident really

"That made me think, and I began to wonder if I couldn't make something in the way of an ornament that would be beautiful. It was a long time before I managed to get my right medium or make a thing that was anything more than crude, but I found that all my work in the studios had helped me. I knew form and color, you see, and when I got the amalgam that I use to start the beads with—well, I knew that I had what I'd been working for, of course."

The older man gave one swiftly penetrating glance at Dan Stafford and dropped his eyes to the samples of the work before him on the velvet strip. His voice broke crisply on the slight pause

"I don't want to know a thing about your process, Mr. Stafford; of course, I don't pry into professional secrets; but it is necessary to come to some basis of understanding before we can talk business. How long does it take you to make one of these? Bob McConnell said that you did it entirely by hand."

Dan bent forward, picked up a bead and held it delicately between finger and thumb. It was a golden thing flecked with blue and amber in what was almost a design of flower petals, yet so small as to be little more than discernible to the naked eye. He studied it for an instant in silence, in his eyes that expression of the artist, that something which is not pride but a conscious recognition of the power to do, the baffling, curious sense of achievement and wonder, of joy that the power is there, which all artists know at some time or other. Then he put the pretty thing down again quietly and looked at the other man.

"That took me an hour; I can do some in a little less. The pendant was about a day's work."

"Well, now ——"

William Lehner stroked his chin. His eyes were not on Dan's face but on the Avenue throbbing with ardent life in the seesawing traffic of late afternoon. He could use that swaying, ever-changing life as perspective, and Dan Stafford couldn't. He hadn't, despite his training abroad, the Fifth Avenue gauge of prices. It made it difficult to explain, in a way.

"You see, Mr. Stafford," he went on, "I asked you that question for a reason. Your work is far more beautiful than I had dreamed it would be. It is the finest thing of its kind I have ever seen, and I'm speaking as a business man now, not as an admirer of beautiful things. But, you see, the rub comes here:

"Your beads aren't precious stones, and they don't come under the heading of semiprecious even. I take it they are made from gum and wax and clay and colors, blended so cunningly that they are each one of them works of art. But, after all, they partake of the material of which they are made, in a way, and so they come under the heading of what we call novelties, something put out cheaply to please the public, and sold in such tremendous quantities that they pay for themselves *in toto*, you see.

"I don't suppose I need to tell you that this is a bead year. The women are crazy about them; they even put them on the dresses. This is October, the beginning of the season, yet I have cleaned up thousands of dollars already in the beads we put out. They aren't"—he smiled a little—"beads like yours.

"No; well, then, it comes down to this: Your material isn't very expensive and your time is. If you had an army of people with your knowledge and understanding they could make fifty times as many beads a day, say. But where are you going to find an army who could do the work? It couldn't be done really. So what it amounts to is this: Can you arrange for quantity production?"

"Quantity production?"

"Exactly; turn these things out by the million instead of by twos and threes. You could not do it by hand, of course; but wouldn't it be possible to make them by machinery in some way? Most of the beads we have are made like that. I'll show you."

He thrust the beads Dan had brought impetuously into a drawer, locked it and took Dan down to a room at the far end of the corridor. Lehner Brothers occupied the whole eighth floor, and the premises were beautiful. Dan was about to make a remark to this effect when William Lehner threw open the door of a workroom that was plain almost to severity. It was full of girls, working. They were stringing beads by hand on strings, knotting and fitting with almost lightning dexterity.

"Sophie," said William Lehner to the elderly woman in charge, "where are those red beads that came in from Massachusetts yesterday?"

She produced a handful silently from a box at her elbow. William Lehner took them and handed a few, smilingly, to Dan Stafford

"Don't turn up your nose; you'll feel like it. These are simply wooden beads dyed. Even the dyeing process is crude; they dip them, I think. Now and then we find one that is uneven; the colors are sticky; but, you see, they make an effect."

He took from Sophie, who had entered into the visit with interest she did not attempt to disguise, a string of the beads she had brought back from a table where the finished product was heaped.

Dan had seen many strings like them, now he came to think of it. Red beads caught on a silk cord, knotted decoratively at intervals to keep the beads in place There were seven on this string; on another he counted five, interspersed with a black bead or two. In Des Moines the women were just beginning to wear them. McConnell's window had been ornamented with a string or two laid carelessly on the somberness of a winter dress, he remembered, as he always remembered anything of color

They passed down the room. Here and there Mr. Lehner stopped, picked up a bead, commented on it tersely. The things were cheap and not particularly beautiful to Dan, but they did add the note of vivid effect which the darker clothing of winter demanded; and they satisfied, too, the craving for ornament that is inherent in most women; that accounted for the fashion, he thought. There was no doubt that the girls were busy; they strung the beads with almost feverish activity. And how many of them—how many beads!

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"You See?" She Indicated It by a Sweep of One Slender Hand. "I Wish You'd Tell Me All About Them"

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The Future in the Air

AIRPLANE history was made at Selfridge Field, near Detroit, Michigan, recently, when every speed record for airplanes was broken by a large margin. Lieut. Russell L. Maughan, of the Army Air Service, flew his plane at the rate of 248.6 miles per hour; in other words, he was traveling a little faster than four miles per minute. His average for eight flights, four with and four against the wind, was 229 miles per hour.

Such speeds, if they could be maintained, would bring distant places on the earth very close together. The airline distance from London to New York is 3471 miles. The difference in time between London and New York is nearly five hours. If a plane could maintain the average speed made by Lieutenant Maughan a man could leave London at seven o'clock in the morning and land at New York at five o'clock the same afternoon, or leave New York at seven o'clock in the morning and land at San Francisco at two o'clock on the afternoon of the same day.

The Army Air Service entered planes in these speed contests not alone for the purpose of breaking records but in order that they might learn much of real value. In no way except by actual trial under severe conditions can the characteristics of aircraft be determined with accuracy. Experience has shown that high speed is absolutely essential in military fighting planes. There is, however, probably a limiting speed beyond which it will be impossible for the pilot to endure the strain, beyond which he cannot both fly and fight.

Not many weeks ago two officers of the Army Air Service remained in the air in an airplane for more than thirty-five hours. This was an unsurpassed endurance record; but, best of all, it showed us by a practical test that we had been able to build and to operate engines that were capable of such a performance. This means that long cross-country flights may hereafter be attempted with much greater assurance that the aircraft will be equal to their performance. One of the same pilots who successfully completed the endurance test had previously secured another record of equal importance. He had climbed in an airplane to an altitude of more than seven miles. We thus learned for the first time the atmospheric conditions at such a height, their effect upon the airplane, upon its power plant, and upon its occupant. We now know fairly well by actual test what must be done to make it possible for man to navigate the air at such an altitude, and the changes that must be incorporated in the ordinary airplane in order that it may fly at these great heights.

Army Air Service pilots now hold every airplane record for speed, for endurance and for altitude. This shows not only that they are skillful flyers but also that the technical development of aircraft and engines in the United States is at least as far advanced as in any other country. It is a fact, however, that this country, where man first flew, is now lagging far behind others in using this new means of transportation and communication. And yet there is no country in the world where the advantages are greater or more apparent.

In addition to the speed contests in Detroit there were others for weight-carrying airplanes, to determine the speed and reliability of aircraft adapted not alone for military but also for commercial purposes. It was thoroughly demonstrated that when aircraft are properly built, properly maintained and flown by skilled personnel, they are capable of carrying passengers and freight safely and speedily over the long routes between distant points in the United States. Why, then, are they not used? It is true that there have been many accidents. Is this the sole or main reason for the lack of air-transportation companies? In the early days of railroads accidents were at least as frequent, and the loss of life many times greater. Though even now accidents on the railroads are not unknown, they have been greatly lessened because of legislation requiring installation of safety devices and compliance with other rigid rules.

Taking a lesson from the past, those who are interested in the development of commercial aërial transportation are praying for legislation that will place in the Federal Government the control of all flying. This means that the Government must license aircraft and aircraft pilots, just as it now licenses steam vessels and their masters and pilots. A bill embodying these provisions has already passed the Senate, but when this was written had not yet been reported in the House. Should it pass, no aircraft could leave the ground or water until it had been inspected and pronounced airworthy, nor unless its pilot had passed an examination and been duly declared proficient and fit to fly. When this bill becomes a law there will be less difficulty in securing insurance—flying will be safer. With airways properly marked by day and lighted by night, with landing fields at proper intervals, travel by air will become a matter of course and probably even safer than in railroad trains or in automobiles.

It is a commonplace among military men that the next war will be won in the air. The nation without an adequate air force will be absolutely helpless, and it is likewise true that without a commercial air fleet it will be outstripped by its rivals in the markets of the world.

The development of aircraft and of air transportation is necessary if we are to maintain our economic and our national independence.

Getting Well Quick

IT IS not necessarily any reflection upon the autosuggestion system practiced by Emile Coué, of Nancy, France, to call it a get-well-quick system, for that is precisely what is claimed for it by its practitioners and adherents. But if anyone wishes to practice it and to derive from it whatever benefits there may be, it is highly important that it should be understood. Emile Coué has himself emphasized time and again the danger that lies in a misapplication of its main principle by what he terms "the law of reversed effort." This law, he says, works very much as beginners at bicycle riding are affected when they see an object directly ahead of them. In their increased effort to avoid it they plunge into it.

It takes about as much training to learn how to treat yourself by autosuggestion as it does to learn how to drive a car. And the two things are not dissimilar. In driving a car there are, as a rule, three speeds ahead and one reverse. It takes only a slight movement of the hand to go into any one of these gears, and a beginner is quite as likely to go into reverse as into low gear—in which case he is likely to back through the rear of his garage. And so the first thing you do in autosuggestion is to make sure you are not in reverse. This is the hard part of it, for the very act of making sure is an exercise of the will, and M. Coué expressly cautions everybody not to use any will power, but only imagination. The point is quite simple. If you wish to break yourself of some habit, and try to do it by the use of will power, you only make it worse. In a sparring match between your will and the habit, the habit will knock out the will in the first or anyway the second round. Before you know it the referee is counting ten over the defeated will.

And although most of us are not able to think in the lofty vocabulary of great scientists, still in quite a humble way we practice suggestion all the time, and this not only upon ourselves but upon others. You say in the morning, quite possibly to your business partner, "It would be a wonderful afternoon, this afternoon, for golf," and he snorts and replies, "With all these orders on hand! You're crazy!" And at 1:30 P.M. he stands over you and says, "Come on, we haven't any time to lose." That's the way it works on others. Autosuggestion is playing the same game with yourself, by saying casually, "I'll do so and so tomorrow." And when tomorrow comes, just this preadjustment makes you want to get your teeth right into it. All successful workers use it more or less. You just kid yourself along in advance.

Now M. Coué says that you can use this law in a much more extensive and absolute manner than has hitherto been suspected, and can cure yourself of almost anything if you just keep repeating "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." To do this properly—so that you will not go into reverse—you must put yourself in a half-drowsy condition, where you are just limp, like a jellyfish, without any will at all, and then repeat and repeat the formula. Whatever is the matter with you will then pack up and move out.

All this being so, how does M. Coué's method—if it is proper to call it this—differ from ordinary autosuggestion as we practice it unconsciously? Does it lie in his merely being able to speed up this law?

Not quite. It lies in the fact that before M. Coué had begun to practice his cure the subjective mind had been invented. Now the subjective mind has been written about by many psychologists for many years, and has gone by various names. It has been called the subconscious mind, the unconscious mind, and now it is generally referred to by the latest writers as the unconscious. Nothing very definite was known about the inside machinery of the unconscious for a long time, although some of its results, such as double personalities, had been recorded by a number of physicians. Something more than a decade ago, however, Sigmund Freud, an Austrian physician, and a pupil of the celebrated Charcot, announced his theory of dreams, which was that every dream is an unfulfilled wish, and this led to the science—or pseudo science, as you like—of psychoanalysis. It is not necessary here to go into psychoanalysis. It is only necessary to say that Freud put the unconscious on the map in such a way that it could be defined—not clearly defined, but enough so that its workings were formulated. In short, the conscious mind is assumed to be like the chauffeur who sits up and changes gears, and the unconscious is like the engine inside that makes the car go, and which may back you into another car, may plunge you over a stone wall, or may run you smoothly along the great highway, so that when you step on it you are going without effort at the limit of speed and at the same time are using less gas to the mile than if you were fretting along on low or second.

Or your unconscious—so far as mere proportions are concerned—is said to be like the submerged part of an iceberg; compared with your conscious mind it is fully three times as big. And it has all the power in the world, so long as you don't try to drive it, but just keep repeating to it, without will or effort, anything you want it to do. You assume that the thing is done, and it is done. If you have a pain in your stomach you don't say "Pain, pain, go away, come again another day," but you do say—so rapidly that your will cannot interrupt: "It is passing, it is passing" about twenty times—and the pain is so ashamed of itself that it sneaks off, never to return.

ON THE JOB—By Elizabeth Frazer

The White-Collar World

ON THE sixth floor of the massive business building more than a score of stories high, whose slim, spirelike campanile of granite cleaving the sky dominated that entire business section and dwarfed the surrounding wholesale houses, which could boast only a paltry dozen stories or so, they were giving the fresh applicants for jobs the new modern mental tests. For several days past the morning dailies had carried a want ad for clerical workers for this particular company, known throughout the business world for its gilt-edge conservative solidity and its care of its fifteen thousand employes. And as a result of the unobtrusive little advertisement a steady stream of humanity from a radius of twenty miles around had converged upon those massive bronze revolving doors which led into the oppressive marble splendors of the great carved and fretted arcade. Here a friendly cop or a magnificent liveried and bebuttoned official who bawled hoarsely "Going up! Going up! Express on your right! Local here! Going up!" listened with an air of large indulgence to the timid inquiries of applicants who produced the advertisement, and directed them to Room 30, on the ground floor, where the first rough-and-ready sorting process began. Decrepit old men and women, foreigners, gay painted little fly-by-nights in luxurious furs, old rips and young toughs—all these obvious unavailables were given the keen once-over and gently but firmly directed to the street. The residue, chiefly fresh vital youngsters under twenty—though there were some older ones too—were instructed to take the local up to the sixth floor.

And here one morning I found them, when, by invitation of one of the vice presidents, I also took the local elevator to the sixth floor, in order to discover what variety of fish a big metropolitan firm netted when it cast its seines abroad loosely like that in the great industrial sea.

Although the hour was still early, more than a score of boys and girls—some of them looked sheer infants to me—were already on hand, bending above tables as they filed their formal applications or discussing their individual cases with the director. Some she questioned; some she eliminated on the spot. She was the second hurdle they had to pass. By twos and threes, sifting through various hands, flushed, keyed up, they finally arrived before the examiner's desk and were handed the mental tests.

Weeding Out by Mental Tests

THE examiner spoke a few words of explanation: "Read carefully the printed instructions above each question. They tell you what to do. Answer each test as quickly as you can, but without making any mistakes. If you do not understand what to do go on to the next. Speed counts, but accuracy counts more than speed. So don't try to rush; but don't linger too long over any one thing. You have an hour, and then fifteen minutes' grace. At the end of that time we take the test away. All right. You may begin."

She marked the exact time upon the paper, and the applicant, eyes bright with excitement, received it and retired to a desk.

I knew the contents of this particular examination, having been timed on it myself, and I watched with considerable interest these youngsters wrestling to get a handgrip on the lower rung of the ladder of life. Brows knit, cheeks burned, chests heaved. The girls bit their pens; the boys pouched out their nether lips, wrinkled their noses, squirmed their shoulders or yanked somberly at their hair. They labored mightily and sighed deep gusty sighs, for all the world like a game little narrow-gauge engine puffing up a heavy grade. To them it was a tremendous occasion, and they were putting into it a tremendous vim—which made me perceive that the seine had netted some good fish after all.

I kept an eye in particular on one boy and one girl. They had begun at the same time. The girl, slim, dark, with a dashing metropolitan air, gave her age as seventeen. She seated herself, pushed back some tinkling gold bangles, waggled her long near-jade earrings, took a tiny peep into the lid of her vanity case to see if her marcel was right, smiled nonchalantly across at me, daintily arching a pair of fine plucked eyebrows as who should say: "All this foolishness is highly unnecessary as applied to me. Can't the poor boobs tell class when it's visible right before their eyes? Still, just to be agreeable we'll take a shot at this."

She flicked an eye through the instructions and began to check off the answers with a smooth finished speed, as

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PLAYING INDIAN

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

John J. Jepson

I WENT to see John J. Jepson about a note of his which I held. John J. Jepson is a medium-sized man, president of a medium-sized firm in a medium-sized city. He is of middle age, moderately successful, moderately bald and moderately disagreeable.

I found him sunk in his office chair in an attitude of profound dejection. On his desk lay a pile of novels. I could see from the jackets that one was a searching and relentless picture of American life of today. Another was a passionate outcry against the trammels with which age binds the young. Another was an enthralling romance of the morbid psychology of adolescence. Another dealt with a lovable neurotic who, after thirty years of hell in the leather-findings line, found his own soul by fleeing to the South Seas with the company's pay roll and stenographer.

"How can one bring joy into the office?" asked John J. Jepson with a deep sigh.

"In a suitcase," I replied with a hearty laugh.

"I tell you I'm sick of it all!" he burst out fiercely. "Always this same dull round, making money, making money, all day long, day in, day out—the sight of money makes me sick! Do you realize what I've been doing for the last twenty-five years of my life? I've been working! Faugh!" He shuddered.

"But things won't always go on this way," he pursued. "I seem to see a vision—a vision of America, loosed from the bonds of base commercialism, the gags of capitalism, the fetters and shackles of work. Man shall be free—free to sing and play in the meadows, to roll naked on the greensward—if he likes to roll naked—to follow, wing-footed, the lure of his heart's desire. You, for instance—what is it that so furrows your brow with care, that so thwarts and baffles you in your quest for joy?"

"Well, there's this note ——"

"It's your repressions, your inhibitions! But in America of the future there will be no repressions, no inhibitions. And as there will be no property, all this struggle for things will disappear. 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox,' says the Bible. And why not? Because you should not poison your soul with covetousness. But when private property disappears the spiritual autointoxication of covetousness will also disappear."

"I don't covet anybody's ox," I said doubtfully.

"You are obsessed with material values. Material values are nothing; spiritual values everything. Give your spirit wing! You now befog your brain by attending the moving pictures. In the new world you will go to the tragedies of Æschylus, in Greek. Won't that be fun? Now you read rubbishy stories in magazines about sea captains and detectives and movie actresses. But in the world to come you will read remorseless analyses of senile decay and tales of love in leper colonies. So come, old friend, let us to the woodland; let us join our unforced pipings to the melodious notes of the birds!"

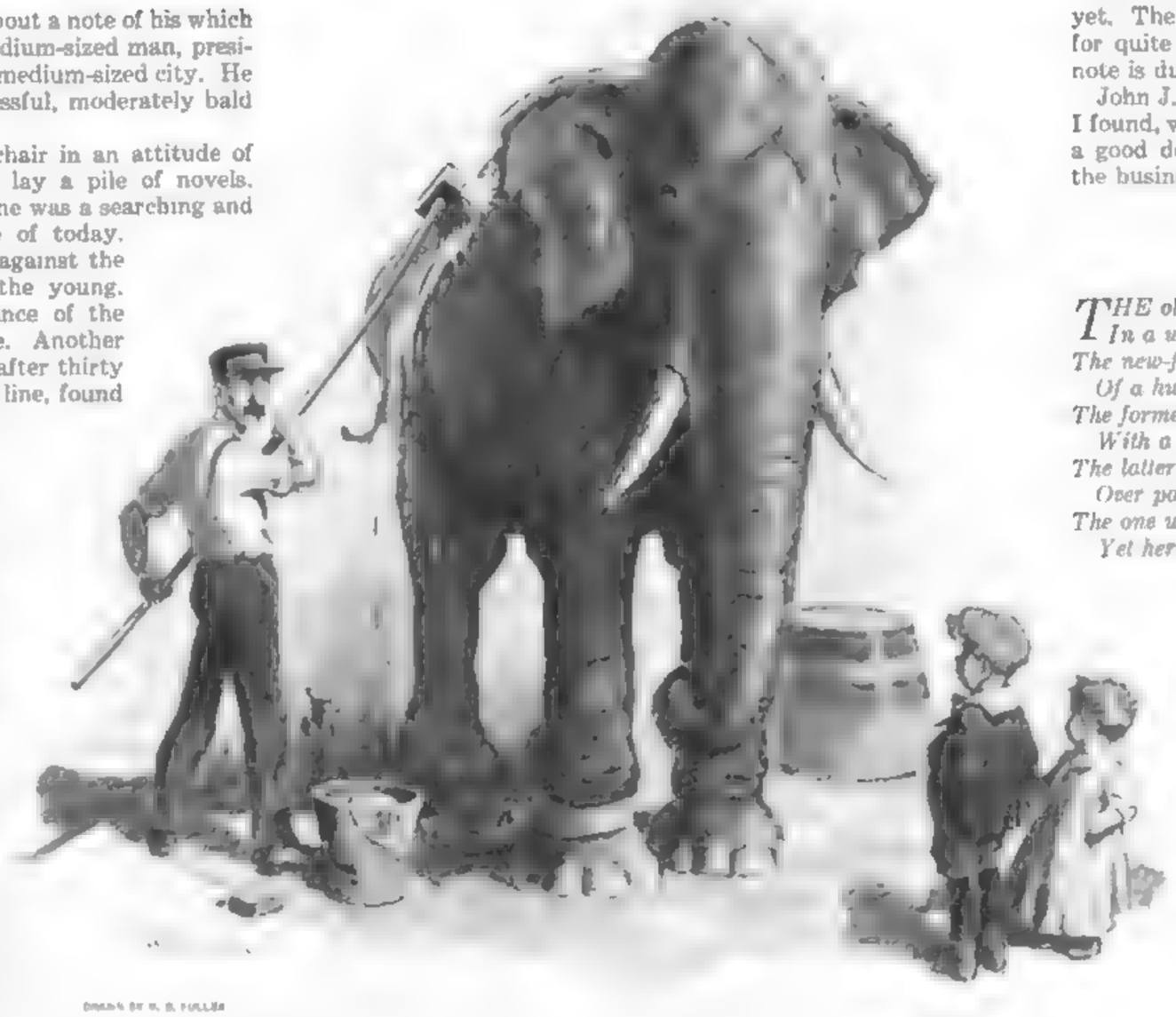
"Speaking of notes, here's one you wrote yourself. It seems to be about money."

"Money—dross! Put it out of your mind, think no more of it! Throw the note in the waste basket! Think of God; think of art; think of sex! Now in the new world the ferment ——"

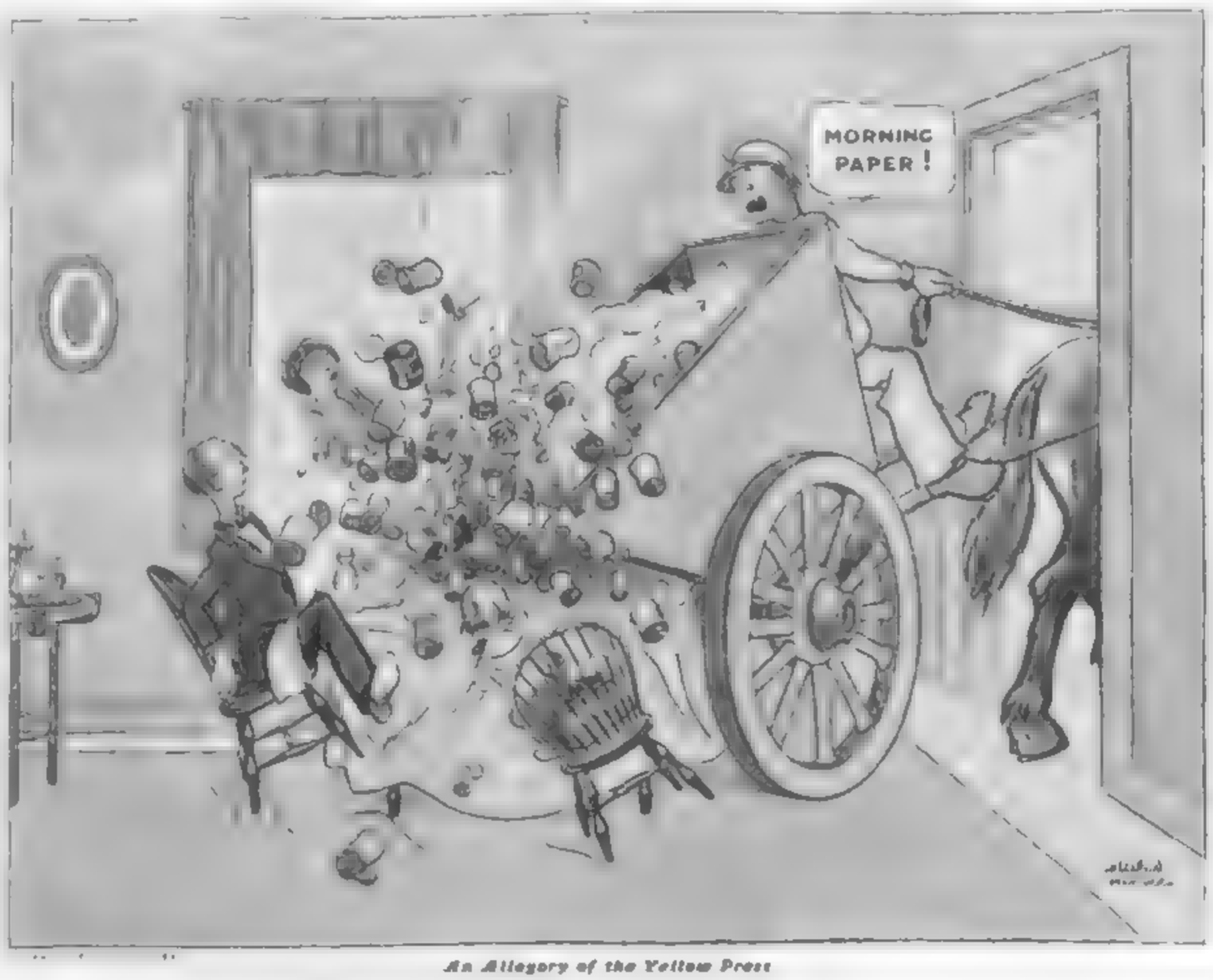
But I interrupted him. "I think I know what would happen in the new world?" I said. "And what is more, I know perfectly well that our present economic system puts some men on a treadmill, but to others it gives strength and power and happiness. And I know that some of the regulations of our moral code are outworn and illogical; our civilization rattles a good bit, but we have been working on it for about twenty thousand years and we aren't ready to scrap the whole business just yet. The new world won't be ready for occupancy for quite some time, and in the meantime this note is due next week."

John J. Jepson sighed and picked up the note. I found, without any surprise at all, that he knew a good deal more than a goat-foot faun about the business devices of the bad old world.

—*Morris Bishop.*



"Git Some Soap in His Eye, Mister, So We Kin Watch What He Does"



An Allegory of the Yellow Press

Then and Now

THE old-fashioned maiden could blush
In a way that was modest and charming;
The new-fangled girl wears a flush
Of a hue that is fixed and alarming;
The former at some things would hush
With a silence both sweet and disarming;
The latter will equally gush
Over politics, poodles or farming;
The one was as shy as a thrush,
Yet her object in life was to marry;
The other has crush after crush
With engagements to Tom, Dick and Harry;
Although we contemn and "Oh, tush!"
Still at picking a wife we are chary
Of old-fashioned girls, and we rush
In like fools where the other kind tarry.

—*Charles Irving Corwin.*

One Firm Faith

I'VE lost a lot of my childish faiths,
A lot of my creeds I've shed;
I don't believe in spooks or wraiths
Or messages from the dead.

I don't believe newspaper tales,
Or the things they advertise;
And the terms of their wonderful bargain sales
As often as not are lies!

I don't believe the fish Joe caught
Are as big as he says they are;
I don't believe the stock I bought
Will ever go up to par!

I don't believe my friend's sincere
When he says nice things to me;
I don't believe the half I hear,
Nor the quarter of what I see!

But I have one faith, sublime and true,
That nothing can shake or slay;
Each spring I firmly believe anew
All the seed catalogues say!

—*Carolyn Wells.*

From the Salome Sun

I EARN my bread with hard and honest toil, selling these here tourists gas and oil; and once I got a man to buy a tire; he said he'd never seen them any higher. I wonder if he thought that they'd be down out here a hundred miles from any town. This is what you'd call free verse, and you've read lots that sounded worse; you see I grind it out each day, and then I give it all away so folks will stop here at Salome and think of me when they get home. I'm going to get myself a calliope and teach my frog to jump the rope; he can't swim, but he can hop; and I can't play, but I can stop some of

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Luscious vegetables — the pride of the garden

Lift your spoon and feel them melt in your mouth as you relish their delicious flavors! Baby lima beans, dainty little peas, the sweetest of corn, juicy tomatoes, hearty cubes of white and sweet potatoes, diced Chantenay carrots and golden turnips, chopped cabbage, snow-white celery, plump barley, alphabet macaroni, French leeks, okra and fresh parsley, with broth of fine beef to give its vigor. Bring to *this* dish your keenest appetite, for here is food worthy of it. The famous Campbell's chefs blend thirty-two different ingredients into this one richly substantial soup. Our reputation is before you—in each fragrant and tempting plate of Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

12 cents a can
21 other kinds

We blend the best with careful pains
In skilful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Pleasing Irritant

IRRITANTS are sometimes good things. If the proper sort of irritant is applied to an enemy, he may, in his rage, come out in the open where he can easily be knocked on the head or blown up with a well-directed hand grenade. Even the calmest and most self-possessed gentlemen, if deliberately and sagaciously irritated, are apt to lose control of themselves and emit streams of profanity and ill-chosen remarks which may later be used against them with telling effect.

Senator George Higgins Moses, Republican, of Concord, New Hampshire, is a natural-born irritant. As a thorn in the flesh he displays such unusual ability as to make the toughest and hardiest New England thorn bush wonder how it ought to go to work to get a reputation. His professional duties require him to be a thorn in the flesh of all Democratic senators, and he does this with great enthusiasm and success. His native ability as a thorn, however, is such that it cannot always be repressed within party lines; and senators belonging to his own party may frequently be seen seated in dark corners with looks of poignant anguish on their faces, due to the fact that their tender sensibilities and their senatorial dignity have been severely punctured and lacerated by the Moses thorn.

He has been heard to state publicly and derisively, for example, that the short but unexpected flight of Warren Gamaliel Harding from his seat in the Senate Chamber to the presidential chair in the White House was one of the most unfortunate things that ever happened to the Senate, inasmuch as it caused every senator to think that he could go and do likewise.

With a dash of New England modesty and reticence peculiar to all his acts and utterances, this sturdy son of New Hampshire invariably excepts himself when publicly exposing the fond and foolish hopes of the senators. He himself, he says loudly and firmly, doesn't want to be President, and never expects to be. But the other ninety-five senators want to be, and expect to be, and are devoting a great deal of their time to making arrangements to be.

He may have been guilty of some slight exaggeration in accusing the other ninety-five senators of expecting to be President; not more than ninety-three or ninety-four of them may expect to be. But the chances are fairly good that he was strictly accurate concerning his own desires; for if he had any desire to be President himself he would be so busy making arrangements to grab the job that he would have no time for public utterances.

He may be modest and reticent in some respects, but he is not at all backward in asking for what he wants, whether it be the undivided attention of the United States Senate, or a diplomatic post among the effete courts and the satin knee pants of Europe. In fact there are some who say that he has already asked Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Republican, of New York, to make him Secretary of State on that happy and presumably far-off day when Wadsworth, like Warren Gamaliel Harding, is translated from the Senate Chamber to the presidency. And if Wadsworth becomes President, Moses will deserve the job; for he will have shown sufficient prophetic powers in foreseeing Wadsworth's presidential chances to make the prophecies of Ezekiel seem, by comparison, like those of the gentlemen who declared in August, 1914, that the late European war would be over in six weeks.

A Man Who Votes as He Thinks

THEN, too, George Higgins Moses has frequently been heard to declare with an embarrassing lack of reticence that if the members of the United States Senate would only vote as they drink there would be considerably more beer in sight than can be detected in our large cities at the present time by those who know where to get it; and he also observes coldly and dispassionately that the so-called farm bloc of the Senate, instead of being composed of farmers, is composed of lawyers, a newspaper editor, a well digger, and so on, the big and clearly expressed Moses idea being that the farm-bloc senators farm the farmers instead of farming the soil.

Some of the Moses ideas occasionally stub their toes and have to be taken away on a wheelbarrow, as was the case when, after visiting the White House during the last year of Mr. Wilson's incumbency, he told the Washington correspondents that they'd better get better acquainted with Vice President Marshall, inasmuch as Mr. Marshall would soon be occupying the presidential chair.

The chief thing to be remembered about George Higgins Moses, of New Hampshire, however, is not the fact that he is sometimes wrong. Everybody is wrong at one

Latest Photograph of Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire

time or another; everyone, not even excepting Senator Borah, Doctor Coué, the New York Times, the most prominent newspaper columnists, the Supreme Court, Clemenceau and Judge Landis. The things to be remembered about Senator Moses are the fact that he says what he thinks, and says it so that everyone whose ears aren't stuffed with cotton knows exactly what he is saying; and the fact that he votes the way he thinks he ought to vote in spite of hell, high water and organized minorities.

He was first elected to the United States Senate to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Gallinger. In one short year he voted against woman suffrage on a day when, out of one hundred and six million people, he had the one vote that settled the question. He rebelled against the Medical Beer Bill as being an unwarranted act under the Constitution. He voted for the first antistrike provision in the Esch-Cummins Bill, and he was one of the Battalion of Death on the Versailles Treaty.

Having cast these votes in one year's time, he repaired to his old New Hampshire home and brazenly offered himself for reëlection to those silent New Hampshire voters, who, to quote a well-known New Hampshire college song, are reputed to have the granite of New England in their muscles and their brains.

Now some of these votes of his were votes that might have been expected to cause the proletariat to rise up and bang him in the eye. When an aspirant for senatorial office has the ladies against him, and the Prohibitionists, to say nothing of the labor vote, it is generally conceded that he would save time and money if he were to go out and jump in the lake instead of running for office. In fact most candidates for reëlection to the Senate would never have permitted themselves to be so promiscuous with their votes at such a critical time.

Moses, however, did as he gol-durned pleased; and he did it, furthermore, whenever he gol-durned pleased; and when he was running for reelection he opened up his mouth and hoarsely bragged about what he had done, instead of waiting for his opponents to come along and accuse him of it. At once the sturdy New Hampshire voters laughed their silent and sour New Hampshire laughs and waggled their chin whiskers pleasantly, and remarked "Go to it, George!" with a penetrating New Hampshire nasal accent. And when the vote was counted, George Higgins Moses was found to have defeated his opponent by two to one, thus lending weight to the old adage, which has never attained any wide credence in the Senate—the one that says you can best please the largest number of people by pleasing yourself.

The subject of this sketch looms up at an early age in front of a background in which are blended the most reliable brands of New England statesmanship, politics, oratory, religion and fish. His ancestor, John Moses, appeared in Portsmouth in 1639 and took up a farm which, in the New Hampshire manner, has yielded prolific crops of stones and Moseses at regular intervals ever since. His father was a Baptist clergyman who, at the time that George Higgins was born, was living in Lubec, Maine. Soon afterward, however, the family moved to Eastport; and it was in the fragrant neighborhood of the Eastport sardine factories that young Moses proceeded to draw those powerful breaths of freedom which were later to be expelled to such striking advantage in the halls of Congress and the courts of Europe.

How Moses Landed in the Senate

THE next move of the Moses family was to Franklin, New Hampshire, birthplace of Daniel Webster. Usually there is so much talk of Daniel Webster in the numerous towns in which he went to school or taught school or otherwise conferred lasting fame upon the neighborhood that the rising generations in those towns grow to hate his name. George Higgins Moses, being an exceptional child, early decided he would be perfectly happy if he could get an even portion of the free advertising that Daniel Webster is still receiving. So he set himself to follow as nearly as possible in Daniel's footsteps, and betook himself to Dartmouth College.

It was believed in those days that no man would be permitted to take a degree from Dartmouth unless he had done one of three things, to wit: Taught school for one winter, worked in a summer hotel as a waiter or functioned for a season as a book agent. Moses, being one of a family of six in a country parsonage, and seeing the need of hustling if he wanted a Websterian education, did all three of them. He taught a school in Alton, New Hampshire, called high because it was upstairs. He offered for sale Houghton's Patent Political Reversible Maps, but never sold any of them because New Hampshire voters carry their political maps in their heads and shrink from reversibility. In fact it is said in Concord, New Hampshire, that although George Moses can sell himself to the voters with unusual skill, his salesmanship ability in other lines is so slender that he couldn't sell dollar bills to factory workers at fifty cents apiece. As a waiter he laid the groundwork for future diplomatic successes by the skill with which he learned to impart to the hotel guests the sad news that they would have to take well-done roast beef instead of rare, and that the mince pie was all gone.

While he was still an undergraduate he conceived the idea of picking up a little spare change by working around the New Hampshire Legislature, which convened during the summer months. So, with the noteworthy lack of shyness which may always be noted in his actions and speech when he wants anything, he went to an ex-senatorial friend and stated his wants firmly and explicitly. Convinced—as almost everyone usually is—that there would be some sort of dark and dangerous trouble if Moses didn't get what he wanted, the ex-senator spoke to the governor of the state; and the governor of the state was so impressed that he appointed Moses as his secretary without ever having seen him. That summer there was a big split in the Republican Party, occasioned by the keen desire of Senator William E. Chandler and Jacob H. Gallinger to occupy the same seat in the Senate. The state was divided into Chandler men and Gallinger men, and feeling ran so high that everyone longed to drop poison in his opponent's soup. Moses attracted Chandler's attention, and the two of them struck up an intimacy that eventually landed Moses in the United States Senate. At the end of the summer Moses went back to Dartmouth and was duly graduated in the class of 1890 with the benediction of a relieved faculty.

After graduation he went to work on Chandler's newspaper, the Concord Evening Monitor, pausing occasionally to labor with the Republican State Committee. He was offered a highly remunerative job—a thousand dollars a

(Continued on Page 42)

There is a special comfort and a special satisfaction in a closed car as sturdy and thoroughly reliable as the Hupmobile is known to be.

The knowledge that it can be counted upon with implicit confidence, day after day, is worth even more than its snug weather-protection.

Everyone recognizes the Hupmobile's special reputation for greater economy and longer life.

Wherever it is prized for these cardinal virtues—and that includes the entire Hupmobile ownership—it is prized equally for its rare quality of always keeping on the go.

These closed cars afford all the cozy shelter that any closed car can afford—and in addition, those other attributes which are associated so particularly with the Hupmobile.

Touring Car, $1115; Roadster, $1115; Special Touring Car, $1215; Special Roadster, $1215; New Two-passenger Coupe, $1385; Four-passenger Coupe, $1535; Sedan, $1675. Cord tires on all models. Prices F. O. B. Detroit - Revenue Tax Extra

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile enclosed bodies are built in our own shops, exclusively for the Hupmobile chassis.

In their own way, they are as stout and strong and durable as the chassis itself.

Hidden away beneath their beautiful design, and their rich upholstery and trim, is the strength which enables them to render years of competent service.

No outside restriction can be placed on Hupmobile ideals of quality, in either chassis or body since both in their entirety are the product of Hupmobile factories.

Hupmobile

INVADING ENGLAND

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IT WAS like a breath from home, in the little restaurant on Piccadilly Circus, to see a regular soda fountain; and more homelike still was the tall, red-headed boy who presided over it. He hailed from Nebraska, he told me, and had come over to England to try his luck in the British business world. Certainly the Nebraska boy had found a foothold in the center of things. Just outside the door one could see the moving mass of humanity crowding the sidewalks, dodging among the taxis, and swarming around the flower sellers who noisily market their wares at the foot of the bronze figure that ornaments the center of the circus. The nine streets that lead into Piccadilly were emptying an endless stream of loaded busses to add to the crowds already there.

The boy from Nebraska appeared to appreciate the opportunities offered to carve a business niche for himself in the very heart of the British Empire. On the mirror back of his soda counter he had painted the names of fascinating drinks, his glasses were stacked in imposing fashion, clean and shining, and his own alert actions were a pleasure to watch. Beside him the other employes of the restaurant appeared colorless and phlegmatic. It was easy to imagine the energetic boy from Nebraska making himself so valuable to his employers that he would have to be taken into partnership and eventually become a power in the business world which he had chosen. Evidently the same idea had occurred to him, for he took me into his confidence in a whispered aside, between customers.

"This English game is dead easy," he said gleefully. "A regular hustler can make them sit up and take notice, and that's what I am doing. It's no trick at all to get along over here. Come in and see me whenever you're down this way."

It was a couple of weeks before I had opportunity to accept this genial invitation and when I did I was doomed to disappointment, for when I went into the restaurant again there was a sedate, somewhat slow-moving English girl behind the soda counter, performing her duties with entire lack of flourish or vivacity. I asked the young lady at the cashier's desk what had become of the tall, red-headed boy. She answered with true English conservatism.

"I think 'e's not here now, sir," she said. "In fact, I'm sure 'e's not here. To be exact, 'e's not been here since last Saturday night a week ago."

The Nebraska Boy's Faux Pas

THE date named by the young lady cashier was only a few days subsequent to that on which the Nebraska boy had told me he was getting on so well, and I was interested. I suggested that he had possibly left to accept a better offer elsewhere.

"I can't say as to that, sir," she answered. "Maybe 'e has a better position wherever 'e has gone. But 'e got the sack here!"

This was a terrible ending of a dream wherein the English game appeared ridiculously easy and one needed only to hustle in order to rise to wealth and position in the British metropolis. I pressed the lady cashier for details.

"I don't rightly know all about it," she said, "but I fancy the young man liked his own way a bit too much. 'E talked sort of loud around here, and that's against the rules of the place. Sometimes 'e would tell customers what they ought to drink, like 'e knew better than they did what they wanted. And then 'e often called gentleman customers brother, when they weren't any relation to him at all!"

The lady cashier made a supreme effort to put into words the precise sum of the Nebraska boy's shortcomings. She said, "The young man didn't know the London game and 'e wouldn't take the trouble to learn it. So 'e got the sack!"

That is all I know about the boy from home who thought the English game dead easy; and it is important only because it is illustrative of weightier matters. A great number of American firms have invaded England for the purpose of establishing an overseas outlet for their products, and many have been eminently successful. Everywhere in the London business district one is constantly astonished to see names familiar in American trade painted on the windows of office buildings; and there are many retail establishments devoted entirely to the sale of American manufactured products. There is an American Chamber of Commerce. The London Sales Managers' Club has a heavy sprinkling of American executives in its membership, men who are ably representing their home factories in British business. No American who spends any time in England can fail to be impressed and flattered by the constant evidences of his countrymen's success in this oversea market.

There have, however, been some slips. Some American firms, particularly since the war, have invaded the English field, found it unprofitable, and quit. It is the purpose of this article to pass along the information gained from interviews with many business men, both American and British, with the view of setting down the things that make for success or failure in gaining a foothold in England.

At first sight the English game does look easy, for the country appears decidedly behind the times from our American standpoint. One may travel from one end of the country to the other and find the best hotels still in the washbowl-and-pitcher stage of development, and in the rural districts there are more horses and buggies on the roads than automobiles. Apparently the English need just the things we have developed so efficiently by means of mass production, and they do not take to mass production themselves. As a thoughtful London business man said to me, "You know we English would never build a great factory to make just one special article as you Americans do. It would be against our traditions."

England has more than forty million people who are possible customers for the products of ambitious American manufacturers, and on account of the compact nature of the country it costs less to do business there than at home. Also, we speak the same language, have a common literature and think a good deal the same way. The English are good spenders, pay their bills, and like most of the things we manufacture. Like any other race they would rather buy homemade products, but they don't make a fetish of it. But this easy-appearing market contains pitfalls that ought not to be overlooked by the American manufacturer ambitious to extend his trade across the ocean. He has got to learn the English game and play it or the chances are he will find it an expensive adventure.

Some American manufacturers already in the English field, market their products through British-owned selling agencies; but the larger and ordinarily the most successful ones usually open their own offices and do business in direct fashion. One baffling thing that confronts the American firm starting to go after British business is the difficulty of obtaining necessary trade information on which to base its operations. There are no business-research bureaus such as are maintained by a dozen great universities in America, where one may get for the asking authoritative figures on almost any line of business. The Britisher is not communicative about his business, and any information must be got by indirect methods. Subjects on which the American business man talks freely, and as a matter of course, are closely guarded secrets in England. In London I talked with an English attorney who acts as business counselor for many firms throughout the kingdom, a man so well established in his profession that when he takes a trip to confer with a client he seldom puts up at a hotel, but is usually received in the client's home as a friend. During the course of conversation I asked him if his clients ever shied at any of the plans he worked out for them, on account of the expense involved.

Most Extraordinary Viewpoints

HE ANSWERED: "In all my experience as a business consultant I have never asked a client if he could afford any plan I suggested. Merely, I propose something which might be done to increase his business, telling him what it will probably cost; and he silently considers it and says yes or no. To ask him if he could afford to spend the money would be decidedly bad form and he would resent it. In fact, if a client were to mention his finances to me at all I should think that he had lost his nerve and was about to go bankrupt."

This attitude explains a situation that has puzzled many American business men who have opened British sales offices and prepared to go after business. In America the regular procedure would be to get a list of firms that might be possible customers and then subscribe to a credit agency for information as to their financial standing. In England there is no such easy method, for though there are credit agencies they work under a great handicap, because it is practically impossible to get authoritative, first-hand information.

A London wholesaler said to me in a puzzled way: "I understand that in your country every business man goes to some bureau the first of the year and makes a written statement concerning his financial worth, in order that others may judge of his responsibility. This seems an extraordinary proceeding. Most extraordinary!"

To one accustomed to our methods the English attitude might seem extraordinary, but, nevertheless, it exists and the American firm that wants to sell goods on credit in England must depend largely on its own efforts to secure

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Public Preference for Buick Increases Daily

Business firms and business men, as well as all other motorists, prefer Buick because it is so dependable, so economical, and so well adapted to meet their various needs—no matter how urgent or exacting.

They realize, also, that this increasing public preference for Buick, so marked this year in the 1923 models, makes the selection of their Buick a matter of moment.

Choosing the model they desire well in advance of the time they wish to drive it has become a practice with the vast majority of Buick owners who have been Buick buyers year after year.

Fours—		*Sixes—*	
2 Pass. Roadster	*$865*	*2 Pass. Roadster*	*$1175*
5 Pass. Touring	*885*	*5 Pass. Touring*	*1195*
3 Pass. Coupe	*1175*	*5 Pass. Touring Sedan*	*1935*
5 Pass. Sedan	*1395*	*5 Pass. Sedan*	*1985*
5 Pass. Touring Sedan	*1325*	*4 Pass. Coupe*	*1895*
2 Pass. Sport Roadster	*1075*	*7 Pass. Touring*	*1435*
		7 Pass. Sedan	*2195*
		Sport Roadster	*1625*
		Sport Touring	*1675*

Prices f. o. b. Buick Factories, government tax to be added

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 32)

necessary credit information. The credit agencies, of course, can help some; but the usual way is to make inquiries among other members of the trade and in that manner learn how promptly the prospective customer has been paying his bills. To give an idea of how it is done I will quote what another London wholesaler had to say on the subject.

"What would you do," I asked, "if some merchant in the Midlands whom you did not know should come into your place and give an order for a big bill of goods to be shipped on thirty days' time? Would you ask him for a statement of his financial affairs?"

His answer was prompt.

"Certainly not, unless I was looking for trouble," he said. "If I did anything like that he would most likely tell me that his financial affairs were none of my business and that I had better keep my goods. The most I could do would be to find out by casual conversation what other firms he had been doing business with, and while I took him out to lunch have one of my bookkeepers call up these firms and inquire how promptly he was in the habit of paying his bills."

To an American used to direct methods this would seem a singular way of doing business. It is not, however, so bad as it seems, because the credit situation in England is less of a problem than with us. Most of the British firms are long established and are on a solid basis. The manager of a New York concern that has maintained a London office for several years and that has more than six hundred accounts throughout Britain told me that he accumulated no bad debts last year in spite of the depression; the previous year he had but a single loss and that amounted to less than a hundred dollars.

Business generally is on a more solid foundation than with us. This is easily explained from the fact that there is little opportunity for a fly-by-night trader to get a start in England. Goods are sold mostly on thirty-day terms, and if the bill is not paid promptly no more goods are shipped. Men are not inclined to be reckless about taking on more obligations than they can reasonably meet, because failure means the end. A business man rarely gets a second chance. One has only to remember Mr. Sedley in Thackeray's Vanity Fair to get a vivid picture of what failure means in England, for it is as true today as a hundred years ago.

The British Idea of Collateral

The British system of banking, which makes it harder to borrow money than with us, is another factor for preventing men from overreaching themselves. There is no chance for a rising young business man to establish easy credit with his local banker by Saturday-afternoon golf or social evenings at the club, because there are, strictly speaking, no local bankers. Practically the entire banking business of the kingdom is in the hands of half a dozen great institutions which have branches everywhere and are operated like our chain-store organizations—that is, all questions of policy are decided at headquarters and the local branch managers merely carry out the rules laid down. In the matter of a very small loan the branch manager may use his own discretion, but in a transaction of any importance the facts in the case are formally reduced to writing and submitted to the head office for a decision. The rising young business man might be the closest friend of his local bank manager, but his application for a loan would have to go before a committee of entire strangers, sitting around a table in some far-off city. The quick touch is unknown in English banking circles.

English banks, too, want solid collateral for their loans. In London I spent a couple of hours with a prosperous silverware manufacturer who does business throughout the kingdom and even sells some of his product to some of the larger dealers in the United States. I remarked that it must take a great deal of ready money to carry on the business, inasmuch as the raw silver and the workmen's wages must be paid for on the nail, while the finished product has to be delivered to customers on time. I suggested that he must have to use bank credit considerably in such a business. The manufacturer smiled indulgently and replied that the firm had been in business nearly a hundred years and was able to finance itself.

Then he added reflectively: "I suppose I could borrow money from my bank if I needed it, but I would have to put up some kind of security—good stocks or bonds or something of that sort."

Knowing something of the way in which such enterprises are financed in the United States, I pressed the question to make sure I understood him correctly. I said, "Wouldn't your business itself be considered security—all these beautiful pieces of silverware in your showcases, and all the accounts receivable on your books?"

He shook his head.

"The silverware and the accounts on the books are fluctuating items," he said, "and could not be stored in the bank vaults as pledges. I would have to give the bank something it could actually and physically hold if I wanted to negotiate a loan."

The manufacturer's tone and words were convincing enough, but the statement was so unusual, viewed from an American standpoint, that during the next few days I asked half a dozen other London business men if it could literally be true, and each one said it was the English custom.

Some of the men I questioned seemed to think this banking custom a hardship, but one of them pointed out certain advantages.

"In a way it is a protection to the man with an established business," he said. "Suppose I have worked twenty or thirty years to build up my enterprise and have at last got it on a solid basis; I don't have to worry about some new concern starting up next door on a shoe string and taking my clients away from me, because the new concern has got to operate on its own capital just the same as I do. It can't go out and borrow money to use in reckless methods which would wreck itself and hurt me at the same time."

British Executives

From the foregoing it is manifest that any American firm that decides to establish itself in England should take care to make arrangements for financing itself from the home office. In case the British branch needs money to carry on its operations it cannot expect to borrow in offhand fashion.

No observer of business methods in England can fail to be struck with the different attitudes toward competition displayed by the chief executive of a British and that of an American firm. The former is inclined to appear secretive and guarded, as though he is afraid his competitor may learn something that may be used against him. In comparison with this attitude, the average American executive shows up to pleasing advantage. If there is one thing that American business has accomplished during the past thirty years it is the proof that it pays to be open and aboveboard with everyone, including competitors. In going about Great Britain I have invariably been given the greatest assistance by American firms toward any investigation I wanted to make. No questions are asked as to the use to which I want to put the information gained. I might be a scout from some rival firm thinking about entering the field in competition, but apparently that would make no difference. There is a distinctly American attitude that in good business there are no secrets, and that a first-class product and horse sense are the only things that count.

In defense of the narrower business viewpoint it ought to be said that conditions are vastly harder in England than in America, and success never happens casually. Hard conditions, as everyone knows, incline to make men extra cautious even to suspiciousness. A couple of years ago an English firm in London was unfortunate enough to have a disastrous fire that completely destroyed its principal warehouse. It was a hard blow, for the busy season was at hand and the firm had quantities of goods coming in, with no available storage. The morning papers told of the fire, and before ten o'clock the firm received a letter sent by special messenger. The letter was from the manager of a competing American concern and contained an offer of assistance. The American wrote that fortunately his firm owned two warehouses, neither of them being crowded at the moment, and he would be very glad to consolidate his stocks in one of them and place the other at the disposal of the English firm until such time as they could rebuild theirs. No charge would be made for the rental of the place.

The messenger brought back a courteously worded reply, expressing thanks for the offer but declining the service. Reading between the lines the American believed he could see that the rejection was made because it was feared there might be some catch to it, and it took a personal visit to set aside this attitude and get his offer accepted in the spirit in which it was tendered.

Another American firm which covers the British market does considerable advertising of its product, all the advertising, of course, being directed toward getting consumers to go to the retail dealers who sell the product. British law, however, compels an advertiser to state his address in all printed publicity; and frequently some individual, noticing the firm's London wholesale-office address, will go there instead of patronizing a retailer. The product that the firm manufactures is a rather high-priced specialty, and it has been found a good idea to sell to such individuals whenever they come in. But when such a transaction takes place the office takes the purchaser's address and sends the money to some retail dealer who handles the product in the purchaser's neighborhood. In other words, the manufacturing firm does not want to be in the position of a competitor to its own dealers, and so passes the sale along. This is a custom that has long maintained in the United States, the dealers there taking it as a matter of course and merely feeling good when a check arrives. The London manager, himself an Englishman, told me his experiences in the matter.

"When we first began sending money to our dealers for sales made in the wholesale office," he said, "our dealers couldn't understand it at all. Mainly they seemed to believe it was some kind of a trick the Yankee manufacturers were trying to put over. One man even brought the check back and laid it on my desk with the remark that no one had ever before handed him money out of a clear sky, and he didn't propose to let himself in for anything by accepting it. Even now, after more than three years' operations, we usually have to explain carefully that we have no ulterior motive and that it is merely good business on our part when we refuse to act as competitors to our own dealers."

Most American firms going after English business find it advisable to employ British help wherever possible. The firm just quoted has a man from the home office as general executive, but all the others, including the sales manager and traveling salesmen, are British. At one time it tried the experiment of bringing over a couple of its star American traveling men to sell goods on the road, but sent them back after a few months' trial. The trouble with them was, it was explained to me, that they were a little too strong in their sales methods to suit the English trade. In one instance at least a disastrous situation was caused by this overstrong salesmanship.

A Lost Customer

One of the good customers in a large Midland city suddenly stopped buying goods and the account was of enough importance for the American general executive to make a special trip to see what was the trouble. This was what he learned: One of the star salesmen had called on the Midland firm, and after taking a reasonable order from the regular buyer he introduced the matter of a new specialty that the factory had recently brought out. The buyer said he did not believe he would be interested in it, but the salesman persisted. Finally his enthusiasm got the better of his judgment; he said he knew the head of the firm would be interested in it, and proposed to go and see. It happened that the head of the firm was at that moment in plain sight, sitting at his desk in an adjoining room, and the salesman went boldly in, unannounced.

In America this kind of strategy might be successful, if the head of the firm happened to be a man of unconventionality; but in England the heads of firms are never unconventional. The salesman had broken two of the strictest rules of English business. He had passed over a responsible subordinate; and he had approached the head of the firm with no sending in of card or being announced by a messenger. Like the Nebraska boy in the Piccadilly restaurant, the salesman did not know the English game and he had not taken the trouble to learn it. But it was his firm that got the sack. It is likely the salesman never knew he had done anything wrong, for the head of the firm bowed him out urbanely; just the same it resulted in breaking off relations between the American agency and the English Midland firm.

The studied urbanity that exists in all British business relations may seem strange, and even pompous, to us in America, where we are used to saying what we mean in the fewest possible words. In all English railroad trains there is this motto, posted above the racks where passengers place their bags and suitcases: "The use of this rack for heavy packages involves risk of injury to passengers, and is, therefore, prohibited."

How the English regard our more forceful method of expression may be judged from a scene in a musical production that is enjoying a long run at a London theater. The back curtain is a purported reproduction of downtown New York, showing the mass of great skyscrapers, long lines of Broadway street cars, and the North River in the distance. Evidently the scene painter wanted to take a disagreeable fling at our business manners, for the most prominent part of the picture shows the steel frame of an office building in state of construction with a tremendous notice tacked in front: Keep Out. This Means You!

The Englishman's love of good form goes a long way toward making the operations of the average business establishment run smoothly. While waiting one day to see a certain executive in an English business office my attention was directed to a tall man with King George whiskers and a frock coat who was standing behind a counter and attending the wants of a couple of substantial individuals, evidently clients of the house. A snub-nosed office girl came along and plumped a large book down on the counter in the midst of the papers in which the tall man and the clients were immersed, scattering some of the papers on the floor and disarranging the others. Here was a case, I thought, where English business urbanity would give way to more elemental expression, but there was hardly a ripple. Merely the tall man gathered up his papers to proceed with the conference as though nothing had happened and quietly handed the book back to the snub-nosed youngster.

"I didn't mean, my dear, for you to bring the book here," he said. "Please carry it over to my desk, where I can get it when I am disengaged."

A Matter of Adaptation

In English business it is distinctly the older men who run things, and it is unusual to find anyone under forty in a high executive position. Those American firms that are getting along best recognize the situation, and when necessary to bring over American executives pick men of middle age, or past. One important American firm specializes even further in the matter of executives, and insists that a man shall have a reasonably good speaking accent before trusting him to go after English business. Here is what the American general manager of this firm told me:

"It is irritating sometimes," he said, "to read in the London papers merry quips on the subject of the American accent, or to go to a musical comedy and hear the principal fun maker play an American character with a nasal twang that never existed under the sun, frequently working in such gems as 'I'll tell the world,' and 'You've sure got my goat.' When I run across these things I feel like announcing that Americans may, as a people perhaps, have voices a little more raucous than necessary; but it ought to be remembered that a nation that has opened up three thousand miles of country in a little over a hundred years has not had time to cultivate soft, parlorlike voices. When our pioneer forefathers were out in the woods cutting down timber to build a home or plowing stumpy land they had to holler if they wanted to talk to anyone. And if one of them got into trouble and called for help he didn't care whether the answering voice was raucous or not, just so it meant help was coming.

"But carelessness does not necessarily mean power. We know our American voices aren't quite so pleasant and well modulated as those of the English upper classes, and there is no reason why we shouldn't catch up in that as well as in other things. The American who pays attention to his voice has a better chance to do business with a high-class Englishman than one who thinks it is only necessary to make himself understood; and that is why I bring over the men who have cultivated

(Continued on Page 36

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Codfish balls— wholesome, light, crisp of crust

FOR a real old-fashioned New England breakfast, or for a variation of the Lenten luncheon menu, try these satisfying codfish balls.

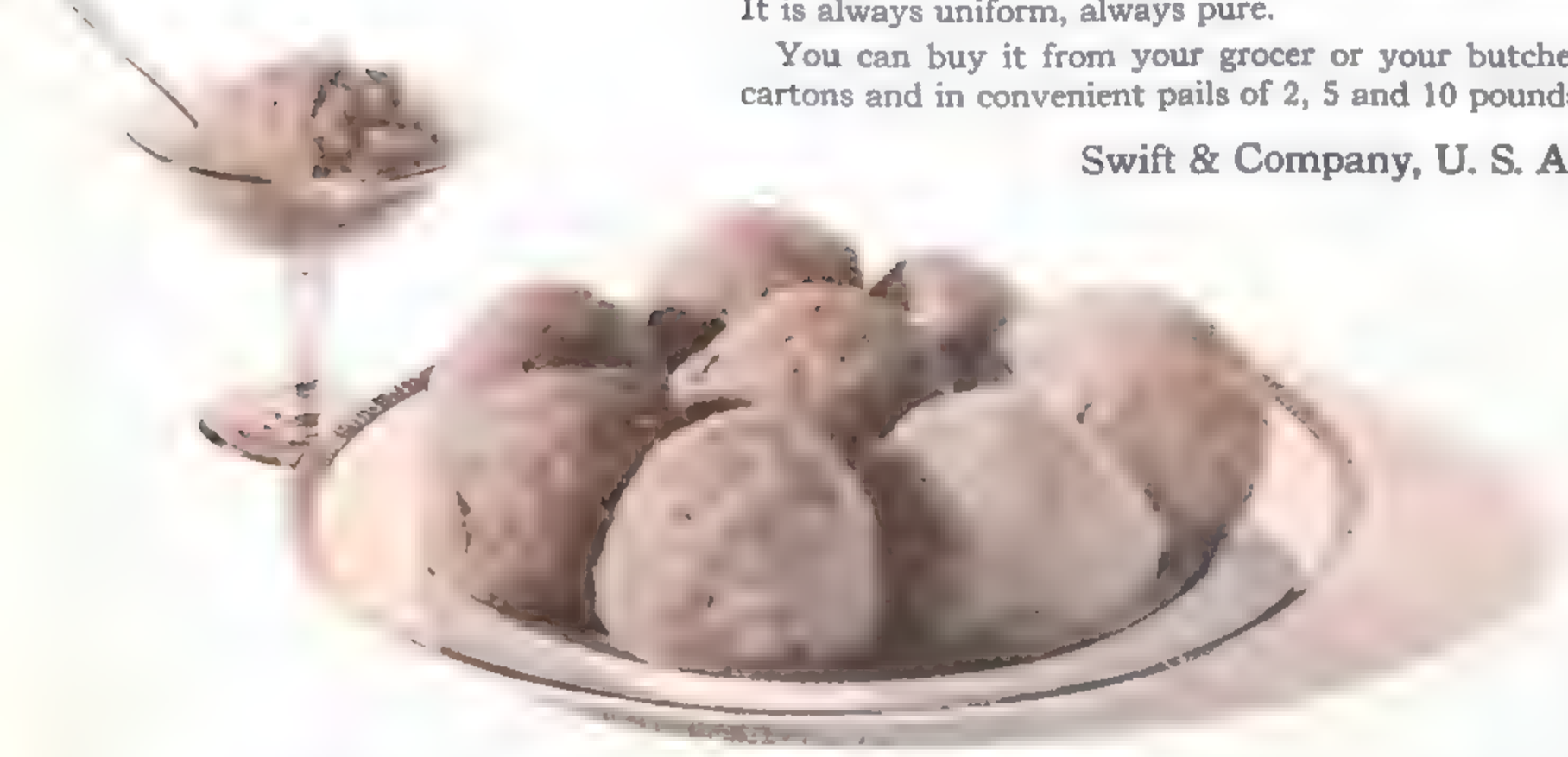
Your family will want you to serve them again—soon. And since they are inexpensive, and easy to prepare, you will indeed be glad to serve them often.

In cooking them, remember that it's most important to have your kettle of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard piping hot. Then when you drop the codfish balls in, the intense heat will quickly sear the outside to a crust. Thus no fat soaks in while the balls finish cooking. They will be crisp outside—inside entirely free from grease, wholesome and well cooked.

For every sort of frying use, for all kinds of shortening, Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is ideal. It is delicate in flavor, creamy smooth in texture. It is always uniform, always pure.

You can buy it from your grocer or your butcher in sanitary 1 pound cartons and in convenient pails of 2, 5 and 10 pounds.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

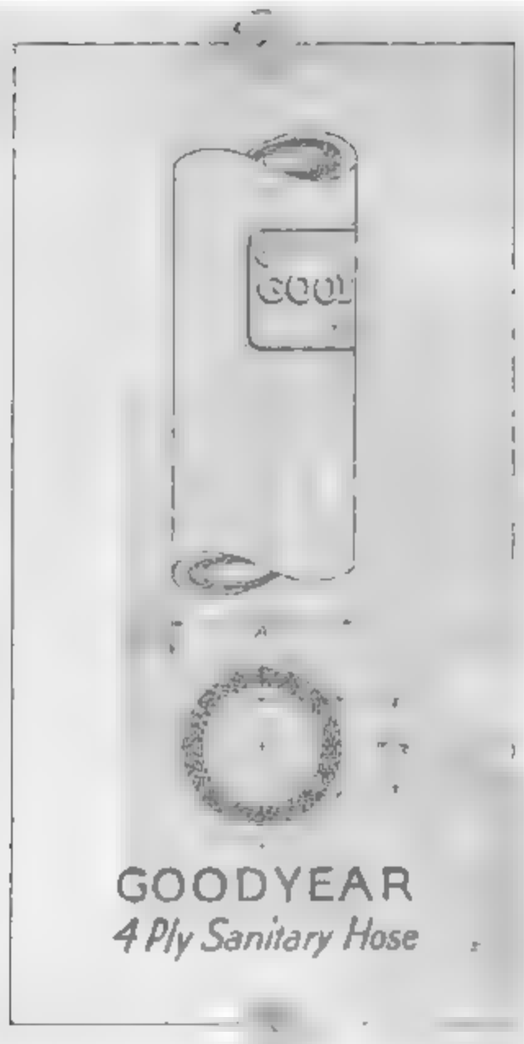


Codfish Balls

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
2 cups codfish
2 cups mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup cream or milk
2 eggs
pepper

Soak codfish in cold water for one hour, drain and pick into small pieces, then place in boiling water for fifteen minutes. Drain and mix with mashed potatoes, beaten egg, cream and butter, season with pepper. Shape into balls and fry in hot Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Serve with apple sauce

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard



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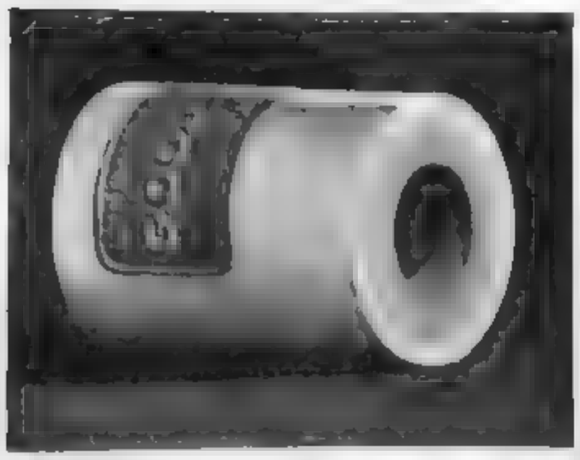
Order this new Goodyear Sanitary Hose

Wherever service conditions call for sanitary hose—in creameries, ice cream plants, packing houses, beverage plants and other manufactories of food products—there is need for this newest development in Goodyear Hose—Goodyear Sanitary Hose.

Its cream-colored cover is attractively clean and easy to keep clean, thick and highly resistive to abrasion. Its body is heavy and firm, with stiff walls that stand up under severest usage. Its specially compounded Goodyear tube withstands the action of steam, hot water, animal fats and acids.

Goodyear makes many kinds of hose, each of them specifically designed, developed and constructed for its purpose—Goodyear Air Hose, Steam Hose, Curb Line Hose, Suction Hose, Spray Hose, Lawn Hose and Fire Hose. They are all strong and long-lived. The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—is prepared to specify the right type of Goodyear Hose for your service.

Goodyear Means Good Wear



GOODYEAR
BELTS • HOSE • VALVES • PACKING

(Continued from Page 34)

pleasant voices. After all, if I were in business back in St. Louis and an Englishman came in to try and sell me something, it wouldn't get me in a buying mood for him to let loose a broad cockney dialect."

One of the most frequent complaints against American manufacturers selling their products in England is that orders are not filled with exactness. The managing director of a London importing firm that has for a number of years acted as distributing agent for a great American factory talked to me at length on this subject. What he said about it had no sting because, although he is an Englishman, he spends some time in the United States each year and admires many of our ways. The line that he handles is not shoes, although I will call it that for convenience.

"I cannot seem to make the American factory realize," he said, "that if I take an order from an English firm for six thousand and one pairs of shoes, the shipment of six thousand pairs will not be satisfactory. From an American standpoint I know this may seem pompous and exacting on the part of the English buyer; perhaps it is, but that is the way the English do business, and we have got to recognize it if we want their trade."

Making Business an Exact Science

He went on to tell me of a disastrous experience he encountered a couple of years ago. An important jobber in one of the North of England cities gave him a very large order, which he sent on to America. In due time the jobber received the goods, but the order was about 10 per cent short, and upon receipt of a complaint the Londoner got on the train and went to see his customer. The interview was distressing. The Londoner explained that the factory was oversold and that raw materials were scarce; he thought that under the circumstances the jobber ought to be satisfied that he had received as much as 90 per cent of the order. It was a futile argument, for the jobber met it this way:

"You expect me to pay my bills in full, don't you? You wouldn't be satisfied if I should send 90 per cent of the money I owe? When I signed that order I expected to carry out my part to the letter, and I expected your factory to do the same. It will not be necessary for your salesmen to call on me in the future."

To this day the importer has not been able to renew business relations with the North of England jobber. The importer, knowing both sides of the Atlantic, did not blame either side too much. What he said was this:

"In America that 10 per cent shortage seemed a small matter because you are a big, prosperous country where there is room to make little mistakes and still get along. Going broke, even, isn't the end of things to an American, because there are plenty of chances for him to get on his feet again.

"But in England things are different. The business man works on small margin and against keen, strongly entrenched competition. The Englishman rarely gets more than one chance at prosperity and that is gained by long years of following the same line. The middle-aged man in England who goes broke stays broke.

"Now consider the North of England jobber who will not do any more business with my American factory because it left 10 per cent of his order unfilled. He has acquired what he has got through many years of close figuring. He knows almost to a penny how much business he will do in a given year, and he plans for it in advance. He doesn't take any chances on buying too much or too little for the requirements of his trade, for any small mistake may create a dangerous situation. In America 10 per cent one way or the other might be a light matter; in England it could easily tip over the careful planning of years."

Though the importer's remarks were intended to show the difference between American and English conditions, yet there is one phase that has a particular bearing on our own country. Any American business man will recall the situation during the abnormal couple of years following the war, when things were flourishing and prosperity seemed to stretch far away into the future. Salesmen were busily going about the country, in most cases taking orders far in excess of their factories' ability to deliver. There was no concealment about it. Time and again I have heard this sales argument:

"You'd better place a big order now because it's a foregone conclusion that you won't get all the stuff anyhow!"

Many business men to their later sorrow did just that. Not only did they order more than they needed from one factory but from many factories, hoping that through a multiplicity of orders they would be able to keep their own stocks full. The trouble came at the end of the boom period, when the factories began to catch up with production and to ship out all the items on their order books. Some few men yielded to temptation and canceled their back orders. The vast majority who stood up to their obligations found themselves swamped with merchandise bought at boom prices. It is safe to say that a large proportion of the business troubles in America during the deflation period arose from just this too easy-going method of buying. The Englishman who insists on exactness in all his dealings, both buying and selling, escaped this condition.

The London importer mentioned another incident in this connection which, though not flattering to American sensibilities, seems worth repeating. Besides acting as selling agent in Great Britain for the American factory he also has the Scandinavian countries, and it was with a Norwegian merchant that the incident occurred. The latter had negotiated for a good-sized order, but before signing his name to it asked a question:

"Will the goods be shipped direct from America or relayed through your London warehouse?"

The Londoner explained that it would save time and trouble to have the order shipped direct, but if desired it might come through London.

"Very well then," said the Norwegian, "I will sign the order on condition that the goods come through London and all items are inspected at your warehouse. The last invoice I got contained some substitutes for items I had ordered, the factory writing that it had changed some of its models and so sent the newer styles, which it was sure I would like better. Now I can't allow any factory five thousand miles away to decide what I like or what I can sell. I shall expect you to see that everything on this order comes precisely as written. Your American friends make good merchandise, but they seem to treat business more as a game than as an exact science."

Expecting the Impossible

Several of the sales managers for American firms have complained to me that their home offices do not understand English conditions and expect results that cannot be obtained. One man told me that he was sent to London three years ago to establish a British branch and was expected to sell his firm's goods on terms that compelled the buyers to pay for their purchases when the goods had been loaded on steamer in New York Harbor. Not only were the buyers expected to pay for the goods which were still on the other side of the Atlantic but they must pay for same in dollars.

"Reverse the situation," the sales manager said, "and imagine a Sheffield cutlery manufacturer sending his salesman to Fort Worth, for instance, to show his line to a dealer. Perhaps the Fort Worth dealer would like the line and would select an assortment. Then the salesman would say: 'Thank you very much for the order, and the goods will be ready for you in about sixty days. All you have to do is to send the money to some broker in Liverpool, who will pay us when we deliver your order on the boat there. We are not very familiar with American money, so the payment will have to be made in pounds sterling. Just figure this out and send draft to Liverpool in plenty of time. Much obliged for the order. Good-by!'"

As might be imagined, the sales manager did not make much headway in getting English business under such conditions, and finally induced his firm to open a London warehouse where stocks could be accumulated and merchandise shipped under the same terms as offered by competing British manufacturers. Since that was done he has been able to put the business on the right side of the ledger.

This man also mentioned another feature of English business that he claims is not recognized by manufacturers in America.

"My directors," he said, "sit around the table in the home office and plan out a campaign for some new product. Our salesmen go out with the product and make an intensive effort to enthuse the jobbers. The jobbers, recognizing a good thing, push its sale among the retailers. The retailers in turn enthusiastically recommend it to the consumers. In a few months the new product is being used everywhere in America.

"My directors expect me to secure the same quick results in England, and it simply can't be done. In America such a campaign works, because people are given to enthusiasm, and everyone likes to have the same things as his neighbors. But in England people do not enthuse easily. Dealers are slow to take up anything new, and individuals do not care a snap whether they have the same things as their neighbors or not. The sales campaign is finished in America before I have even made a fair start in England, and my directors are inclined to think the British office lacks punch.

"But here is where I have the best of it: Over here, when I gradually work up a demand for an article I have a permanent market, because the English public sticks to its likes just as hard as it fights innovations. The American public may forget our product in another year in its enthusiasm for something else, but over here the sales go on."

Catering to Outsiders

The most frequent English criticism of American export business is that we do not take it seriously enough; that we spend our best efforts in catering to the home trade, and only when that has been supplied, try to sell the balance of the product to outsiders. The English, who are veterans in export business, have a decidedly different viewpoint. A high official in the London Chamber of Commerce explained it this way:

"In the matter of world trade we do not consider England as a country, but as a manufacturing and distributing center. We are, of course, glad to buy and sell among ourselves, but we never forget the fact that our real prosperity comes from the outside, and we give the best we have got to our outside customers. America has not, I think, developed such an attitude nationally, although you have it surprisingly well developed within your own boundaries.

"A few years ago I had occasion to spend several months in one of your Western cities and I was impressed with the efficiency which the business men of that town displayed in looking after the needs of their trade territory. Invariably an out-of-town customer got better service if possible than the local trader; and the manufacturers, wholesalers and bankers held frequent trade excursions to find out at first hand what their out-of-town customers wanted. While I was there a company was formed to develop an irrigation project in a remote part of the trade territory and the bankers of the city were financing it. I happened to be in the office of a banker one day when a local merchant came in to ask for a loan. He was, it appeared, thinking of building an addition to his premises and wanted the bank to help him finance it. The banker listened to the merchant's talk and then shook his head.

"'I can't let you have the loan now,' he said, 'because we must use all our spare money to help finance that irrigation project. You know we can't expect those fellows in our trade territory to stick to us unless we play a give-and-take game. We've got to show them that we appreciate their business, and the best way to show it is to give them the best we have got, even though we have to cramp ourselves once in a while in doing it. You can afford to put off your improvements for a year, but as a city we can't afford to let this irrigation affair be financed from New York or Chicago.'

"The merchant saw the reasonableness of the argument and went away satisfied to let his own affairs wait. I don't suppose those business men in the Western city knew it, but they were playing precisely the same game that England and every other great exporting country uses in going after world trade. We know we have got to give our overseas customers the best we have got or they will take their trade somewhere else. When American business men learn to consider foreign countries in the light of actual trade territory, then the rest of the world will have to look out!"

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It is a satisfaction to those who drive cars bearing the familiar imprint—Body by Fisher—to realize that this symbol is generally accepted as conclusive evidence of car value.

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I wonder if the millions who use Mennen Shaving Cream credit to it the fine healthy condition of their skin and the clearness of their complexions.

Somehow we always take health for granted—it's only when our skin is chronically itchy and sensitive that we give it a thought.

But think back—have you ever had a particle of trouble with your skin since you have used Mennen's? Has there been even a suggestion of irritation or infection? No, there has not.

One of the most important elements of Mennen's Shaving Cream is Boro-glycerine. Boro-glycerine is a soothing, healing emollient, mildly antiseptic, which softens and relaxes skin tissues, protecting and invigorating.

You know how smooth and pliable your skin feels after a Mennen shave—none of that dry, parchment-like sensation that used to make shaving so distressing. Boro-glycerine is wonderful.

Of course, the result which commends Mennen most emphatically is the marvelous way it softens the beard without rubbing in with fingers. The first Mennen shave is actually startling to a man who has suffered shaving distress for years. It doesn't seem natural that a beard so mean could become so docile.

And it always astonishes a shaver, that Mennen's should work as perfectly with cold water as with hot—with hard water as with soft. No matter what water you use, the lather always expands into the same thick, creamy, moist mass of efficiency—which never dries on the face.

You can buy at any drug store for half a dollar a giant tube of Mennen's containing from 200 to 300 perfect shaves. Think of the economy!

Try ten shaves—and if you are not 100% satisfied send the tube to me and I'll refund the purchase price.

Jim Henry
MennenSalesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

POLITICAL PANACEAS OR ECONOMIC REMEDIES FOR EUROPE

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spent the summer in French watering places or traveling leisurely through France, that many French people were no longer friendly to Americans. Certainly the bitterness toward Wilson, although not comparable with that toward Lloyd George, is general. The French feel that both have let them down. But I cannot remember any American who told me that he had been discourteously used. Certainly old friends whom I saw, and who disapproved and absolutely condemned the opinions I held upon treaties and upon the reparations question, were generous and hospitable. None the less, one only has to remark the note on the French budget that the debt of the French Government to the American Government is regarded as political; one only has to recall the allusions of Clemenceau and Lonquet to cancellation; one only has to remember the references of Clemenceau and others to an economic imperialism as dangerous as any military imperialism, to realize that the French contemplate as inevitable the cancellation of the French debt to America, and wish us to agree to it. It was the theory of some of the most distinguished Frenchmen in 1917 that all the Allied debts should be pooled and prorated to the several countries in proportion to their natural wealth and natural resources. Under this French plan we would have assumed the greater part of all the international war debt, and thus what cancellation contemplates now, would have been accomplished. In 1919 there were responsible Frenchmen who hoped for another loan of a billion dollars from our Government.

France's Internal Debt

I think that today there is no French financial expert—I speak now of professional economists and financiers—who will say that he can sit down with a pencil and paper and find a solution of the problem of the French debt. The debt is growing. Practically all the revenue of the country is now absorbed in the service of the debt, while the annual deficit, now amounting roughly to five hundred million dollars gold a year, is equal to the annual outlay upon the French military and civil establishment, exclusive of all reparations charges. There is no impartial judge who believes that Germany can pay more than ten billion dollars, and that over a period of twenty years, with little or nothing annually to begin with, and the greater part of it during the second decade. What then, your French financier may ask, can France do in the matter of her debt to America, if she cannot balance her own budget except by the permanent depreciation of the franc, which in itself is an indirect repudiation of, say, a third or a half of that internal debt which is in the hands of the small French investors in every community in France?

The road from Paris to the Rhine cities carries the motorist through Belleau Wood and Verdun, past villages and farmsteads in course of reconstruction to Metz, past Treves, where are quartered the Moroccan troops. Verdun, in winter, is still a waste, like Gustave Doré's picture of the Frozen Hell, but in the summer, the commandant told me, the scrub brush and other verdure which has sprung up have filled the shell holes and covered the once blasted hillsides. Verdun, the Morte Homme, Souville, still stand as witnesses to the ruin and waste of war. The countryside presents less evidence of the damage done by the Germans. You may, of course, notice new tile roofs among the old, and know that they cover rebuilt cottages and houses. You will, at intervals, find frame dwellings temporary shelters certainly beside the stone cottages in which the French peasant has been accustomed to dwell, but as weatherproof and as comfortable as many a settler's shack which not so many years ago we saw in Western Kansas and Nebraska or upon hilly clearings in the cañons of the Rockies or the Sierras. You will see fewer ruined or unfinished warehouses and factories than you will see unfinished or ruined cottages, for a great number of factories have been rebuilt, as many proportionately as there are proportionately few cottages reconstructed. I do not pretend to know whether influence secured the reconstruction of the buildings of the large manufacturer rather than those of the small peasant, or whether France was unwise in rebuilding factories beyond present needs, or whether in the long run it will prove to have been sound policy. Whatever the truth may be, there is very considerable discontent on the part of the peasants who have seen the factories rebuilt while they still are living in temporary cottages, and on the part of very many more who sympathize with them. This discontent, as you may hear public men say in France, requires the government to secure reparations or to take other steps to make good to the peasants what already has been made good to the manufacturers.

The countryside in the autumn is plowed and prosperous. You may see grazing in the farmyards dairy cattle of German breeds. The names of the villages and those over the shops on the narrow streets slowly change as you pass through Alsace until they become absolutely all German. When your passport has been examined, your automobile number registered and your baggage ignored, you find yourself across the border, and under the government of the International Commission of the Saar. The economic assimilation of the Saar to France continues. The franc is driving out the mark and a steadily increasing portion of the trade is with France; the whole population is infinitely busy mining coal for France, and enjoying a prosperity that the French hope will lead them to vote themselves French in a few years, as the treaty requires that they may have an opportunity to do. They are busy and prosperous, and I am certain that their numbers are increasing, for at frequent intervals, and on both sides of the road, there were new buildings and buildings in the course of construction, which could only have been put up to house an increasingly prosperous and growing population.

At first after we left the frontier there was little evidence of French occupation. As we were driven gingerly over the snow-covered hills about the valleys tributary to the Rhine, the great numbers of children—children everywhere, in the streets, in the school yards and on the doorsteps—forced themselves on our attention. In France there are less than forty million people; in Europe within and without the new frontiers of Germany, there are between eighty and ninety million Germans, and the disparity is still growing.

A Fantastic Currency

The German countryside looks prosperous, better tilled and better kept than it was three years ago, but, in Western Germany, noticeably bereft of cattle. The people in the villages, as in the cities, have been, I will not say well nourished, but better nourished than when I visited in 1919, at which time they had not recovered from the long period of semistarvation. Then the American Relief Mission was still feeding thousands upon thousands of children in the larger cities. If you stop, as we did, to break your fast and spend the night, you have the first arresting proof of the change. The mark was still worth a couple of cents when I was in Germany three years ago. Your pocketbook was not inconveniently bulky. The currency amused you or gave you reason to think, according to your temperament. Now it is fantastic and tragic. The penciled prices on the printed bill of fare are changed sometimes daily, and always weekly. You pay several hundred marks for a piece of fried carp or for a quart of mineral water. You pay an unimaginable sum, in marks, for your room, which you are formally advised includes the municipal tax and the national tax and the stranger's tax and the tip. You are likely to have been told by the manager, or a friend, that things are greatly changed and that whereas when he last had the pleasure of seeing you, before the war, you could leave your room unlocked with the certainty that nothing would be touched, now he would beg you to lock bags and room day and night. As a matter of fact, at Treves someone—I do not know whether it was a policeman, a traveler or a sneak thief—softly tried our bedroom door twice during the night and found it bolted.

The atmosphere in the restaurants at Treves was depressing. The tables were equally occupied by German business men and by French officers of the Moroccan and Algerian regiments in their brilliant uniforms. The conversation was hushed. There was no merry-making or even a semblance of gayety at the tables occupied either by the Germans or by the French officers and their families.

We stopped at Coblenz only long enough to lunch, for we had been delayed by engine trouble. I had been there before and we expected to see General Allen later. The doughboys, since ordered home, were few, not so many as French soldiers. I noticed that the principal hotel, which before had borne the common French name of the Grand Hôtel Bellevue, was now the Coblenzer Hof. At lunch we were joined by some American officers, who in the course of the conversation told us of the never-ending friction between the French military and the German civilian authorities. We hurried from Coblenz to Mainz, the French bridgehead, where we saw General Degoutte, whom I had last met when I spent the day with him at the bombardment of La Malmaison. He was not so young as he had been, but as calm, painstaking and patient as ever, rather more harassed, I thought, by the responsibilities of his command on the Rhine than he had been by those of his command in front of the Chemin des Dames during the war.

Traveling in Germany

I have said that for many months the German population had been relatively well fed. It was about Christmas that considerable numbers of the industrial population began again to feel the pinch of hunger. In German cities like Cologne and Dresden there have been riots because of high prices. When we were in the Rhine country the French military authorities had made ready to serve to a hungry civilian population as many as two hundred and fifty thousand military soups a day. Although Germany's exports now amount to less than 40 per cent of her prewar exports, she has 90 per cent as many mouths to feed as she had before the war, and so must have between New Year and August 15, 1923, when the harvest is in, one hundred million dollars' worth of American breadstuffs.

You could travel in November from Frankfort to Berlin, sleeping compartment included, for about three dollars. We had missed our train and put up at the familiar Frankfurter Hof, where we found first that the staff of the hotel was less attentive and obliging than in the old days, and second, that there were a good many French business men in the hotel. Frankfort was and ought to be one of the most prosperous cities in Germany. Now, although the pedestrians were numerous, the vehicles were few, and those which were motor driven, hardly to be mentioned at all. During the course of a two-hour stroll my wife and I saw, I think, four or five privately owned automobiles, and something less than a dozen noisy, noisome old taxicabs. By way of contrast to the empty streets, and the bundles of lithographed currency, the shops made a rather brave show, but the purchasers going in or out of them were few.

At train time the railway station was crowded, but on the train the third or second class compartments outnumbered the first-class by twenty or thirty to one. We shared a compartment with two German gentlemen, one in the forties, a business man returning from a journey to Zurich, and the other a man of sixty-five, who was soon immersed in the study of a folio full of papers. There was a little confusion about the reservations. Some other people came with the train guard to lay claim to our seats, and the two German gentlemen, who had a little more English than I did German, very considerately and effectively interested themselves to see that we should not be disturbed.

At one of the stations we heard an American voice say good-by to some Mr. McCormick who left the train there, and I spoke to my wife of the coincidence in our

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names. Thereupon the elder of the two gentlemen asked me if I were the American political man, and we all in a moment and in a mixture of languages began to discuss the state of Germany and of the world. "The mark," I said, "had some buying power when I was here three years ago."

When the present American Ambassador arrived in Berlin in the spring it was still worth a cent, but it had fallen so far during the six months prior to my second visit that a thousand marks were then worth about a dime. What this meant in human terms the elder of the two men brought out.

"What do you think is the prospect of a man who in the sixties has retired from business with a snug fortune of a million or two marks, enough to keep him and his old wife and to stake his sons in the continuance of the old business or the establishment of a new one, and who now finds himself in his old age, with his family, in possession of an income rather smaller than that of a young stenographer? He must go back to work."

With that he resumed the study of his folio of papers. He had given us an authentic autobiographical note.

Effects of the Depreciated Mark

At first, I was less depressed by Berlin than was my wife. It is true that three years ago, coming from Vienna and Warsaw, the sounder currency, the greater commercial capacity and commercial experience of the business men in Berlin, the smaller number of children proportionately dependent upon American relief—all made one feel that in arriving in Berlin one was leaving the morass for miry but firmer ground. But after all, at that time, those who had known Berlin before the war could never shake off the feeling that before them was the spectacle of a great, highly organized and highly energized political and industrial machine, wrecked. That has become familiar now, but there are other and depressing changes.

We could criticize and complain three years ago that while America, through the Quakers, was feeding the poor, the profiteers made the cafés, the restaurants, the theaters and the shops gay with high living. They did, and they gave a superficial brilliancy to Berlin, of which I saw no trace this year. It is all dark now, and today, as in Vienna three years ago, the men and women whom you meet in the professional, commercial and political world seem helpless and hopeless. That is very striking, for bad as things were in 1919–'20, dependent as the hungry children were upon American aid, bewildered as was the commercial world of Germany by the unmeasured and immeasurable indemnity, by the ineptitude of their new government—none the less they were moved by a real will to do, to find at home, in Russia or in Southeastern Europe, the means to reëstablish their economic independence and to win their economic and political freedom.

Now the property of thousands of small business men has been bolshevized, confiscated indirectly by the depreciation of the mark and by the growing uncertainty of the value of anything. If two hundred marks bought a dollar a little while ago, and it takes ten thousand to buy one now, you can understand how a business man, or any other investor, has lost faith in anything but land and brick and mortar. If a man had a few railway or government bonds or a mortgage which paid him so many marks a year at a fixed rate, what was once a tidy income will not keep him a month today; a mortgage or a few bonds, which were negotiable security and which assured capital for a new enterprise, are now of no value whatever to a business man.

We were told that there are a dozen or fifteen great captains of industry, of whom Stinnes is the most conspicuous, who stand to profit greatly by what has happened in Germany. But the smaller business men, the small investors, the great bulk of the professional people have had their savings very nearly wiped out. If I say that the German workman is better off than they because his wages have more nearly kept pace with the depreciation of the mark and the consequent increase in prices, do not imagine that he is well off. The counselor of the American embassy told me that he paid his chauffeur a dollar a week, and the cook and the maid in proportion, that he could not do otherwise on account of the many German families living in the same apartment building, and that his wife was therefore put to it to recompense them in some proportion to what they did for her by giving them presents of clothing and food.

As I was once a newspaper publisher I was interested to learn that a German linotype operator was paid about one dollar a week, and the editor of a large daily from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. If the German economic organization is weakened, the political organization is very far from strong. The world, I think, has never appreciated the task which the Germans, and indeed all the newly enfranchised peoples, face in organizing governments, representative and efficient, strong and responsible to public opinion. Rumania, Poland, Jugoslavia share the problem that confronts the Germans of Austria and the Reich. It takes time to train experienced democratic statesmen, to organize administrative departments anew, to develop parliamentary practice and parliamentary habits. Consider the government of these states under the articles of confederation and prior to the adoption of the Constitution.

Certainly travel in Europe east of the Rhine is not comfortable, measured by the standard of American express trains; but the experienced wayfarer can go by wagon-lit from Berlin to Brussels without any great discomfort. It is agreeable, in Brussels, to emerge on the station platform in a realm of physically manageable bank notes and manageable nickel coins. Three years ago, when I had come from Vienna and Warsaw to Berlin, from the capitals of starved children and from countries where good coins had given way to rotten paper, it was as if one had climbed up out of a morass onto a higher and drier level, from which, in turn, one was to climb farther in going to France or to Belgium. Now that Germany has slipped down into the economic swamp, among all the Continental states touched by the war, Belgium gives the greatest impression of progress, the greatest promise of recovery and solvency. The Belgians have been industrious, where some others have not; they have been more prudent than others are. In Theunis, the Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, they are blessed with a public servant whose talent rises to the level of true statesmanship. Among the prime ministers of the northern states chiefly concerned with reparations—for I do not speak of the Italian Prime Minister, Mussolini, whom I have not met—M. Theunis is indubitably the ablest. This is not only my humble opinion, but that of very nearly all the persons with whom I have talked who know Poincaré, Law, Cuno and Theunis.

If Belgium gives the greatest promise of economic recovery among the Continental states which engaged in the war, her political situation is none the less difficult. It is not merely that she sorely needs reparations, as does France; it is not merely that her frontiers on the east march with those of Germany, but that geographically, strategically, economically, politically, she is in a situation made difficult by the growing differences between her two great allies, the French Republic and the British Empire. If her prudence, her practical commercial instinct would lead her to vote with the British as against the French in the matter of reparations, her geographic and military situation compel her to vote, and even to march, with the French into the Ruhr.

Belgium's Difficult Position

Look at the map. If French troops in considerable numbers occupy the territory from Mainz to Essen, Belgium would have the French Army to the east of her in Germany and to the west of her in France. Thus, despite the industrial activity general throughout Belgium, there are added to the anxieties about the Belgian budget and about reparations due, perplexities about their relations with their former allies as well as with their former enemies.

The night boat to England was a hospitable craft. There was something cheerful and hopeful in the busy efficiency of the stewards, the kindly attentiveness of the stewardess, to say nothing of the generous fare, which beckoned and welcomed one to the European country that has traveled farthest along the road to economic recovery. I have visited England three times since the outbreak of the Great War. The English point of view and the problems of the English are more complex now than they were during the terrible days when aircraft above darkened the streets of London and U-boats below made perilous the watery lanes to the English ports. Things seemed simpler even three years ago, because men were still uncertain, expectant and sanguine about the near future.

Now here we were in London, where we saw streets crowded with taxis, with well-dressed people, and yet we were told that the army of the idle had dispersed only the day before, and that the unemployed in the kingdom probably numbered one and a half millions, among a population of forty millions. It is as if we had had for years the millions of unemployed who sought jobs in the great cities of the country during the crisis of depression in 1920–'21.

Here we found the pound almost as good as gold, and every day read in the newspapers accounts of the appalling Irish civil war just across the channel; here the shops were rich with costly and varied stores, were thronged by Christmas shoppers, while we read in the newspapers grave accounts or heard from statesmen's lips still more ominous reports of civil disorder and resistance or fiscal disarray in India.

The British, like ourselves, almost from the moment of their entry into the war, levied great taxes, and have continued them, so that today they bear at least a little more heavily upon all incomes than do the corresponding income taxes of the United States. The English bear the great burden of taxation, on the whole, very cheerfully. Their financial men and economists are not so certain that they have been wholly wise in restoring the par value of the pound. Across the Channel they behold the picture of countries with large and continuing deficits, increasing debts and unchecked inflation of the currency, busy, with no problem of the unemployed. How can it be otherwise than that the whole British nation should be troubled about the idle thousands?

The Problem of Unemployment

Two authorities told me that before the outbreak of the Great War the annual exodus from the British Isles, in round numbers, amounted to half a million souls a year—to the four Dominions, to the United States and a fraction to other parts of the world. That is to say, since 1914 four millions who might have gone overseas have stayed at home. Two and a half millions were killed or maimed in the Great War, and there are one and a half millions unemployed. That is, the number of unemployed is exactly equal to those who have stayed home and who were neither killed nor maimed. The Dominions, whose total population of European stock is approximately equal to that of New York and Pennsylvania combined, are not able to absorb very many, and yet in a section of the British press there is carried on a continuing agitation about conditions at Ellis Island, calculated to discourage emigration to the United States.

This attitude toward emigration illustrates the perplexing and conflicting feelings which the British bear America today. They are cordially hospitable to their American friends; the utterances of their public men and the opinions of most of their great newspapers give every evidence of good will; sentiment and self-interest unite in seeking the most cordial relations with the United States, but none the less they cannot but envy our financial and military security, contrasted with the financial difficulties that beset them at home and the military difficulties that beset them abroad.

I think that three-quarters of the English men and women with whom we talked, including bankers, manufacturers, politicians and journalists, asked if we believed that in the long run they would pull through. Secondly, they were eager to know if the ship subsidy bill would succeed or fail. When Germany was crushed the British at one and the same time closed the most important Continental market for their goods, and eliminated their most important commercial rival, only to find raised up across the Atlantic a more formidable rival whose market was largely closed to them by a protective tariff. More than this, the tremendous merchant tonnage built by the American Government for the prosecution of the war has made us in point of the number of floating keels and their tonnage a far, far more serious rival as a merchant carrier than Germany ever was, if we keep our merchantmen at sea.

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40)

Thus they see that America has taken the place of Britain as the principal money market in the world; that it has outstripped Germany as Britain's competitor as a manufacturer of exports and the potential carrier of ocean freights, and that finally America's wealth and geographic security are such that it promises in a short time to become more formidable still. This condition is aggravated by the collapse of the markets of Continental Europe, and English bankers, traders and politicians, who move with a unity of purpose which has not been achieved in America, are eagerly seeking markets outside of Europe—in South America and in Asia—and look forward with some apprehension to an era of bitter competition with the United States.

They have not wholly appreciated, I think, that the promised commercial rivalry between the two countries wears no military aspect, like that which characterized the competition between the British and German empires before the Great War. Our commercial aims abroad are not dominated and directed by the Government, nor are they carried forward for purposes of governmental aggrandizement. The Washington Conference made certain that we are not going to enter into a naval competition like that between the fleets of Britain and Germany in the crowded waters that wash their shores. There will be no Agadir as a prelude to a Serajevo. They have not understood, I think, that it is incredible that our Government should seek any military-commercial concession like that of the Anatolian Railway secured by the Germans, or that of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company which Winston Churchill secured in the Basra oil fields. None the less I do not want to give the impression that the fear of impending friction may not itself engender friction. I remember that after spending some hours at the House of Commons one evening with some friends, one of them told me that he feared that our tariff policy, our competition with them as carriers at sea and sellers of goods from Buenos Aires to Bombay and Shanghai, would become so acute as to put a severe strain upon the political friendship between the two countries. It is not always easy immediately to recognize the other man's point of view.

The present state of Europe, then, so depressed as to touch our prosperity, after all is due to no single cause, economic or political. Plainly it is attributable in great part to the waste of war, which can be made good only by years of toil and frugal living on the part of millions; it is attributable in part to the ruin of Russia, where more millions have died since the peace of Brest-Litovsk than ever were killed while Russia fought Germany; it is attributable in part to the Balkanization of Europe by the peace treaties, which added new boundaries, new governments, new armies, new customs borders, new traffic tariffs to the many which threatened peace and thwarted trade in Europe before the war; it is attributable in part to the ambitions and aborted policies of short-lived cabinets throughout Europe; to the planless purposes of inexperienced parliaments seeking to govern talented and dauntless peoples long denied self-government.

The world seeks a remedy for its ills. Remedy by the league? Remedy by conference?

The members of the league have met in conference in Geneva. The governments of Europe met in conference at Genoa. The prime ministers have met in conference, political and economic, at San Remo, Cannes, Paris, Spa, Brussels, London and Boulogne. Sometimes they have accomplished nothing; sometimes they have accomplished a little. They have not been willing to seek the realizable. They seek the impossible. As I heard a prime minister remark the other day, "One of the great powers has assiduously fished behind the net." Time and again they have been willing to do today that which today was no longer realizable, although it could have been done six months before.

If the governments cannot agree upon a sound and realizable program for the definite and final settlement of the total sum of reparations that Germany shall pay and can pay, if they cannot agree among themselves and with bankers and investors upon a plan that will stabilize German currency, we may expect the franc and the lira to start down the declivity in pursuit of the mark, the crown and the ruble.

The terms of the new reparations settlement manifestly ought to include priority of payments for the reconstruction of the ruins of Northern France and a moratorium to Germany for several years, conditional upon an adequately secured bankers' loan to stabilize the mark, to balance the current German budget and to contribute to French reconstruction this year; a plan devised upon these general bases is indispensable to the solvency and credit of the state in France and Germany, to the rehabilitation of industry in Germany and so to the recovery of reparations by France. More important to the rehabilitation of Europe than any conference, than any agreement between statesmen and financiers can be, is the exorcism of the spirit of hate which animates governments and peoples. Unless the peoples are moved by a Christian will to peace and by Christian comity there can be no real peace in Europe.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 30)

year—in the Boston Customs House, provided he got Senator Chandler's indorsement. From Chandler, however, he got only a loud, hoarse "Nix!" and a reminder that if he took the job he would find himself out on the street when the Democrats came back into power. So Moses hung on to his job with the Monitor at nine dollars a week.

In less than a year he was writing politics for the paper. In a little over a year he became managing editor. In seven years he had bought the paper, in company with Chandler's son. He sold his interest in the paper when he was elected to the Senate.

So things went on until 1908, when Roosevelt decided that Taft should inherit the presidential mantle. The New Hampshire politicians, realizing that all the postmasterships were filled, and that those in office were disgustingly healthy, were not so keenly interested in the nomination of Mr. Taft as they were in finding out who was who in New Hampshire politics. The campaign proceeded along those lines; and when the dust had cleared, it seemed apparent that the anti-Taftites, known in New Hampshire as in all the other states as the Allies, and headed by George Higgins Moses, ex-Senator Chandler and Senator Gallinger, were most emphatically who. Moses was elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention. When the balloting took place, Mr. Taft was safely nominated before New Hampshire was called on to cast its vote; but when New Hampshire was finally reached Moses and his two confreres firmly and haughtily cast their votes for Charles Warren Fairbanks. When Moses and the two other delegates got back to New Hampshire's rock-ribbed hills, they found themselves in need of police protection from those who thought they should have voted for Taft. This once more opened the old question of who was who in New Hampshire politics, and the matter was again threshed out, this time in a gubernatorial election in which the New Hampshire Allies, headed by Moses, Chandler and Gallinger, picked one candidate and the anti-Allies picked another. When the turmoil had subsided, Moses, Chandler and Gallinger were again seen to be who by at least two votes to one.

It then became apparent to the Republican leaders that George Higgins Moses, because of his uncomfortable habit of writing what he gol-durned pleased in a gol-durned hide-piercing manner, and then printing it in the Concord Evening Monitor, and also because of his ability to come out on top in New Hampshire, was a pretty good young feller to keep in a happy and contented mood. So the Republican leaders let it be known that Mr. Taft would not be averse to remembering Mr. Moses with some slight token of his esteem, and Mr. Moses came posting down from Concord to see about it.

Now when Moses was a student at Exeter Academy and at Dartmouth he had toyed with the Greek language with marked success. In fact he was so good that when the head of the Greek department at Dartmouth set out to be the head of the American School for Classical Study in Athens, he urged Moses to come along as an assistant. Moses wanted to do it; but he didn't; and it is highly probable that in the middle of future hectic political campaigns he frequently cursed himself for not having seized the chance to lead a restful life as a professor of Greek in the shadow of the Acropolis.

At any rate, when he appeared, fresh from Concord, and was benignantly asked what he wanted, he did not, as expected, reply that he wanted to be postmaster at Concord or collector of customs at Portsmouth; but he clearly and firmly declared that he wanted to be minister to Greece.

Political Santa Clauses

At this there was some heavy chin rubbing, and the Republican Santa Clauses said they didn't know about that. Moses shrugged his shoulders indifferently and said politely that the Concord Evening Monitor would keep right on doing business just the same, even though they were unable to make up their minds. At this the Santa Clauses sought Philander C. Knox, who was slated to be Secretary of State; and Mr. Knox emerged and examined Moses with some care, and asked whether his craving to be minister to Greece was practically uncontrollable. Moses replied that it was minister to Greece or nothing. So Knox gave him a final scrutinizing glance and made a note in a small black notebook; and two months later George Higgins Moses became minister to Greece.

His arrival in Greece in the summer of 1909 was signalized by a revolution. He leaped into the center of things with a loud splash, and inside of a few months all the local kings and cabinet ministers were letting him in by the side door and asking him what to do next.

By tapping the proper diplomatic sources in Athens, even now, it is possible to discover that the movement to bring Venizelos from Crete to Athens was stimulated by George Higgins Moses, of Concord, New Hampshire; that the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs in the first Venizelist ministry was selected by him; and that he was one of the prime movers in the formation of the Balkan Federation. It is a fact that the first draft of the articles of the Balkan Federation were drawn up in Moses' office; and that when he retired from office the sovereigns involved in that federation gave him their grand crosses in return for "distinct and conspicuous services in behalf of the Balkan Federation."

On his return to America he represented the Greek Government as its fiscal agent, whatever that may have been; and then he gradually began to immerse himself in politics until he was neck-deep in it. He delivered keynote speeches, he organized the Republican Publicity Association, and he became deeply involved in the candidacy of that tarry-handed son of the sea, John Wingate Weeks, for the presidency in 1916. Hughes was nominated that year, and is now Secretary of State; and Weeks, who was close behind him with a hundred and five votes, is now Secretary of War. Moses delivered to Weeks the only solid delegation from any state, which plainly showed that his sojourn in Greece hadn't done him any harm.

In 1918 he was elected to the Senate to fill the unexpired term of Senator Gallinger, and in 1920 he was reëlected. One of the first things that he did, on being elected, was to ask Senator Lodge for a place on the greatly prized Foreign Relations Committee. In addition to getting the job, he became Lodge's fair-haired child on the committee, which, to one who knows how to read the stars, means that George Higgins Moses, of Concord, New Hampshire, has got the goods and can deliver.

In some circles Moses would be called a reactionary. He likes the Constitution, and hasn't much use for Constitution busters. He is strong for a republic, and is painfully affected by the idea of a pure democracy. He is the sort of senator who has little or no craving to look back at the close of the day and realize that he has voted for the sake of expediency. It would disturb his rest to do this; and he has reached a time of life where he needs his beauty sleep. It might be remarked in closing that he is one of the handsomest men in the Senate.

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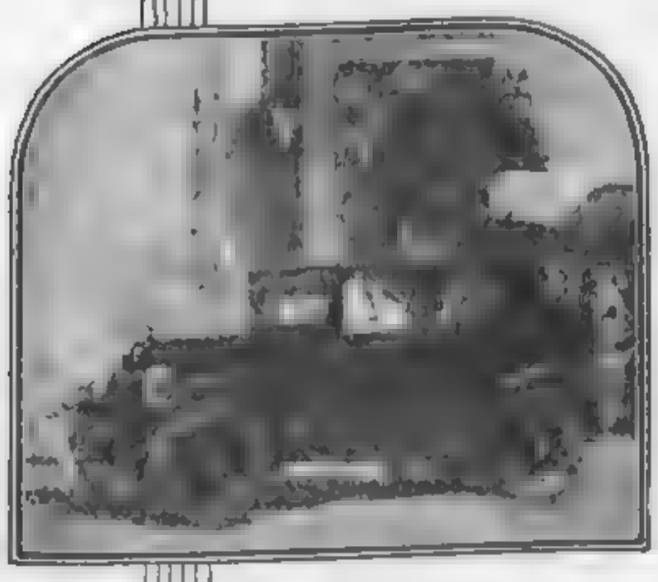

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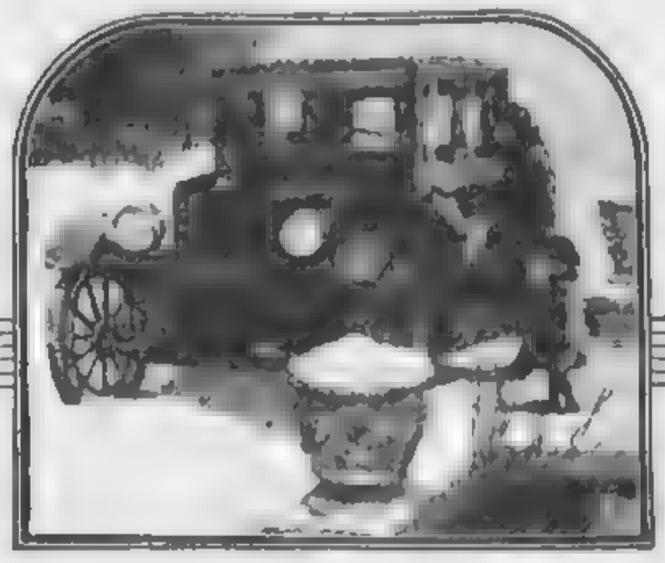

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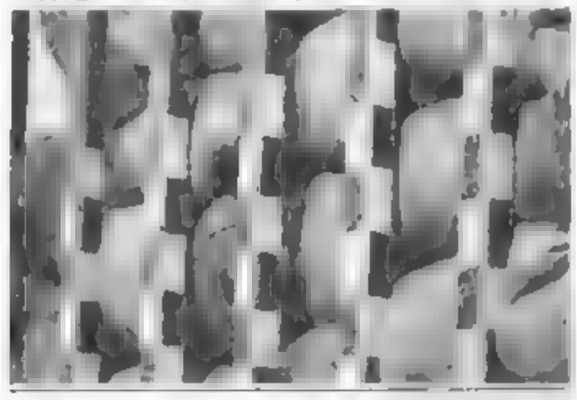

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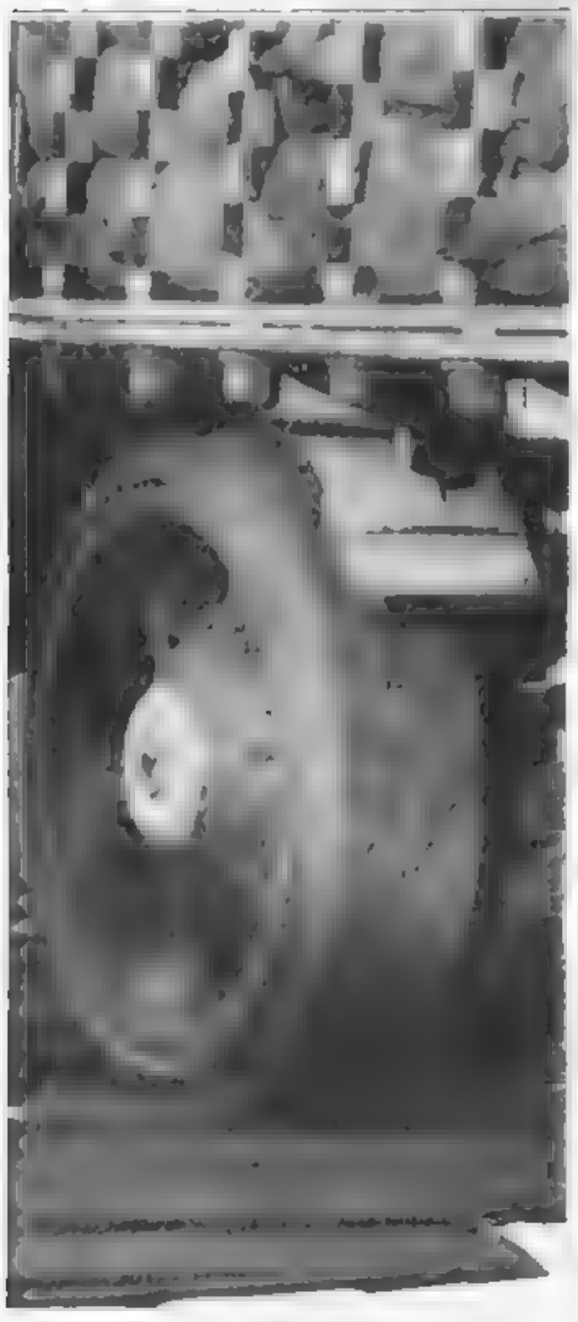

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THE CINDER BUGGY

(Continued from Page 5)

His way of making a bargain was to let the party of the second part propose the terms. Then he would say yes or no, and that was final. Higgling disgusted him. But having made a bargain he insisted upon it in a relentless, dispassionate manner.

No one could say he was unjust; but from one who is never unjust you shall not expect generosity. Human beings do not crave justice; they accept it. What they long for is understanding through sympathy. Christopher Gib had no chemistry of sympathy. It was left out of him. Therefore he had no emotional understanding of people and people had no rational understanding of him. His tragedy was invisible. He was denied what he could not give—namely, bread of the sweetened loaf without price, for which everyone hungers. Contempt for all the sentimental aspects of life was the self-saving device of his ego. He treated people as children. The more they disliked him the more bitterly he took his due.

He was ten years younger than General Woolwine and dominated the elder man in all their joint affairs, as a rational nature may dominate a romantic one. They quarreled a great deal, one in a low, cynical voice, the other in loud, righteous tones. These disagreements were private. Outwardly to the end they maintained an appearance of unbroken amity. As to his ideas the old founder was immovable and pursued his own way. In matters of business he would sooner yield than continue the argument. One neglected business; the other lived for it. As the Woolwine estate declined that of Gib increased. There was no inequity in this. It was inevitable. The general drew out his profits and spent them; Gib reinvested his in undertakings outside the partnership. At the beginning the coal and iron lands were divided between them in the proportions of one-third and two-thirds, according to the amounts of capital respectively invested. The one-third was Gib's share. In the end the proportions were exactly reversed. The Woolwine estate owned one-third and Gib two-thirds. It was all perfectly correct and legal.

At the age of fifty Gib married Sarah, of the Withy family that came from New Jersey and built the first grist mill in New Damascus. Sarah was a dutiful, reconciled woman of strong, uncomplaining fiber, who could not fold her hands until the work was done. She never understood her husband. He never understood her. It wasn't necessary. She was thirty-five and had once loved a young man who never even suspected it. Of this inarticulate union came one son, named Enoch, born on the same day with Aaron Breakspeare, Rebecca's child, grandson of the founder.

Christopher Gib lived fifteen years more, growing steadily richer and more misunderstood. Then he built himself a tomb, the walls of which were three feet thick, reenforced with bar iron, and died in the night alone.

IV

AARON BREAKSPEARE, grandson of the founder, and Enoch, son of Christopher Gib, being of the same age, inheriting parallel estates in a town realized from a joint impulse of their forbears, grew up together. They were never friends. They were rivals, unable to conceal or control their rivalry, the essence of which was antagonism. But they were inseparable. They could not let each other alone. Enoch was the stronger physically. In their earliest games and contests his object was to make Aaron say "I quit." And Aaron would sooner die than say it. In this strife Enoch had always the advantage of a definite, aggressive purpose. He created the occasions. Instinctively he knew that the way to save oneself in a trial of endurance is to keep one's mind not on one's own discomfort but on the agony of one's adversary.

Aaron's power was of pride and spirit. He would never say quit, no matter how much it hurt to go on, and when he was beaten he did not complain. Once Enoch invented a way of locking their arms so as to exert a mutual and very painful torsional leverage, perhaps enough to break the bones. The game was that each should go as far as the other could stand it. All the other had to do was to say "Enough." It was fairly played. But the word was never uttered and Aaron went home with a broken arm.

The imponderable values of life admiration, sympathy, sudden friendships, understanding, liking and being liked—belonged to Aaron as by right. He was that kind of being toward whom the heart yearns for no reason but its own. Men and women loved him without knowing why. The people of New Damascus spoke of him with possessive affection and worldly misgiving; he would do himself no good, they said. That means whatever you make of it.

Enoch, pretending to be contemptuous, was secretly torn with envy. People looked at him and said: "The spit image of his father." He had many of old Christopher's facial expressions, especially one that was unnatural and very disconcerting. Anger or any strong adverse emotion would cause the face to appear to be smiling. It wasn't; nor was the expression assumed as a mask. The effect was accidental, produced by some peculiarity in the action of the retractor muscles. He was by nature more saturnine than his father, or perhaps it was only that he more indulged the impulse to cruelty. At fifteen he was already feared by his elders for what he might say.

His character developed in a true line. The traits of his youth became only more pronounced as he grew up. To take the pride out of Aaron became almost a passion. He delighted to expose his frailties and limitations. Aaron bought a fast horse. Enoch, hating horses, bought a faster one and drove it to death. Aaron on a dare swam the river at flood, which was thought a fine feat. Enoch swam it with his feet tied.

Aaron apparently did not mind. If he suspected the envious motive in Enoch's conduct he never spoke of it, but generously applauded the other's triumphs. Whatever else happened their intimacy remained unbroken. This seemed to be no more of one's seeking than the other's. Those of their own generation wondered, but the elders, hearing it spoken of, said it was no more strange than the way General Woolwine held with Christopher to the end of his days, though it more than half ruined him.

They went to the same school at Philadelphia. Enoch worked just hard enough to beat Aaron in everything except mathematics and popularity, for which he affected deep contempt, and spent a great deal of his leisure prowling about the iron foundries. They fascinated him. There was iron in the blood of his family. His grandfather and great-grandfather had been smiths in England. And his father had laid upon him one injunction, which was never to part with an acre of ore or coal land, for some day these undeveloped possessions would make him rich. Then secretly he took up the study of metallurgy.

Yet it was Aaron who proposed to Enoch that they should pool their interests in ore and coal and found an iron industry at New Damascus. This fatal thing happened sometime between midnight and dawn after a disastrous twin celebration of their twenty-first birthday with a party of friends at Fingerboard Inn.

Aaron's mood was sentimental. He felt a great twinge for Enoch because of what happened at the party. He himself was the one to blame. First, he had demanded of his friends, when he heard what they were doing, that they should invite Enoch, too, as an equal guest; then with great difficulty he had persuaded Enoch to come. It was bound to be dismal. Only one of Aaron's reckless spontaneity could have imagined otherwise.

An archaic, mystical man rite survives in the panegyric supper. The root is hero worship. The impulse is exacting, jealous and sacrificial. Its chosen object, according to the rules, must submit to be clothed in the colors of perfection, set upon a pedestal and gorged with praise until he is purple. As the hero's embarrassment rises his makers become more solemn and egregious, until suddenly with rough hands they drag their colossal effigy down and embrace it, and everything, itself included, dissolves in maudlin ecstasy.

Obviously two human objects cannot be equally inflated in this manner at once. The impulse cannot divide itself. If it tried, no matter with what pains of tact, the effort would fail. Having invited Enoch, whom they all disliked, Aaron's friends felt acquitted toward him, and then, knowing how he hated to see Aaron preferred, they carried their praise of Aaron to a point grotesque. As the wine flowed they became heedless and took delight in Enoch's chagrin. No toast was drunk to him; his name was not mentioned. It was cruel but not premeditated. He ought not to have come. Aaron was ashamed to look at him.

Enoch, from having been at first merely bored, turned hot with anger, thinking the situation had been purposely created to humiliate him. He did not suspect Aaron of conscious part in that design; he blamed him, however, for having lent himself to it unwittingly.

Hitherto convivialities had depressed and disgusted him. Now in the bitterness of his heart he made a judgment concerning them, that they were utterly beneath him; and made also a resolution which endured to the end of his life. That was to accept once for all the fact of people's dislike and turn it against them.

Was he not stronger than any of these who presumed to belittle him? One by one he passed them through a test. There was not one he could not break in any trial of mind or body. Perhaps it was for that reason they disliked him. No matter why. He did not return the feeling in kind. They were not important enough to call forth from him either dislike or hatred. They merited only his indifference. That put them in their right place. He would be indifferent to them so long as they stood out of his way. If they came in his path he would break them indifferently. His mind became cold and glittering. He no longer cared whether anyone liked him or not. But they should never be indifferent toward him. He would attend to that. They should fear him. That was it. He would rather be feared than liked.

With these self-saving thoughts he had become absent and oblivious when suddenly on both sides he was nudged to rise, join hands, and sing to the hero. He rose, but instead of joining hands he rapped heavily on the table for attention. There was much surprise at this. Everyone stared at him in silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, with the astonishing effect of a cold, sober voice, "I call your attention to an unfortunate omission. I propose that we shall drink to Aaron Breakspeare's ancestors—to the man but for whom there would be no New Damascus nor any one of us here present, and to the woman without whose assistance even that great pioneer would be now entirely forgotten. We shall drink, I say, to Aaron Breakspeare's distinguished ancestors—to Adam and Eve, if you please."

There was a sound of embarrassed laughter. It immediately broke down. Gib was holding up his glass. His expression was sneering. He had paid them off, going just far enough to do so cleanly, yet not so far as to give actionable offense. For a long awkward moment they could not think either how to turn it back on him or redeem their own conduct from the ludicrous light in which he had placed it. Then Gearheart, who was taking law, he who afterward became a great jurist in the state, lifted his glass and spoke in a calm, judicial manner.

"Mr. Gib is right," he said. "We regret the omission. Let us drink to Adam and Eve."

So they did and that ended the party. Nobody disliked Gib less; everyone respected him more. Aaron, who by this time was feeling very miserable, made a point of walking off with him. He wished to speak of what had happened. Yet what could he say that would not recognize the fact of Enoch's humiliation? There was no way to speak tactfully of it. Still he could not let it alone.

"I'm sorry," he said, blurting it out.

"For what?" Enoch inquired dryly.

"I'm afraid you had a wretched time. I'm to blame for getting you into it."

"Not at all," said Enoch. "To the contrary, I'm indebted to you for the most profitable evening of my life."

He meant this. Those emotions of anger and mortification from which he had suffered so bitterly seemed now remote and insignificant. They had been swallowed up in a sense of deliverance. He had delivered himself from the torment of being disliked. The fact was unchanged, but he no longer cared. Therefore it had lost its right to

(Continued on Page 46)

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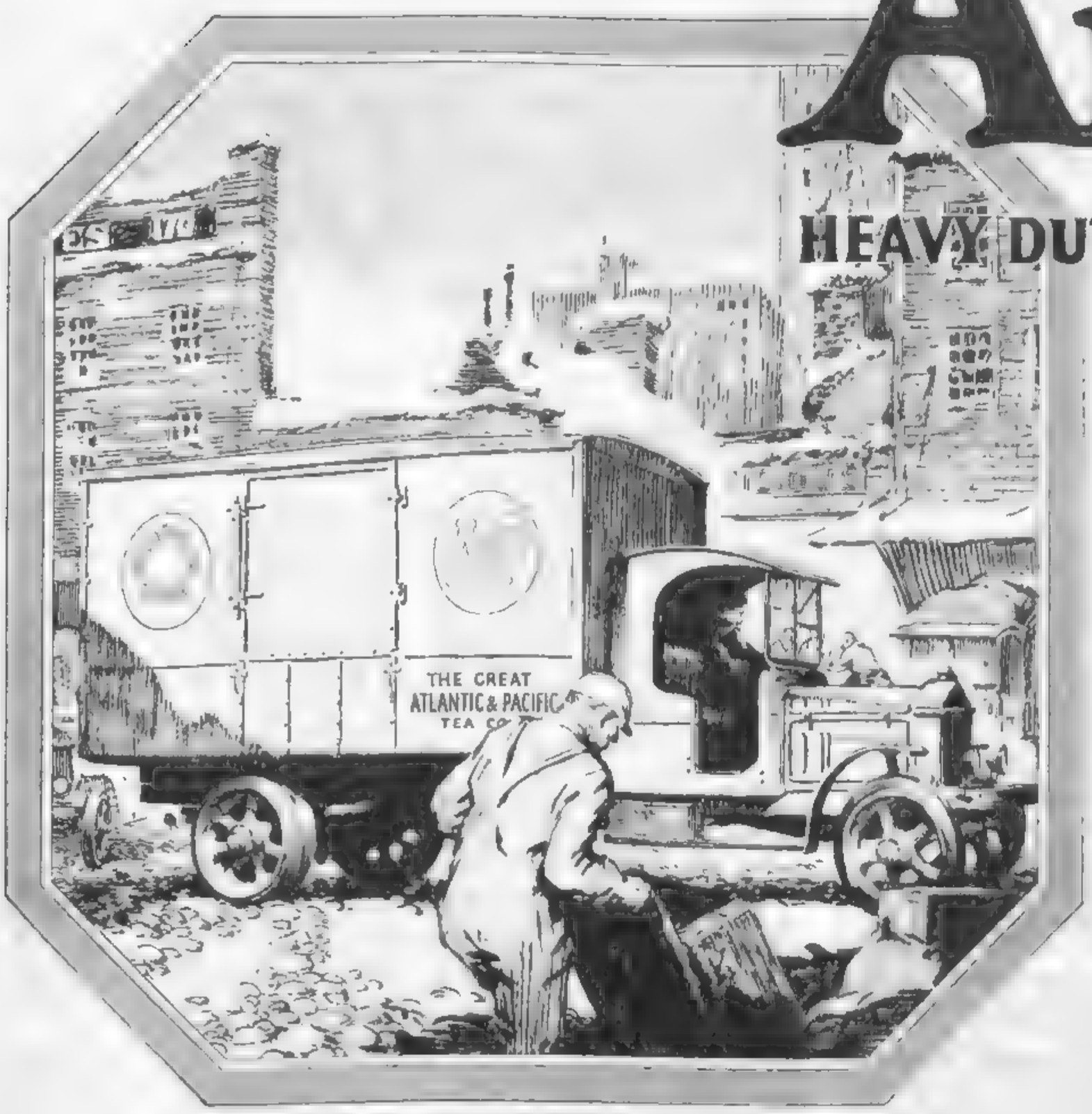

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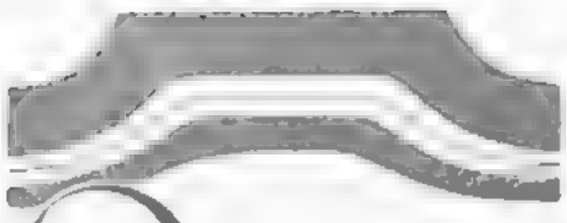

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Every Inch a Garter

(Continued from Page 44)

oppress him. From this sudden birth of indifference he derived a feeling of solitary power. His mind was disenthralled. His whole outlook upon life was altered. For the first time he did not wonder whether Aaron really liked him or not, or how much, since it did not matter in the least. And also for the first time he did not dislike Aaron. His indifference included everyone, and it was sweet.

Aaron misunderstood the nature of Enoch's placidity. He thought it a kind of sublime generosity and felt deep remorse. He would not have believed it was in him to take a hurt to his pride so magnanimously. He was wrenched with a sudden desire to offer some sign or token of durable amity. So it was that as in one the well of friendship dried up in the other it overflowed.

They walked for some time in silence. On the first eminence east of the town their ways parted. There Christopher Gib had built the dark iron-stone house which was still Enoch's home. The Woolwine mansion, where Aaron lived, was higher up. Enoch would have turned his way, leaving it as usual for Aaron to say good night; Aaron detained him by the arm.

They stood for several minutes with their faces averted, gazing alternately at the stars that were God's, at the mountains that were theirs, and at the town beneath them, showing in silhouette against the moon-lacquered river, a dream of their forbears realized. It was a beautiful night. Their thoughts ran together. Both were stirred by a vague sense of freedom, knowledge and responsibility. Each had that day come into the possession of his estate.

It was Enoch who spoke. "What will you do with yours?" he asked.

Until this moment Aaron had never once thought what he should do with it. But at the sound of Enoch's voice asking the question so bluntly a complete idea crystallized in his mind. It had clarity and perspective, like a vision, and sudden as it was he felt very familiar with it.

"Look, Enoch," he said, "there is the New Damascus we grew up with. How still it lies in the moonlight. How permanent it looks! Yet when we were born it was not here. Before we die it will have disappeared. In its place will be a city that shall walk out of those mountains, a city of furnaces, full of roaring and the clangor of metal, flaming and smoking to heaven. Your father and my grandfather imagined it. They could not themselves bring it to pass. It was not for their time. They left it for us. We have a destiny here. Let's take it together. Let's form a partnership and found an iron industry."

"That's what I am intending to do," said Enoch. "Not the partnership—I was not thinking of that—but the iron business; I've had that in mind all the time. I've made a study of it." After a pause he added: "I didn't know your thoughts turned that way. You never spoke of it before."

"You never mentioned it either," said Aaron. "You would prefer to go alone?"

"The idea of a partnership is new to me," said Enoch.

"But wouldn't it be advantageous to develop our ore and coal holdings jointly? They lie together."

"Yes," said Enoch, "I can see that."

"Is it only the newness of the idea that bothers you?"

"I would not have entertained the thought as my own," he said. "Since it comes from you I do not reject it. I merely do not wish to be responsible for it. You are not a man for business. Your father was not. Your grandfather distinctly was not. You would do better in law or politics. Still, as you say, there's an obvious advantage in bringing all the properties together. We'll talk about it tomorrow if you like. It's on your initiative, remember."

"Let's agree on the main point now and leave the details," said Aaron. "I'll take my chances with business."

He held out his hand. Enoch took it slowly. They looked at each other steadily in the moonlight.

"Is it agreed?"

"Yes," said Enoch.

Then they said good night.

v

ENOCH'S misgivings notwithstanding, the partnership of Gib & Breakspeare was very successful. This was owing partly to the ripeness of the opportunity and perhaps even more to the sagacity with which Enoch allotted to Aaron the tasks that were suited to his temperament. They put in equal amounts of capital and pooled their ore and coal lands on a royalty basis. Enoch was the dominant partner by right of knowledge and force of doggedness. He had studied the business. He took the manufacturing end and spent the whole of his time in New Damascus. Aaron took the selling end and made the outside contracts.

It was easy to open the mines. That kind of work was already well understood in Pennsylvania. Building a blast furnace was much more of an undertaking. It was in fact a daring adventure. Older and wiser heads, knowing the difficulties and chance of disaster, had left it to the foolhardiness of youth.

Hitherto iron had been produced in this country, as elsewhere in the world, by primitive methods. Ore was wastefully smelted in rude charcoal furnaces unimproved in design since the Middle Ages. The process was of great antiquity. It was uniform in India at the time of Alexander's invasion. Its origin even then was lost in myth. Tubal-Cain, "an instructer of every artificer in brass and iron," was master of it in the city of his distinguished ancestor, Cain, which was in the land of Nod.

Between the old iron master of the Himalayas, fifteen hundred years before Christ, with his little clay oven resembling an overturned pot, urging the fire with a bellows clasped in his arms—a bellows made from the skin of a goat stripped from the animal without ripping the belly part, then tied at the leg holes, fitted with a wooden nozzle at the neck and stopped with an air valve in the tail orifice—the difference between him and the iron master of the early nineteenth century was only that the latter had learned to build his forge of rude masonry and to make Nature blow his fire.

The prize in both cases was a nugget of glowing iron, the most useful nondigestible substance yet discovered by man. It is tenacious more than any others save two. It is ductile, easily tempered, malleable at red heat, marriageable at white heat and possesses one miraculous quality: It is magnetic. It calls electricity out of the void, snares it, delivers it helpless into the hands of man. Without this black-hearted substance, fallen from the sun, natively pure only in the form of a meteorite, lightning could not have been captured and enslaved on earth.

The glowing nugget on the forge hearth, called the loop or bloom, is in a crystalline condition. It is removed and further refined by hammering, drawing and rolling at red heat. It may be hammered by hand on an anvil, or beaten under a trip hammer, or rolled between rollers as you might put dough through a clothes wringer. The effect of this treatment is to elongate the crystal into tough fibers.

A blast furnace differs from a forge not in principle so much as in audacity, method and degree. The forge pricks Nature and extracts iron, one molten drop at a time. The blast furnace cuts a gash in her side and extracts iron in a blazing stream.

There were blast furnaces before those of Gib & Breakspeare, in England, Germany and France, but they were few, and still in the stage of wonder. They were very costly to build, many failed for unknown reasons, and the conservative old iron masters stuck to the forge. Nowhere had a blast furnace been worked with anthracite, or stone coal. All that had so far succeeded used wood, charcoal, bituminous coal and coke. The fuel at New Damascus was anthracite.

So it was in all respects a rash experiment and in one respect unique. The partners were sure of the theory. The thing was scientifically feasible. Yet in practice it might fail, for want of handiness with a strange process, or because of some malicious chemical enemy unaccounted for in the elements to be acted upon. And failures in iron experiments are ruinous. Nothing ever can be saved and the capital outlay will have been enormous.

The skill to build such a blast furnace as they required was not only dear and hard to find, but when found it was pessimistic and disbelieving and disclaimed all responsibility for the outcome, because it was something that had never been done before. Expert iron workers to man the process were of the same gray-mindedness about it.

These iron workers had to be imported from England under guaranties and inveiglements. Nearly all the new iron-working methods of that time originated in England and were as jealously guarded as military secrets. The rise of American industry against European competition was greatly hampered by lack of industrial knowledge. Europe would not part with it or share it, because to possess it exclusively gave her manufacturers a world-wide advantage. So it had to be obtained surreptitiously. Much of it was smuggled out in the heads of English, Scotch and Welsh artisans who could be bribed to evade the embargo upon the emigration of skilled workmen and try their luck in the United States.

While Enoch worked indefatigably at New Damascus, tapping the mountains and preparing the mule roads by which to drain away their coal and ore and limestone, Aaron was abroad impressing the skill that should convert those raw materials into iron.

Two years from the time they started, one evening, the first miniature volcano went into action. That precisely is what a blast furnace is. The hollow, cylindrical furnace is the mountain cone, charged from the top with fuel, iron ore and limestone flux. The mass is fired at the bottom. The gasses go off at the top in flame and smoke, an upside-down cataract of lost affinities, giddy, voluptuous, hungry and free. An odd circumstance has released them from the cold inert embrace in which they have lain for ages of years. Cinders and gross matter flow away below as lava. The iron, seeking itself, falls like rain into the hearth at the bottom and runs out on the sand, forming there a molten lake. Around the edges of this lake, taking off from it, is a series of molded depressions. The lake drains into these depressions. They suck it dry. Iron workers call the lake the sow. The forms that appear in the depressions, having devoured the sow completely, are called the pigs. The product is pig iron, a lump of rough metal the size of a man's thigh.

After the fire is lighted at the bottom there is nothing to do for several hours but wait. In this interval the partners went to supper at Enoch's house. They ate in silence. Aaron made several ineffectual attempts at conversation. Their thoughts were far apart. One was thinking of details, of faults to be remedied, of errors in the next instance to be avoided; the other dwelt upon the achievement as a dramatic whole. Enoch was anxious to get back.

At a point from which the blast furnace was visible as a complete spectacle Aaron stopped and seized him by the arm.

"Take a look at it, man! There's plenty of time for that."

A blast furnace even then was what a blast furnace is—the most audacious affront man has yet put upon Nature. He decoys the elemental forces and gives them handy nicknames. Though he cannot tame them, he may control them through knowledge of their weaknesses. He learns their immutable habits. From the Omnipotent Craftsman he steals the true process. In the scale of his own strength he reproduces, in a furnace, the conditions under which the earth was made, and extracts from the uproar a lump of cold iron.

By the very majesty of the effects he conjures up he is himself absurdly diminished, to the point of becoming incredible. As you look at him he is neither impressive nor august. Perhaps if one had witnessed the creation the appalling effects in the same way would have seemed much more wonderful than the Creator. In His old clothes, anxious, preoccupied, intent upon results, He may have been very disappointing to the eye.

From where he stood, detaining Enoch against his mood, Aaron could see the workers moving about the furnace hearth, tiny impish figures, grotesquely insignificant, scornfully manipulating the elemental intensities. The surrounding slopes were lined with people, their faces reflecting a dull, lurid glow, and there was an ominous, swooning vibration in the air.

"Admit it, Enoch," he said. "You do get a thrill from that."

"I want to get back," said Enoch.

They remained at the furnace the whole of that night and handled the first cold pig iron.

"It's good," said Enoch.

It was a fine quality of pig iron. The demand for it was immediate and profitable. Furnaces were added, one or two at a time, until there were eight. Pig iron was for some time the sole product. The mill to draw and roll the iron came later. First

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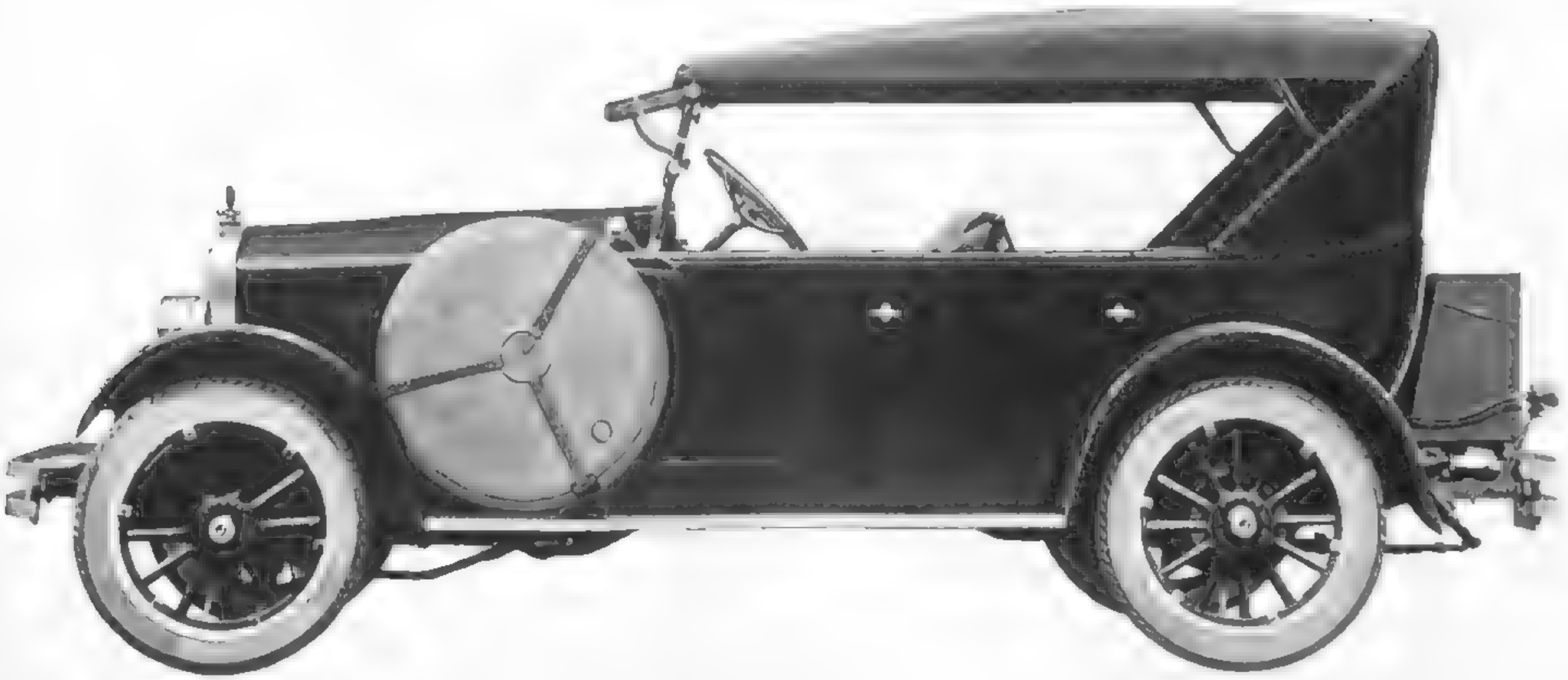

Leader of Fashion—the Jewett Special

CLOTHED as befits its well-known merit, the Jewett Special appeals to all who want a beautiful, completely equipped, sturdy, moderate-size Six. Painted in attractive colors, upholstered in hand-crushed Spanish leather to match, with soft cushions of costly construction, the Jewett gives all that eye or body could wish.

It is as completely equipped a car as you could imagine. Double spring bumpers, front and rear. Motometer. Nickel-plated radiator. All nickel, barrel type head lamps. Bullet type side lamps. Extra cord tire, tube, rim and cover mounted at side. Trunk rack and trunk. Automatic stop light. Automatic windshield wiper. Sun Visor. Rear View Mirror.

These are the things that every man would like to see on his car. Nothing left to buy but oil and gasoline. But remember it is not equipment which makes a serviceable automobile, not pretty paint. The sturdy Jewett deserves to be your car because of its delightful performance.

It will pick up from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds. It will crawl along at less than 2 miles per hour in traffic and go as fast as you dare drive on the open road. Scores of hill-climbing events the Jewett has won with ease.

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And the Paige-built Jewett motor with full 50 horse power is the finest ever put into a car of this size. It is so smooth and so quiet. The high-pressure oiling system delivers 3 gallons of oil a minute at 20 to 40 pounds pressure to all main and connecting-rod bearings. No motor was ever better oiled. Wear is banished. No motor offers promise of longer life. Ask the Jewett dealer to show you.

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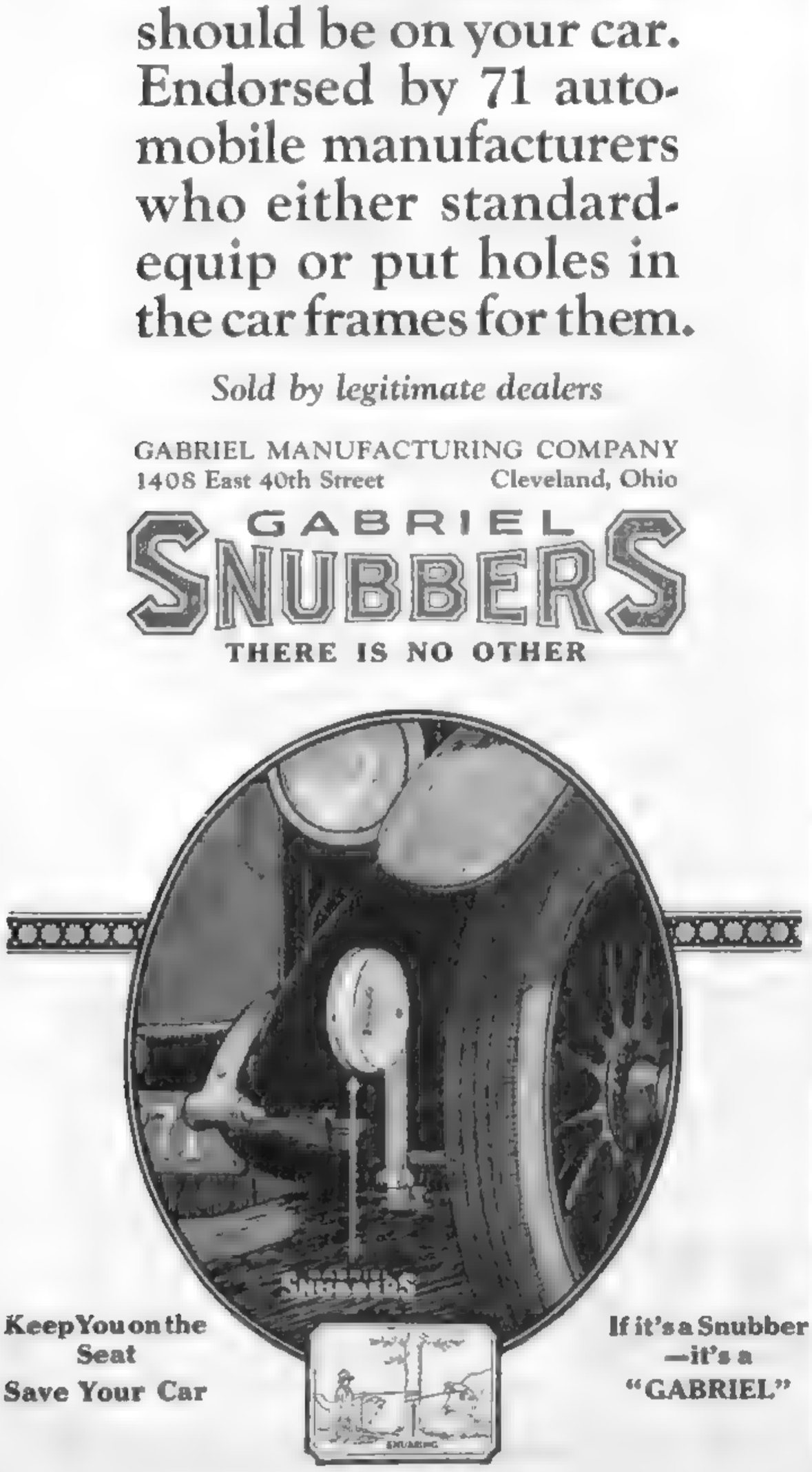

Keep You on the Seat
Save Your Car

If it's a Snubber —it's a "GABRIEL"

Continued from Page 46

ore is smelted in a blast furnace and pig iron results. The pig iron is remelted and refined in a puddling furnace, squeezed into round, spongy lumps, and then hammered or passed back and forth through great rolls, which form it into long flat or round bars of wrought iron.

In five years the population of New Damascus trebled. The mines, the blast furnaces and later the drawing mill the first in this country to pass iron through rollers employed thousands of workers. Their wants made business. The town was rich. That made more business. Enoch on his own venture built houses for the ironworkers and opened a large company store.

There was a third reason why the partnership, to everyone's surprise, was successful as a relationship between two antagonistic natures.

Aaron had all the popularity still. The social life of New Damascus centered upon him. The Woolwine mansion where he lived in bachelor eminence was full of entertainment and gayety. His hospitality was memorable. Guests came from afar—from Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York—to attend his parties.

Enoch continued to live morosely in the old iron-stone house below. The contrast was notable, even painful, but if Enoch minded at all there were compensations. Within the partnership and outside of it his power increased. There was never any doubt as to which of them exercised ultimate authority in matters of business. When it came to borrowing capital, as they did to build the mill, it was Enoch's word that persuaded the lenders. He made a sound they understood—a crunching, horizontal sound that was not in Aaron at all. The instinct that preferred Aaron in friendship and the instinct that preferred Enoch in business could exist, and did, in the same people. Enoch was preferred where his vanity was. People feared and trusted him. That kept the scales even.

■

HAVING heard of New Damascus that it was marked to become the seat of the American iron industry, there appeared at this time one Bruno Mitchell, a capitalist, thinking to open a bank if the repute of the place should prove to be well founded. He had prospered in New England, where the practice of banking was already well advanced; but he believed in the star of iron and it led him hither. In his active character he was hard and avaricious, yet there was a quaintness about him that first contradicted that fact and then absurdly mitigated one's opinion of it. He had never filled his skin; or perhaps it was a size too large in the taking. However, instead of hanging loosely, as an oversize skin does on wavering natures, it had shrunk to measure, so that he was prematurely wrinkled and had a leathery look. His face wore a quizzical, plagued expression. His eyes were blue and restless. He walked softly.

Enoch Gib impressed him deeply. They understood each other at sight.

Persuaded by omens and discoveries that New Damascus was the place, Mitchell moved himself there, together with all his means and chattels and a daughter named Esther. He was an important addition to the community. He gave it the prestige of having one of the first banks west of Philadelphia. To Gib & Breakspeare he was very helpful. Not only did he discount their bills and effect payments on their account at distant points in a manner then new and miraculous; he also advanced them considerable sums of credit and capital. He was anxious to make a permanent investment in the business, and Enoch was willing that he should. Aaron objected, as he had a right to do, and although both Enoch and Mitchell were disappointed, there was no open feeling about it.

Esther Mitchell was twenty-four. Since the death of her mother five years before she had lived alone with her father, who took it each day for granted that she should be content to manage his household until whatever it is that happens to women happened to her. They never spoke of it and nothing happened. So time wore on. Once in a while he said to himself "I wonder why Esther never has a beau" and then put it out of his mind. They behaved toward each other like two married people who run in parallel grooves and never touch.

When at the death of his wife the daughter returned to him from a convent school he hardly knew her. Now, after five years, she was still as much a stranger to him as on the day she voluntarily assumed the responsibilities of her mother. He never had been able to penetrate her reserve. When he tried, as he did at first, he had a sense of trespassing and guiltily retired. She had a way of looking at things, at people, at him, with steady, wide-open eyes that never betrayed what she was thinking. Sometimes a troubled expression would appear in them, like the shadow of a cloud on the surface of a still blue pool. They talked very little. What there was of it was friendly. He had no idea what she did with her own time, if she had any, and never asked.

As a housekeeper she was faultless. As the female adjunct of an elderly, selfish, engrossed man she had all the merits and none of the liabilities of a perfect wife; besides, she was in youth and sweet to the eye. As a fellow human being she was a riddle. In that light he knew hardly more than her name. Her castle was invisible. There was no straight way to it. The outermost signs were strange and confusing.

The partners were frequent visitors in the Mitchell household. The atmosphere was social. The subject was business. They seldom talked of anything else. Business, of course, has many facets. It was not merely the affairs of Gib & Breakspeare they discussed. They debated the future of iron, metallurgical processes, the blundering stupidity of Congress.

The feud between politics and business was never new. An economic truth more obvious than daylight to the industrial founders was even then a tangle of obscurities to Congress. What it could not see clearly, once for all, was that without high-tariff protection the American iron industry would live at the mercy of foreign competitors. On that text Enoch said always the last word, which was his own, and became a famous slogan among the ironmongers of that generation. It was this:

"War or tariff."

That now sounds cryptic. Then it was clear enough. Everybody knew or could remember that there was no ironworking in this land before the War of Independence because the mother country forbade it. What she wanted from the American colonists was the raw material to be worked up in her own iron mills with her own skilled labor, for if the colonists produced iron manufactures for themselves English exports to the New World would suffer. An act of the British crown decreed that "no mill or other engine for slitting or rolling of iron, no plating forge to work with a tilt hammer and no furnace for making steel" should be erected "in any of His Majesty's Colonies in America." Mills already existing were declared a public nuisance and abated as such.

So the colonists, forbidden to work their own iron, were obliged to sell their raw materials to England and buy it back from British merchants in the form of manufactures. The war cut the colonies off from these British manufactures. They were thereupon obliged by necessity to found a native ironworking industry. After the war the British sent their products to the United States at prices with which the new American industrialists could not successfully compete, hence the demand that British iron be excluded, or at least that the importation of it be penalized by high tariff. This was the historic experience that caused the prosperity, in fact the life of the early American iron industry to be associated with war and tariff. They were in results the same. War had all the effects of a high tariff. It kept the foreign stuff out.

"And nobody wants war," Enoch would add, as a statement of fact.

Another great topic endlessly debated was the railroad. It had just come within range of practical vision. What were its possibilities? Would it supplement or supersede canals? Enoch could not imagine that the railroad would ever take the place of canals. Aaron thought it would. Mitchell thought with Aaron, and Enoch for that reason was more rigid in his own opinion.

Once Aaron broke all precedent in this private chamber of commerce by saying suddenly to Esther: "What do you think?"

He had been observing her for some time. Through all their interminable repetitious dinner table talk she maintained an air of rapt attention, with her gaze on the one

(Continued on Page 50)

TO MEN WHO OWN OR OPERATE OUR INDUSTRIES—

THE *information herewith should interest executives and operators wherever power is generated or applied. It is based on 25 years of actual field work on waste prevention—a subject that has become extremely important to industrial America.*

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Few people realize the actual loss from packing friction. Even in a small plant the power thus consumed in the prevention of leaks around rods and plungers is immense.

This condition can be corrected by Johns-Manville Sea Rings, a packing built so that the pressure within the cylinder does its own packing. It automatically eliminates unnecessary friction between rod or plunger and packing.

This automatic packing has revolutionized engine room practice on pumps, engines and compressors by its performance in power saving.

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Total your packing bills for a year, and you have an item of considerable size. Yet how casually packings are often bought without the thoughtful care that goes with the more showy but less costly purchases of equipment—pumps, motors, and so forth.

Let us urge that you buy your packings thoughtfully; usually when this is not done maintenance costs run high. The cheapest packings cost the most per year. They won't stay put; so you reorder again and again. Johns-Manville packings are used all over the country because of what they save in maintenance.

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Packing prices have been too much talked and to the detriment of the buyer. Take a pipe flange which requires a packing gasket worth 14 cents. It usually will cost $2 to install this and perhaps $50 if it fails. The ridiculous accounting is this—that a 14-cent purchase may cost hundreds of times that much in the end.

Plant idleness, waiting around for repairs to be done and all the other losses that these entail are often directly traceable to inferior packings; so a few cents more per pound for packings is dollars' worth of insurance built right into them in your interest.

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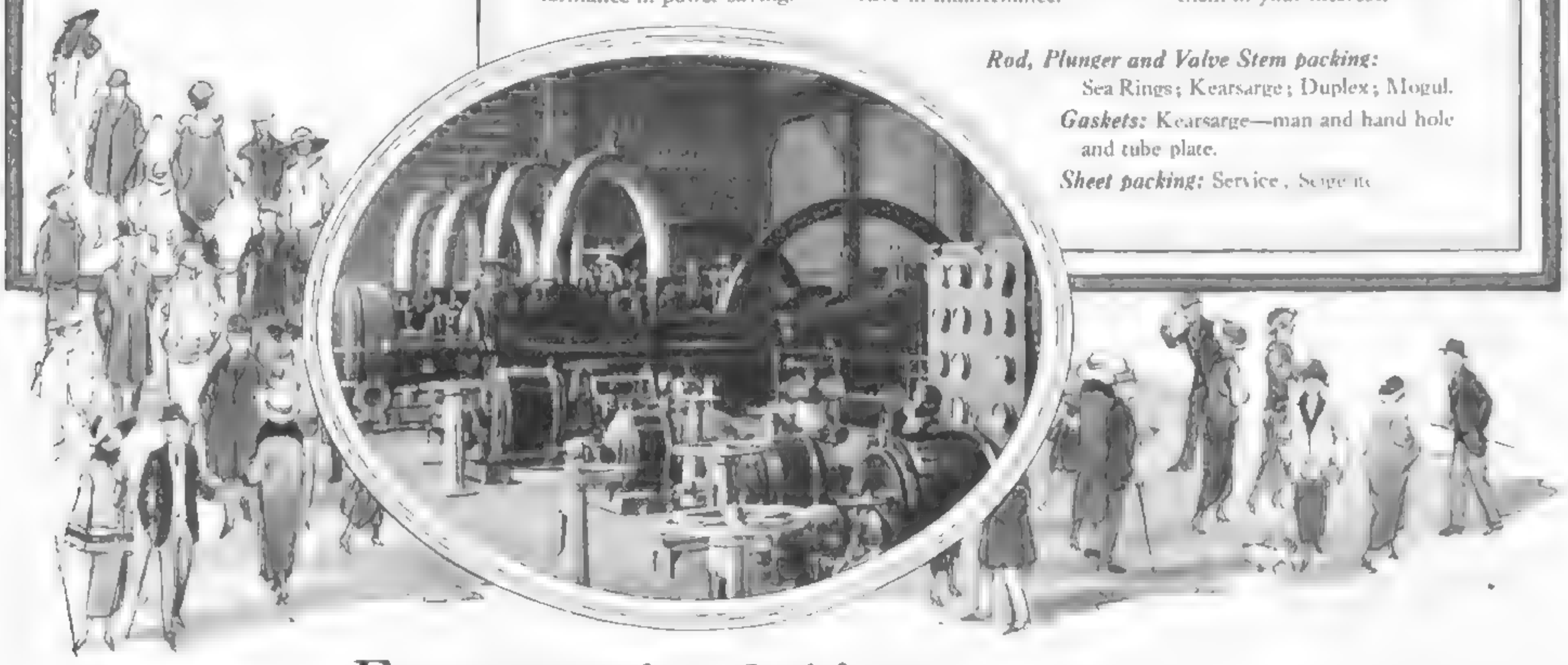

For expensive fashions look to Paris—*and Engine Rooms*

FASHIONS have their place, but it has always seemed to us that they are decidedly out of place in the engine room.

Take packing. Compare the thousands of styles of these fabrics with the really small number of different uses for them. It certainly looks as though style had been overdone—if economy to the user is the aim.

We think it is, and for ten years now have advocated packing standardization. Since we borrowed and applied this industrial idea from you men, no justification is necessary, but merely a word of explanation.

Standardization has greatly reduced a plant's necessary investment in packings. It has made unnecessary the dribbling waste of small quantity purchasing and it has cut spoilage to the minimum.

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When the concert is spoiled by a lot of fireworks in your headphones or amplifier, there's no longer any reason for sitting helplessly by and blaming it on "static".

For, contrary to what you may have been led to think, a great part of those disturbing sounds are due not to static at all, but to internal action or electrical leakage, or both, in your "B" batteries.

Both internal action and electrical leakage set up disturbances, and the "B" batteries being in your 'phone circuit, these are instantly translated into noise. When amplified, even the slightest disturbances produce loud, harsh sounds.

Plainly, then, an ordinary battery will not do for quiet radio operation. It must be the right type, and it must be of the right design for radio service.

After many months of research and experiment, following more than 20 years of battery-building, Willard has developed a leak-proof and noise-free "B" battery.

Connect up Willard "B" Storage Batteries and you'll be astonished at the difference in results. Moreover, you'll not only get rid of noises but you also will be able to get stations you never got before.

And here's something else worth remembering—you'll save money, too, for a Willard Radio Battery lasts for years and works at a high point of efficiency all the time with only an occasional recharging at a trifling cost.

Go to the nearest Willard Service Station today, and let the Willard Dealer tell you more about these batteries. He will give you *a free booklet* full of interest for every radio set owner who is looking for better results in receiving. You can get this booklet, also, by writing direct to the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Willard All-Rubber Radio "A" Battery has an unbreakable one-piece rubber case and Threaded Rubber Insulation. Neat—easily carried—gives steady current that makes frequent tuning unnecessary.

The Willard Colloid Rectifier enables you to recharge your "B" storage batteries from your electric light circuit at a trifling cost for current. Ask the Willard Dealer to show you how easily it is accomplished.

Willard Storage Batteries for Radio

(Continued from Page 48)

who was speaking, and never uttered a word. He wondered if she were listening or merely watching them. Both her father and Enoch were surprised that anyone should address her with that kind of question. She was not startled.

"I wonder which will make the world happier," she said.

In the way she said it there was a kind of disbelieving that referred neither to canals nor to railroads but to something represented by the discussion. The effect was strange. All three men were disturbed in their sense of importance. They attacked her in concert with a condescending manner, Enoch leading. How like a woman to think that way! What had happiness got to do with it? The question was economic. Which would be the more efficient means of transportation? But anyhow—this was Enoch—anyhow, was it not obvious that whatever increased the wealth of the world increased also the sum of human happiness?

"Is it?" said Esther.

They could get nothing more out of her. She declined to be argued with and smiled at them from a great distance. Her smile was impassable.

Several times after that Aaron tried to involve her in their conversations, at dinner or in the drawing-room, where she sat apart with her needlework, but never again with any success. She would look at him with a bothered expression, and either recognize his effort by no other sign or slowly shake her head. This he took for disapproval, and thereafter ignored her, as the others did, except now and then to scrutinize her in a surreptitious manner. When she surprised him at that she returned his gaze with distant, impersonal curiosity, until he was the first to turn away.

A change took place gradually in the partners' relations with the Mitchell ménage. Aaron's visits were no less recurring, but Enoch's became more frequent and regular. It was the only household in New Damascus in which he felt wholly at ease with himself, and properly esteemed. He seldom went anywhere else. Very soon the women people were saying they knew what the attraction was. A certain expectation began to crystallize. Enoch became aware of it, not knowing how. Mitchell cultivated it adroitly. Since his offer to invest capital in the business of Gib & Breakspeare had been declined, the idea of marrying Esther to one of the firm took possession of his thoughts. His preference was for Enoch, because more securely through him than through Aaron would the Mitchell chariot be hitched to the star of iron. He talked of both of them to Esther, with an air of being impartial, as if giving her his intimate, unguarded impressions. As he understood women, their minds worked on these matters in a contrary manner. To disparage Aaron might be prejudicial to his ends. He never did that. Nevertheless, Enoch came off by every comparison as much the superior person. Esther listened attentively and said nothing.

"Do you ever think of getting married?" he asked her. "I sometimes wonder."

"No," she said, "I never have. Why do you ask?"

"But you may," he said.

"Have you someone in view for me?" In her voice was a certain elusive tone, unresolved between doubt and irony, that he knew and hated.

It made him uneasy. Sometimes it made him feel small.

"Seriously, I have," he replied. "That is to say, I have hoped you might become interested that way in Enoch Gib. You know what I think of him. He will be a great man in this country if nothing happens."

"Does it much concern your happiness?" she asked. There was that tone again.

"I wouldn't put it that way," he said. "I am thinking of your future. It would give me a sense of great comfort."

This was at dinner's end one evening when they were alone. As he talked, with his eyes down, he traced a figure on the tablecloth with a spoon, making it deeper and deeper as his unease increased. He felt all the time that she was regarding him with a wide, impenetrable expression.

"Oh," she said after an interval of silence.

Looking at her slyly he caught the reflection of an ambiguous smile.

Expectations increased. More marriages take place under the tyranny of expectation than in any other way. All New Damascus society became expectant. Enoch proposed, as Esther expected, with an air of bestowing himself where he was sure to be appreciated. She took some time about it and then accepted him. Aaron was apparently the only person in New Damascus who had not foreseen it. He was deeply astonished.

Why? It was not an improbable consummation. Yet it seemed to him strange and unnatural.

He first heard of it at dinner with the Mitchells. Enoch was present. Mitchell announced it as if Aaron were a large party of friends. He responded as such. There was a misplaced note in his felicitations. He was aware of this, and so was Esther. But in trying to cancel the impression, he made it worse. Enoch was protected as by wool with a sense of proprietorship and self-satisfaction. Mitchell was insensitive. Esther kept looking at Aaron. There was a troubled, startled expression in her eyes. He misread it for distaste. He had long imagined she disliked him. Several times that evening she was brief with him, almost curt, and this had never happened before.

His visits to the Mitchell house thereafter were formal and less frequent. Enoch's manner of making himself paramount affected him disagreeably. And Esther's behavior perplexed him. She was at one time much more friendly than he expected, and at another so deliberately indifferent that he could only conclude that she meant to estrange him.

Yet now a fatality began to operate. By a law of coincidence that we do not understand, and that may not exist, they began to meet outside the household, purely, as it seemed in each case, by accident, in unexpected places—on the street again and again, once at night in a crowd at an open-air Punch and Judy show in which neither of them was at all interested, once in Philadelphia, where he was transacting business and she was shopping with her maid, and once in a memorable way on a path through the woods to Throne Rock, a natural seat on the mountain summit from which the view of the valley was exciting.

It was a Sunday afternoon in early May. He was going; she was returning. They were at first surprised, then embarrassed, and became absurdly self-conscious. She wore a wide-brim hat pulled down on both sides and tied under her chin. She was hot and tired; her color was high. Her dress was torn. He noticed it.

"I was after these," she said, catching his glance. She held out a bunch of dogwood blossoms with a gesture to share them. He admired them and there was nothing else to say. So they stood, she looking at him and holding out the dogwood flowers, he looking fixedly at them until her arm dropped and she turned to go on. He let her go and went his way up the path. But he looked back. She had stopped and was seated on a fallen tree trunk. He returned. She did not look up.

"I'd like to give you a farewell party," he said. "Will you come?"

"A farewell party?"

"There ought to be a better name for it," he said. "A sour-grape party then. I've always wanted to give you a dinner at the mansion. Will you come?"

"Yes," she said.

And then again there was nothing else to say. She rose and he walked with her toward the town.

"If Enoch won't mind," he said.

"Why should he mind?" she asked.

"Perhaps he won't," said Aaron.

This thought, as to whether Enoch would mind, had far and separate projections in each of their minds and kept them silent until at the natural parting of their ways she turned to face him and held out her hand. It was a gesture of dismissal. He bowed and left her.

The dinner party took place just two weeks before her wedding day. It was perhaps too elaborate. It contained every preparable element of success. Aaron did his best to save it, and yet nobody enjoyed it. Esther was visibly depressed. Enoch sulked. The guests rallied them until it was seen to be hopeless and then let them alone. They simply could not react with gayety.

Aaron as host had special rights in the guest of honor, and took them. Enoch grew steadily worse. Opinion upon him was divided. Some thought it was the natural gloom of his nature and were full of foreboding for Esther. Others said they did believe the man was jealous.

(Continued on Page 52)

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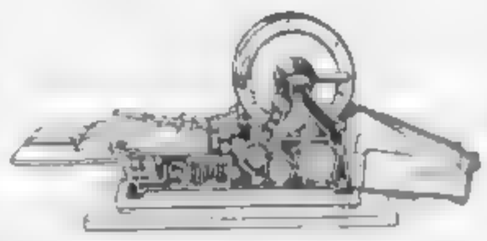

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TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

(Continued from Page 50)

After a dance Esther and Aaron walked on the terrace.

"Forgive me," she said. "I have spoiled the party."

"No," he said, "it's my fault. I knew better, but I couldn't resist it. And it is in a sense a farewell party."

"What does that mean?"

"After your wedding I may not see you again for a long time. I'm only waiting on Enoch's account. Then I shall be going to Europe for a year, perhaps more."

"On business?" she asked.

"Ye-es," he answered slowly.

They took several more turns without speaking.

"What are your plans?" he asked.

"None that I know of," she said.

She had stopped. He saw that her gaze was directed at Enoch's ancestral iron-stone house below. The fitful glare of the blast furnaces lower down lighted its somber nakedness and gave it a relentless, sinister aspect. The windows, which were small and unsoftened by copings, were like cruel, ferocious eyes in a powerful, short-haired, suspicious animal.

"Shall you live there?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, giving him a frowning, startled look, as if he had surprised her at a disadvantage. She added: "Enoch took me through it yesterday. The room where he was born—that will be mine. The room where his father died is just as it was then. He thinks we shouldn't touch it."

She shivered. He asked her if she was cold. She wasn't, but on the next turn past the door she turned and they went in.

Enoch's idea of marriage was inherited. You take a wife from the church to the ancestral abode and become jointly responsible with God for her past, present, future and hereafter, for her body, her mind, her way with the neighbors, for everything about her save the separate flame of her individuality. That is vanity. The house is yours, therefore she must accept it. It was yours before she had any rights in it, therefore she must get used to it, as she must get used to you. And why not? If Aaron married would he not take his wife to the Woolwine mansion just as it was? Well, what was Aaron's was like Aaron and what was Enoch's was like Enoch, and what a woman married was what she got.

Enoch rode home with Esther that night in her father's carriage. Mitchell had gone home earlier and sent the carriage back. As they were passing the iron-stone house—fatally then—Enoch asked:

"What do you and Aaron find to talk about?"

"Nothing," she said.

That was literally the truth. It was with extreme difficulty that they found anything to say to each other. Never had they carried on an intimate, self-revealing conversation. There was too much constraint on both sides. But Enoch could hardly believe that Aaron was under any circumstances inarticulate like himself. Or was it that he knew instinctively that if what Esther said was true there lay in that truth a deep significance?

Her answer made him seethingly angry. An ungovernable feeling rose up in him spirally. It was as an adder stinging him in the dark. He could not seize it, for he knew not what or where it was. He could not escape from it. The pain was horrible.

Esther knew nothing of these violent emotions. She had no more intuition of him than he had of her. That sense by which natures attuned exchange thoughts without words was impossible between them. Between Esther and Aaron it already existed—it always had. But it was unacknowledged.

Enoch passed three days without seeing Esther, hoping she might send for him. On the fourth day he went to dinner and she treated him as if nothing were the matter. She hardly knew there was. That made it much worse. Then he flourished the wound by pretending heroically to conceal it. That method will work only provided the woman cares and loves the child in her man. Esther did not care. She refused to discover the hurt. The man's last recourse is to injure the woman. Enoch eased himself by hurting her. He became oppressive. He began to mention the things that should be rendered unto Cæsar, categorically, gratuitously. He revealed the laws of Gib; he appointed how the concavities of her life should correspond to the convexities of his; he spoke of penalties, forfeits and consequences, and of the ancient legal principle that ignorance of the statutes is no defense provided the statutes have been duly published. She listened with wide-open eyes. He believed he inspired her with admiration for the stern stuff he was made of, and thus blindly sought his fate. So his hurt was revenged but in no wise healed.

On the eve of their wedding day, at dinner, Aaron's name was pronounced. The invisible circumstances were tragic. Enoch happened at that instant to be regarding Esther with a sensation that was new to him and very disturbing. He knew not what to do with it. Suddenly he had been seized with a great longing for her, a yearning of the heart toward the fact of her being that was savage, tender and desolate. He wondered that Esther and her father both were not aware of this singular and dramatic occurrence. It shook him like an earth tremor. An impulse to speak, to shout, to cry out words of fantastic meaning, to rise and touch her, became almost uncontrollable—almost. It occurred to him for the first time like a blow that he had never discovered her nature, her true self. He had not tried. The importance of doing so, the possibility of it, had not been thought of.

But he would. He would begin all over again to get acquainted with her.

In that moment he loved her. And it was then, just then, that he heard the sound of Aaron's name. He could not say which one of them uttered it. The sound was all he knew. Instantly the hideous, stinging adder upraised from his depths and began striking at the walls of his breast. Vividly, stereoptically, as a series of pictures, there flashed across his mental vision every situation in which he had seen Aaron and Esther together. He had been able to control the impulse of love to vent its untimely ecstasy; his rage he could not govern.

To Esther's and her father's amazement he began, with no apparent provocation whatever, to utter against Aaron defamations of an extreme and irrevocable character. His manner contradicted the violence of his feelings. It was self-possessed, one would almost say restrained; that was his way under stress of emotional excitement. At no point did he become in the least incoherent. His words were chilled and came to him easily. One might have thought he was thinking out loud, very earnestly, in solitude. On his face was that singular Gib expression, never witnessed before in the Mitchell household, the mouth contortion one mistook for a smile. So far as Esther and Mitchell could see, the performance was gratuitous and premeditated.

It had gone far before they realized that his state was one of passion. But that discovery had no mitigating value. They made no effort to stop him. He spoke of things that are supposed to be unmentionable, and of his private intentions, and closed abruptly with the declaration that Aaron should never be received in his house as a guest.

"Let that be understood," he said to Esther.

Then Enoch rose from the table and departed.

Mitchell was stupefied. He looked slowly at Esther. Her face was a perfect mask.

"Do you know what it means?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"What? What?"

"It's the only way Mr. Gib has of paying your daughter a compliment," she said.

And now Bruno Mitchell suffered another shock. For the first time in her life Esther rose from the table and left him there. She went to her room, sent her maid to bed, and sat for a long time perfectly still, at the core of a maelstrom, her emotions whirling and seething around her. They were her emotions. She recognized them as such. Only, they were outside of her.

This had always been true. Even before she understood what it meant her mother, a stoic, began to say: "Don't give way to your feelings. They will swallow you up. Watch them. If you can see them they cannot hurt you." So she had watched them fearfully. To do that she had to put them outside. She had seen them grow, change and rise until they engulfed her, and then the only way she could save herself was to give them a whirling motion that caused them to incline from her. But it was harder and harder to

(Continued on Page 54)

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Player Pianos

(Continued from Page 52)

keep them whirling and she dared not stop, for if she did they would swallow her up.

The spectacle became awesome and fascinating, as a maelstrom is, and there were moments when the perverse impulse to stop, surrender, cast herself headlong away, was almost irresistible. She thought of this as equivalent to suicide. And she had for a long time secretly supposed it would ultimately happen. Now she was terrified and thrilled by a premonition that it was imminent. Never had the waters been so mad, so giddy, so nearly ungovernable, so excitingly desirable

That is all she was thinking of—if it may be called thinking as she started up, drew on walking boots, took a shawl and descended the stairs. In the hallway she met her father. He looked at her with surprise.

"Are you going out?"

"For a walk," she said.

"But, Esther! At this hour alone. I ——"

"Yes," she said, waiting. "Do you forbid it?"

There was a note in her voice he had never heard before. She wished him to say yes, he forbade it. That was why she asked the question. And if he had said that the whirling flood would have collapsed at once. That again was all she was thinking. It was a wild, liberating thought. But instead he took a step toward her and scrutinized her face.

"Esther, what has happened to you?"

"On the eve of my wedding day I am going for a walk alone," she said.

Since the unprecedented uproar of the inclined waters had begun an hour before she had not once thought of her wedding. The word of it, as now it came to her lips, seemed strange and fantastic, though she had made no resolve against it.

Her father stood aside and she passed out

Half an hour later the knocker sounded and Mitchell himself went to the door, expecting to receive Esther. There was Enoch. He asked to see her.

"She has gone for a walk," said Mitchell. "Won't you come in and wait? She can't be long returning."

Enoch hesitated and turned away, saying he might have the good luck to meet her.

He had come to mend the impression he was conscious of having left behind him. At least that was the ostensible reason. That was what he would have said. The fact was that the adder had suddenly slunk away, and once more came that feeling for Esther which was so new and strange and caused his heart to stagger back and forth. It was stronger than before, stronger than pride. He could scarcely breathe for the ache of wanting to see her again that night.

Esther had turned first toward the river path, then she changed her direction aimlessly, walked for some distance toward the limestone quarry, suddenly swung around, passed the blast furnaces, and presently, only her feet aware of how they came there, she was high on the mountain path to Throne Rock. She had been walking too fast. Her breath began to fail and she sat on a log to rest. The moon came up. The log was the same fallen tree trunk on which she sat with her dogwood flowers the day Aaron turned round, came back, and invited her to a farewell dinner party. She knew it all the time. The scene restored itself, with all the feelings it evoked, and she did not push them back. They detached themselves from the whirling mass and touched her. There was a moment in which she could not remember anything that had happened since; and in that moment, as an integral part of it, the figure of Aaron appeared, walking toward her from above, exactly as before.

She sat so still he might almost have passed her. He did not start. For a long time he stood looking at her. She did not move. He could not see her face. Then without speaking he sat beside her, at a little distance, on the log. The tree frogs informed on one another, peeping, peeping. A dry twig falling made a crashing sound. Far away below, at regular intervals, shrill whistle blasts denoted stages in the ring of smelting alchemies.

Aaron spoke. "What day is tomorrow?"

"I don't know," said Esther.

They were silent until the whistle blew again.

"At ten o'clock," said Aaron.

"At ten o'clock," said Esther.

The exchange of wordless thoughts went on and on, and Aaron was expecting what she said.

"I do not love him."

"He loves you," said Aaron.

"Does that so much oblige the woman?" Esther asked

"The woman is obliged," he said. "She is unless,——" He stopped.

"Aaron," she said, "tell me this. How do friends regard each other's wives and sweethearts?"

"Sweethearts almost the same as wives," he said.

"So that if one loved the sweetheart of a friend he could not tell her that?"

"No, he could not."

"Not even if he knew the sweetheart did not love the friend?"

"No," said Aaron.

"Then should the woman tell him?"

"Tell whom?" asked Aaron, trembling.

"The friend—the other man," said Esther.

Aaron slowly dropped his head between his hands. She could feel his body shake. A roaring blackness filled her eyes. She rose and moved away with stumbling feet. Aaron overtook her. His arms enfolded her. They touched her lightly, almost not at all at first, then tightened, tightened, tightened, until her life was crushed to his and all the waters fell. He put her off at arm's length to see her better.

"Through all consequences, forever, to finality," he said. And she was satisfied.

How long they stood so, either thus or as it was, gazing one upon the other, with no words to say—how long, they never knew. A sound of footsteps, very near, broke their ecstasy, and there stood Enoch looking at them. They had no sense of guilt. They were shy and startled from the shock of coming back to earth.

Aaron moved, drawing Esther's form behind him. At that Enoch turned and went away, laughing. Twenty paces on his way he laughed again. When he was out of sight he laughed.

The sound of his laughter reverberated, echoed, swirled, went and returned, filled the whole valley, blasting the night. Then when he was far off he uttered a piercing, terrible scream. It rose on the air like a rocket, hissed, burst with a soft splash and pitched off into space, and the world for a moment was deathly still. The tree frogs were the first to recover and began frantically to fill up the void.

Aaron touched Esther. They descended. She inquired of him nothing; he informed her of nothing. They did not speak again for hours. They walked to the Woolwine mansion. He called for horses, a light vehicle and wraps. And all that night they drove, past the setting moon, into the darkness, through the dawn, toward Wilkes-Barre. Next day at noon they were married.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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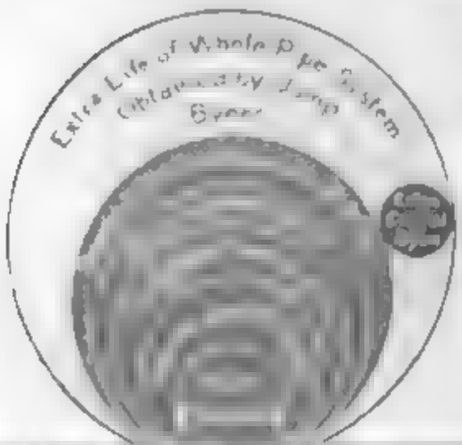

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A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 11)

"And the coffee wasn't fit to drink," Oswald muttered as he left the house and set out on his ten-minute walk to the station.

Lovely state of things! And it would be like this from this out—the household affairs going to the devil, everything slighted, scamped or neglected, while that foolish woman frittered away her time on this new crazy notion. Not such a costly experiment as her mushroom raising, perhaps—as she had pointed out—or as the Belgian-hare business, or the tulip culture, or fifty other ways of amassing riches in leisure time that Mrs. Bessie had enthusiastically adopted; but an experiment that would entail the usual waste, mismanagement and domestic discomfort until it had run its course to disappointment. Costly enough!

"If a man would be rich he must first ask his wife's consent." Old Ben Franklin said that, or something like it; and, saying it, he certainly said something. A practical man, old Ben. If only Bessie had been a practical woman! What might not he, Oswald, have been if he had chosen a wife wisely; one who would have conducted her household with system and order, thriftily saving her husband's money instead of frittering it and her own time and strength on nonsensical flimflammeries, who would have set herself to build a solid edifice of prosperity instead of castles in Spain? A woman like Annabel Leach, for instance.

Nearly a block ahead of him he saw Sam Wheeler, one of the seven-forty-twosers, stepping briskly stationward, and Oswald mended his own pace. Wouldn't do to miss that train, darn it! A thousand 7:42's caught, a thousand more to catch—and for what? To get down to the same old desk, dictate the same old letters, decide the same old questions the same old routine, and for the same old salary. But he had done the work well, and the Gossages knew it. Old Gossage had practically admitted it the day before, holding out promotion with a string to it, and then jerking the string back. The old scoundrel knew that he was safe. No family man who had lived to the limit of his income could afford to tell his employer to go to hell, even if he were confident that he would be able to get a better job and more money by doing it. Always a risk, and a married man had to be a coward. On the other hand, the employer—Gossage, at least—wouldn't be keen about promoting a wastrel who, after years of steady employment on—yes, on a fairly good salary, as salaries go, couldn't show a measly five thousand dollars laid by. "If a man would be rich he must first ask his wife's consent"; but, of course, that hadn't occurred to Gossage.

He heard the faint whistle of the train, and noting the position of its smoke with an expert eye, walked on still faster, but with his mind working on his grievance. If he had hung onto the money that he had put into that Florida land! Gedley Leach had been going into that, too; but did Annabel get behind and push him? She did not! She grabbed his coat tails and yanked him back. Wise Annabel, who concluded that she would take a run down to the west coast and take a slant at this dirt-cheap wonderland, taking a chance of it being snapped up before she got there! Clever Annabel, who returned after many weeks and told the Hempsons that they had certainly cast their bread upon the waters, and that just as soon as Mr. Burbank evolved an aquatic variety of oranges they would make their everlasting fortunes!

It became necessary for Oswald to run. In fact it was just as much as he could do by a swift sprint to flip on the rear end of the train as it pulled out of the station. That meant a walk through the train to the smoking car in front. Oswald certainly needed the soothing influence of tobacco. But about halfway through the second car he felt his own coat tails yanked, and looking round saw that it was Annabel Leach who had twitched them.

"As far as you go," said Annabel, with a bright smile, as she made room for him.

Oswald's smile was no less bright. It may even have been brighter. Gone, vanished, obliterated entirely was the cloud that had overshadowed his brow; Florida, burned bacon, trouble and transpositions were, for the nonce, forgotten. The slump went out of his shoulders as he raised his hat; his chest expanded. A handsome and gallant cavalier instantly; hardly, one would say, more than approaching middle age.

"Annabel! What luck! Lady, I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays. And how stunning you are looking! Not that that is in any way remarkable, but all these years of absence make it strike me more forcibly than ever."

The tribute was almost sincere. There were no gray hairs in Annabel's chic *chevelure*. In her earliest youth she had never been so vividly, colorfully blond. You could hardly tell it. And the same with the red on her cheeks and lips; that is, you could hardly say whether their not-too-vivid-but-just-about-right tinting was the pure and simple glow of health or a work of high art, unless Annabel had confided in you quite frankly—which she might have done, if you come to that. Beautifully groomed, efficiently massaged, superbly tailored in a rough russet cloth suit, with ribbed brown woolen stockings fitting snugly to shapely ankles and terminating in low-heeled brown brogues. Striking without being flamboyant; by no means frivolous in appearance or manner, but self-possessed, assured Eyes a little too light and a little too cold, of a glacial greenish blue, tinting gray. But they seemed to warm a little to Oswald.

"You always say nice things, Oswald," she told him. "But if you haven't seen me for a long time it's your own fault. You know where I live."

"Not so sure about it," Oswald replied. "You used to live only a little over a mile from us, which isn't a long journey for people with six-cylinder cars, but a considerable undertaking for a tired business man who hasn't so much as a flivver—and his wife."

"How is dear Bessie?"

"As well as usual, thanks, and very busy."

"Not chickens?"

Annabel smiled as she asked the question and Oswald permitted himself an answering smile.

"Something far more remunerative than chickens," he said. "Between you and me, Annabel, Bessie confidently expects to make our fortunes for us within the next month or so. Then we intend to buy a car, so that we can run over and see you—and Gedley. Gedley is looking well. We ate lunch together yesterday. Lucky Gedley!"

"He told me." She regarded him compassionately. "Poor Oswald!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Oswald.

He felt that he was rather loyal in saying it. There had been an almost tender inflection in Annabel's voice; something implying more than pity, perhaps. Rather flattering from a woman like Annabel. A mighty handsome woman, as he looked at her. Fine figure! "Statuesque"—that was the word clean, hard lines, suggesting marble or bronze rather than anything so soft and yielding as flesh and blood, and therefore —— Pygmalion must have felt mighty complacent, apart from the nobler emotion at the thought of his triumph over Galatea's stoniness. A couplet from one of Offenbach's operas came into his head:

Grace and wit hang round me yet,
For still I am the ladies' pet.

He hummed the gay air.

"You are wonderful!" Annabel told him. "Always cheerful and light-hearted! Never complaining! Gedley is generally kicking about something, when he isn't absolutely stodgy."

"Good old Gedley!" said Oswald, still admirably loyal.

"Yes, good old Gedley," Annabel assented, with a wry, hard smile. "I'm going downtown now to attend to good old Gedley's business for him. If I didn't he'd make a good old hash of it. Oh, we women are fools!"

"Nobody would accuse you of being one."

"Do you really mean that for a compliment?"

"Well, it's rather a rare thing to find beauty and charm combined with a brilliant intellect in a woman," Oswald answered. "You might take it so, unless you're fed up with that sort of thing."

"Ah, that's better!" She rewarded him with a brilliant smile. "Oswald, you ought to be a very rich man, do you know it? Here I am, making a rich man of Gedley I'm only afraid he'll soon think that he has got money enough to give up making the

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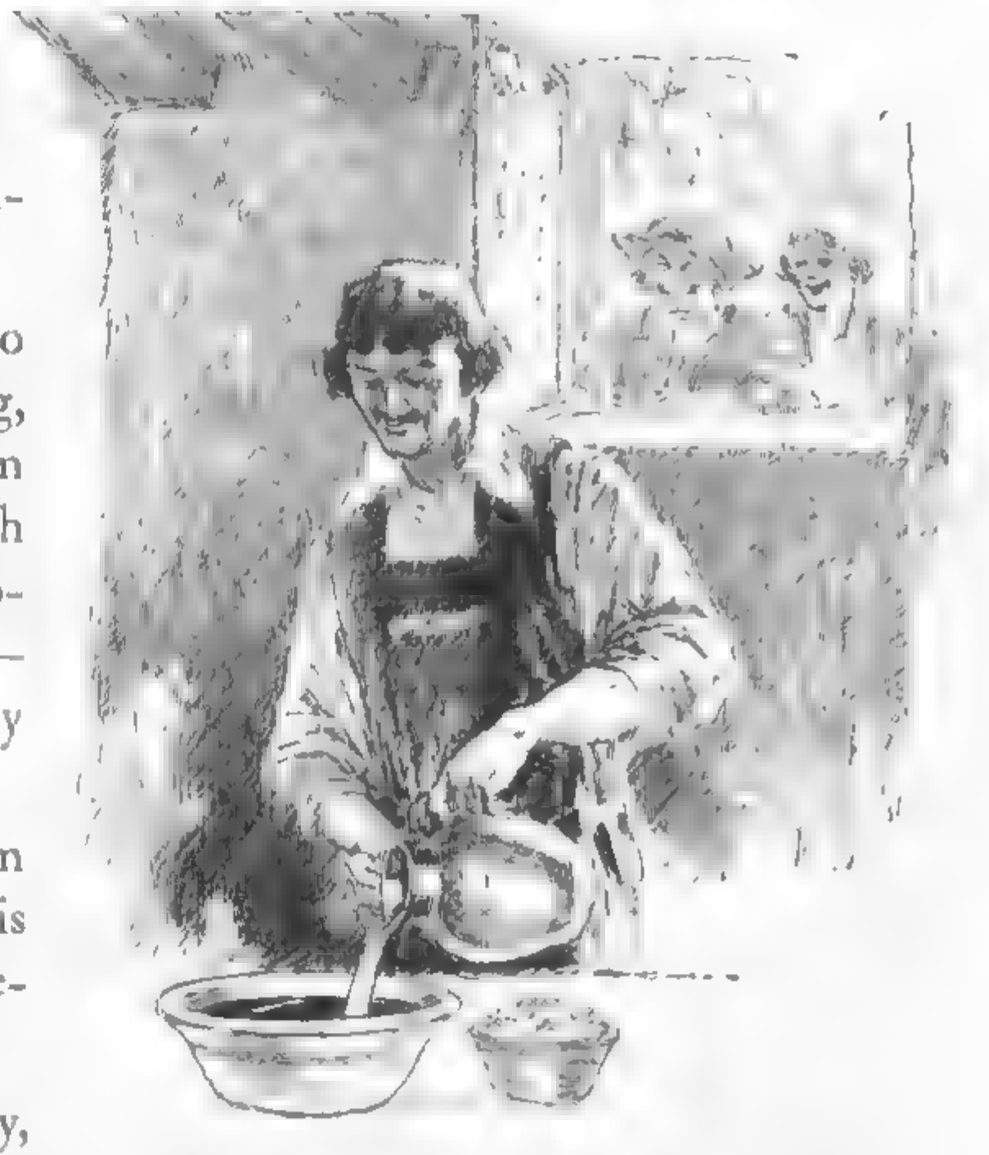
The little village laughed···



IT all started in a tiny Swiss village half a century ago.

Daniel Peter, with a family to support, was struggling along, managing to keep the wolf from the door, when he was struck with an idea. The idea became an obsession. He bent all his energies—worked day and night—to carry it out.

The little village ridiculed him for spending so much time in his kitchen "trying to make something new to eat."

But Daniel Peter worked away, oblivious to their taunts. And he ended by giving to millions throughout the world *milk chocolate*—one of the most popular and nourishing food-confections ever worked out.

Even more important, Peter continued collecting and testing the choicest cocoa beans until he had perfected his blend.

And that *Peter's blend* has remained the standard of milk chocolate quality for over 50 years.

Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in Peter's. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day

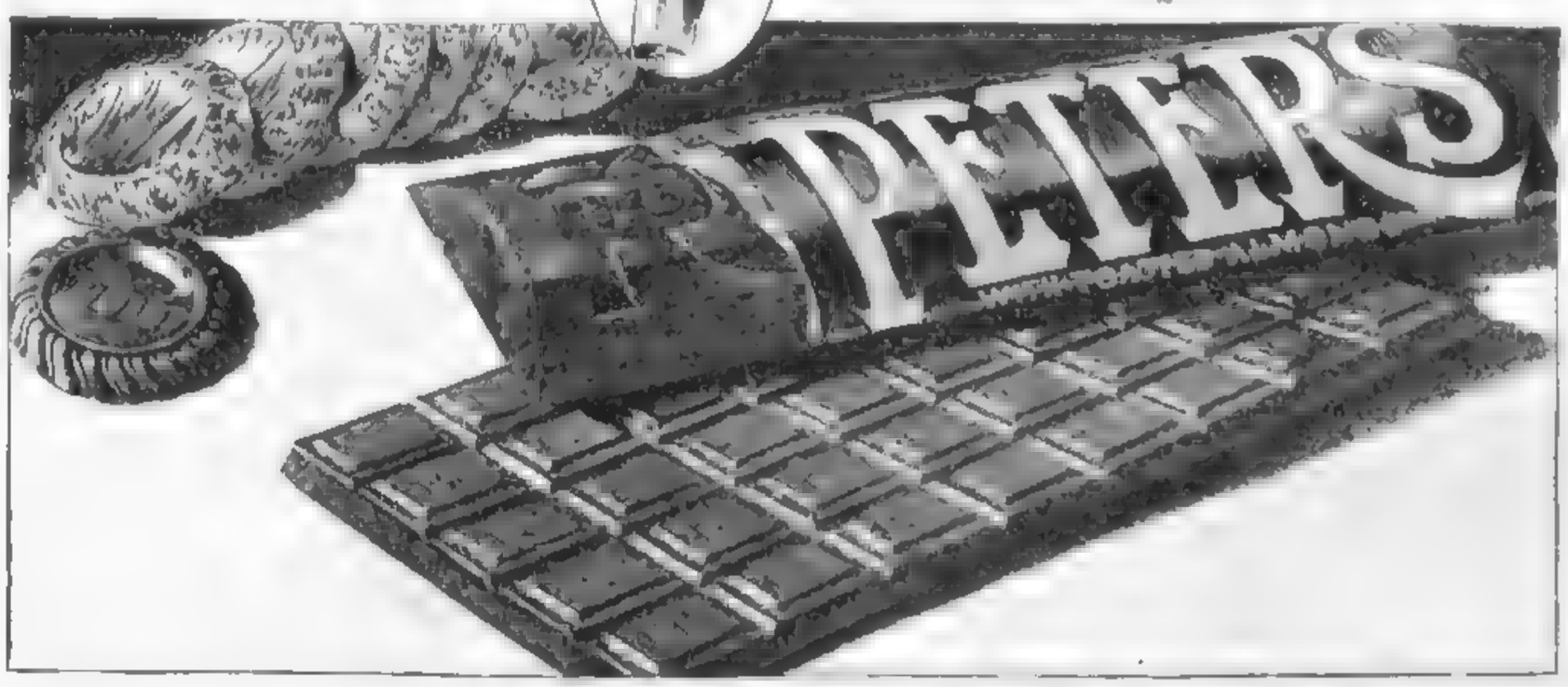
Roasting and blending the cocoa beans is an art. The *Peter's* process is still a secret. In our large American factory only foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of this work.

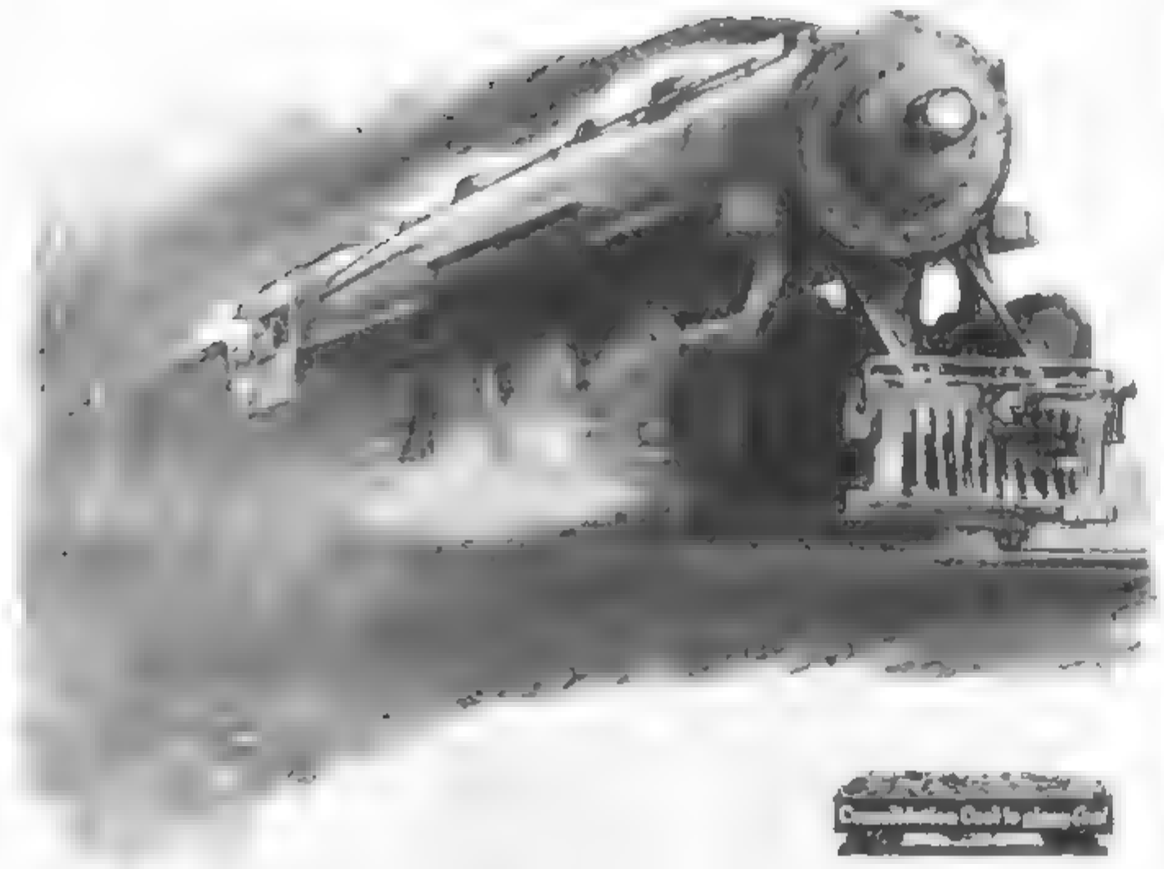
It's *good*, this *Peter's* Milk Chocolate; if you haven't tasted it, you should. You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

Dealers unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

HIGH AS THE ALPS IN QUALITY

plain, almond bars & croquettes





Backing up the Railroads

Recognizing that co-operation with the Railroads is the patriotic obligation of every factor in the coal business, The Consolidation Coal Company is keyed to the one idea of making fullest use of the transportation facilities which the Railroads are straining to supply.

Distribution of our 92 mines in the five coal-producing states enables us to prevent many long hauls by shipping from points as near as possible to the consumer. Coal cars are thus speeded up for a second trip to the mines.

Furthermore, we are rigorously maintaining the Consolidation standard of shipping only clean coal of highest power content so that not one of the coal cars made available to us shall be used to haul waste substances so often found in inferior, carelessly-produced coal.

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F. HURLBUT COMPANY, *Green Bay, Wis.*

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motions of business and be under my feet all the time. You wouldn't be like that. You're really ambitious. You may try to hide it, but I think I understand you. You've got brains and you've got ambition. All you want is ——" She checked herself "Life's a funny thing, isn't it, Oswald?"

"All I need is a little luck," said loyal Oswald. "And, I might add, a little money."

At the terminus Oswald helped his fair friend into a taxi, closed the door and transmitted to the driver the Lasalle Street address of her brokers. She kissed her hand to him as she drove away, and Oswald hoped that some of his train acquaintances had noticed that. He would not have been seriously offended if somebody had rallied him on the incident. "Some swell dame I saw kissing her hand to you this morning, Oswald. Naughty, naughty! But I can't say I blame you, at that. Class to that lady, I'll say! How do you do it, sport? Is it your handsome face or your winning way?" That sort of thing. But apparently nobody noticed, and Oswald set out afoot to the office.

He had another hard day; harder because he had to make an effort to keep his mind on his work. Every time that he looked over at Naylor's desk and saw old Naylor fumbling with his papers, shuffling them about, peering through and over his spectacles, considering each document with a puzzled frown as he took it up, laid it down and took it up again, Oswald wondered that the old fellow could have held on so long as he had and kept his department going in any fashion whatever. High time he was retired, poor old boy! And what would Rennie make of it? Oswald caught himself looking over at Rennie's desk a good deal. Rennie was a man of about his own age; young enough to entertain new ideas, vigorous enough to carry them out. But would he? Doubtful, in spite of Mr. Rennie's brisk and competent air.

Very doubtful! A good deal of a four-flusher, Rennie; just about capable of handling the job he had, if no extra strain was put upon him. He would be an improvement on Naylor, of course, if his conceit didn't carry him out of his depth; but the job really needed a man of brains and imagination, with a hard, practical streak in him. Such a man Oswald felt himself to be.

Annabel had told him that he had brains and ambition. Yes, Annabel did understand him. She had brains, too, and a practical streak. Perhaps not so hard. Oswald recollected the warm pressure of the hand that she had ungloved to give him before she got into the taxi. There was something in that action—unmistakable when you came to think it over. Well, here was Rennie over at Naylor's desk and the two talking together. Was Naylor already beginning the breaking in of his successor?

But give the man of brain and imagination that foreign department to play with and see what would happen inside of a year! Something more than a little reorganization; bigger results than mere economy in its administration. Instead of retrenchment, there would be expenditures on a grand scale; but Gossages' goods would be going to the ends of the earth in all directions, and from all directions the profits would come rolling in to an extent now undreamed of in the Gossage philosophy. The increased salary would be a nice thing for the man of brains, but the great thing would be the achievement. Yes, Annabel understood him. He was ambitious. His ambition may have been dormant all these years, but it was there. He had lain awake the night before, his remarkable brain busy with schemes for the extension of world trade for Gossages—and he had heard the impractical partner of his joys and sorrows whispering to herself words that might go into "unconstitutionality."

And Annabel was making Gedley Leach a rich man!

Yes, on the whole, it had been a pretty hard day for Oswald; and he returned to the bosom of his family in no better humor than that in which he had left it. To begin with, it was raining when the train arrived at Deepdene. Bess had begged him to take his umbrella; but he had rather ungraciously refused to encumber himself with it, and now he was in for a soaking. It was blowing as well as raining; blowing hard—against him, of course—and it was a cold, cold wind that lashed his garments savagely this way and that, as if in a frenzy of impatience to find a way through them to his bones and the marrow within. So that his thoughts were naturally of the coming winter and of the coal supply; of the new grate for the furnace and the renewal of the asbestos wrapping for its pipes; of the new winter overcoat that he wanted but wouldn't get, and the ditto that Harry wanted and would get; to say nothing of what Bessie and Lois wanted and would have to have, exclusive of winter underwear for the whole family. Such cheery little thoughts.

But, after all, home awaited him; welcome, light, warmth and cheer; dry clothes laid out, a good, hot dinner, with steaming, fragrant coffee in readiness. Would he not find all these creature comforts at the end of the muddy road? He would not! At least he did not at once. The house, as he approached it, seemed deserted. Not a light from any window, not a wreath of smoke from a chimney. He had to shout in the hall before he got his welcome, and then Bessie came running down the stairs in great consternation.

"Jimps, my poor fellow! Why, you're simply drowned, and oh, how cold you are! Oh, oh, Jimps, I had no idea it was so late as this! Come into the living room and I'll light the gas grate. Never mind your shoes. Oh, why didn't you take your umbrella?"

She dragged him to the living room, and there relinquished his arm and flew before him to the grate; where, after breaking three matches in her eagerness, she lit a fourth and accomplished a sufficiently alarming explosion of the accumulated gas, which by a lucky miracle failed to do more than slightly singe her as she tumbled back. Oswald swore.

"It's all right," she reassured him, as with his assistance she scrambled to her feet. "I'm not hurt. Now get up there and warm yourself while I fetch you something dry to put on."

She was out of the room like a flash, and Oswald heard her upstairs pulling out drawers and slamming closet doors. He shrugged his shoulders and began to unlace a sodden shoe. Before he had got it off, his wife was back, both her arms full of dry garments, which she at once dropped to go down on her knees to the other shoe.

"I'm so sorry—so awfully, awfully sorry! If I had only known ——"

"Here, let that alone," snapped Oswald, drawing his foot back. "I'll attend to that. Did you bring any towels?"

"Yes, dear. You see, I was in the back bedroom, and I didn't even notice that it had started to rain until I heard you call. I was never more ——"

"That'll do," said Oswald sharply. "Where's Harry? I suppose he couldn't have brought my raincoat and an umbrella down to the station. Too much trouble."

"Harry went over to Jim Barry's to help him install his wireless. He's probably waiting for the rain to stop. That was how ——"

"It didn't occur to you that I might want to put on dry socks, did it?"

"Here they are, dear."

"Then if you'll be kind enough to go to the kitchen and get me something hot to drink—and take those wet things with you—I'll change my underwear. Shut the door after you, please."

"I just wanted to tell you ——"

"Am I to stand shivering here in my wet clothes while you tell me? Tell me later."

Bessie disappeared.

"She can't tell me anything," said Oswald savagely. "I know."

But he did not know the worst. By the time that he had changed, Bessie came in with hot coffee. He sipped it and looked at her darkly.

"This is warmed over," he accused.

"Of course, dear. I thought you wanted something hot at once, and there wouldn't have been time to make fresh. You see, Helga couldn't come to help this afternoon. Her husband is at home sick, so I just ordered a nice steak and I thought I'd have it all ready for you by the time you got home; but Lois and Harry being gone ——"

"Where's Lois?"

"She went to the matinée with the Selwyn girls. I told you about that, you know. I thought they'd all be back by your train, at the latest. Don't be cross, Jimps. You see, the house being so quiet and nobody to remind me— "

"And you being busy with more important matters than dinner—there is no dinner. Is that it?"

(Continued on Page 60)

Reasonable Prices and Easy Terms

Put Adding Machines Within Everyone's Reach

Producing a better adding machine at a lower price than the business world has been educated to expect has been accomplished by the Add-Index Corporation. With modern factories, designed to take advantage of the latest manufacturing practices, and without a large investment to protect in the way of obsolete plants and equipment, Add-Index has now been able to put fine adding machines within everyone's reach.

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Write for a demonstration—prompt and courteous service, without the slightest obligation to buy if you are not convinced that it is to your own best interest.

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The Add-Index Secretary

A fine writing combination cash register adding machine for desk and counter use, giving a whole office in one machine.

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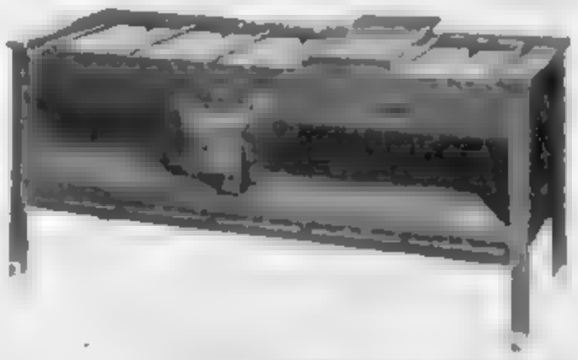

Add-Index Finding and Filing Machine

Touch proper key and up jumps the record

They accused him of cleaning his pipe

But he pleaded not guilty; he had merely filled it with Edgeworth

There is an old story about the youngster who washed his face and hands before going to school and none of his boy friends recognized him.

There is another about—but as this one comes in the form of a letter, we're going to give it to you that way.

1551 Portsmouth Ave.
Portland, Oregon

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

A short while ago you were kind enough to send me generous samples of both kinds of Edgeworth, and I enjoyed every grain of them.

When I lit the old pipe, several remarked on the fragrance of the tobacco and actually accused me of giving my pipe a scouring. But I had to disillusion them and tell them it was the tobacco and not the pipe.

So if I continue to woo Lady Nicotine, my best bet (and her best) will be Edgeworth.

Thanking you, I remain,

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed) Apton A. Brown.

This letter gave us a genuine surprise. Although we have often been assured by smokers that Edgeworth has a fragrance that can't be beaten, this is the first intimation that smoking Edgeworth does away with cleaning your pipe.

And of course we don't admit that it does.

Edgeworth smokers may not find it necessary to scour their pipes often, but any pipe should be cleaned now and then—for sentiment if for nothing else.

Besides its fragrance, Edgeworth has a taste that suits a lot of people. Not everyone. But enough so we are always eager to send out free samples on the chance that we may make a new friend for life.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, write your name and address down on a postal and send it off to us. We will send you immediately generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 58)

"I'm awfully sorry, but you see. I'll have that steak on in a jiffy, and there are some cold potatoes I can fry while the steak's broiling, and I've already started the coffee. Just be patient, dear."

"Oh, damn!" cried Oswald.

It was not a sociable, happy evening by any means. Bessie did the best with the steak that her perturbed condition permitted; but to broil a steak properly the artist should be calm of spirit, confident, unhurried and undisturbed, and the lady was anxious, remorseful, tremulous and distracted. Lois blew in before long, in time to slip into a big apron and hinder a little; and then came Harry, and sounds of high words from the living room into which he had unfortunately intruded. He retreated in disorder to the kitchen.

"Say, mom, what's eating pops? He's been bawling me out something fierce. Say, do I have to change my clothes? He says I gotta, but I'm not wet. Feel me. Jim's mother made me take their old four-passenger bumbleshoot, and, believe me, it was like walking home under a circus tent."

"Do as your father tells you, dear boy," said his mother. "And please don't bother ——"

She broke off to snatch the blazing steak from the stove, and succeeded in extinguishing the flame without following Harry's advice to throw sand on it.

"You beat it out of here!" Lois told her brother angrily. "And let those cookies alone! Mother, make him stop!"

No proper environment for a steak!

Oswald sat through the meal, eloquently silent for the most part, contenting himself with the language of the eye to convey his sentiments regarding the steak and potatoes and the occasional conversational sallies of Lois and Harry. But when Bessie thoughtlessly asked him if he had had a hard day he spoke.

"Oh, by no means! A very delightful day, indeed, meeting all sorts of pleasant and interesting people and exchanging with them ideas on various pleasant and interesting subjects. Nothing tedious, nothing wearing, of course. Just a little agreeable occupation to give one the sense of being, in a way, useful to the firm and not merely a highly paid loafer. Oh, yes, a very enjoyable day."

"Pretty soft, I'll say!" Harry commented. "Pret-ty soft!"

Oswald gave him the eye, and he giggled and subsided.

"It really seems unfair," Oswald continued, in the same sarcastic tone, "to be treading the primrose path daily while one's poor wife has nothing but a treadmill to tread. No rest, no respite! 'A man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done,' as the ancient and just proverb puts it."

"You bet it's a just proverb," cried Lois, firing up, as she sometimes did, "if you mean it's a true one. If I worked the way mother does I'd say it was true; but don't you ever make the mistake of thinking that I ever will. They'll never put little Lois out of the union for working over hours."

"Lois!" said Bessie.

"Oh, all right, mother. But I guess, for once, Harry wasn't so far wrong."

"For once!" rejoined Harry. "I like that! Thanks so much!"

"I think that will be about all from you, my dear children," said Oswald with a darkly ominous look. "I bow to your reproof, Lois, and now we will have a little less from you both—if you please."

Upon this there was decidedly less of it, and the meal proceeded to its cold-bread-pudding conclusion without further trouble.

The wind that shook the windows, and the rain and flurries of hail that beat against their panes, made it obvious that this was no night for young people to be abroad; consequently the domestic scene in the living room an hour later was quite complete: Dear father in his easy-chair by the shaded wall light, with his pipe and his book; mother with her sewing basket, busy with some needlework in which Lois, who sat beside her, was vitally interested; Harry bent over an open treatise on electricity applied to the transmission of sound, his fingers buried in his mop of hair, the gas logs glowing warmly, and the family cat stretched on the tiled hearth giving the final touch to the picture.

Presently Oswald became conscious of feeling pretty comfortable, after all. There had been parts of the steak that were fairly eatable, and he had eaten a good share of them. The potatoes had looked pretty sad, but some of them were not so bad, either, while the bread was as good as usual and the butter even better. The bread pudding had tasted better than bread pudding has any right to taste, and altogether, so far from having any bad effect, his dinner, now that it was over, might have been a very good dinner, indeed. And the pipe helped. He began to relent as he stole a glance at his family; but Bessie and Lois, who had been speaking in hushed undertones when they had occasion to say anything, so spoke at this moment; and a little later, Harry, in his boisterous way, broke out with a question, but at his mother's warning glance and uplifted finger completed it almost in a whisper. Oswald resented that. Were they making him out to be a domestic ogre, a petty tyrant, a despot, just because with abundant cause he had displayed a little natural irritation? All right! Let 'em, then!

It was quite a little while before he looked up again, but his ears were open. He heard much that was incomprehensible owing to the terminology employed by the two ladies; but, in a general way it was about Lois' new party dress.

He would have liked to hear what Lois thought of the show that afternoon. The kid usually made amusing comments. But he wasn't going to ask her about it. Soon there was some stirring and rustling, and then from Bessie the whispered word "saint."

"She can't mean me," thought Oswald, puzzled at first.

"'Saintly,'" whispered Lois. "That makes another."

"You mustn't tell me any," Bessie cautioned. "Let me get them myself. . . . 'Costly'—oh, and 'cost.'"

It was then that Oswald looked up and saw that the sewing had been laid aside and that Bessie was busy with her pencil.

"'Colt,'" said Bessie, and wrote it down.

It was not until the following evening that Oswald told Bessie of his meeting Annabel. Thereby he got a new light on his wife, and one which he was sorry to see illuminated another defect in her amiable character. Nothing serious; in fact a person of less discernment than Oswald might not have noticed it at all, so intangible was the lady's attitude and so reticent her speech. For instance, when he said, "By the way, I saw Annabel Leach yesterday," she merely answered, "Oh, did you?"

Now, there is nothing in those three words of themselves to dash a chatty impulse and make a man feel as if he had done a criminal thing, unless the tone and the inflection of the voice are taken into consideration; also, an almost imperceptible lift of the eyebrows.

"Uh-huh," said Oswald, affecting not to notice these things and maintaining his cheerful air. "She was on the 7:42, going into town to attend to some of Gedley's business for him. We had quite a little visit. She sent her love to you and told me to tell you that she and Gedley would be running over some evening next week."

"That will be nice."

Again tone and inflection must be taken into consideration.

"Sore at Annabel, Bess?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"Because really she isn't a bad sort, and I don't think that she and Gedley have got any notion that they've climbed too high to see us. Of course, Annabel's ambitious and wants to be in the swim; but she's a busy woman, anyway. I noticed she took a taxi from the station to Lasalle Street to save time. 'It's no extravagance,' says she. 'Time's money and I'm never above saving money.' That's Annabel — efficiency."

"She's very efficient, I know. Did you say it was yesterday morning that you saw her?"

"Yes. I had to run like the dickens to catch that train."

"Not this morning?"

"Why, no! Yesterday morning. I—I meant to tell you last night."

Oswald was immediately sorry that he had made that last statement. It sounded like an excuse or an apology, and there was surely no necessity for either or for stattering over it. Certainly things the night before had not been so as to make a man communicative. So why should there be all this atmosphere of suspicion, this veiled hostility, this unjust, unreasonable reserve? Why didn't the woman ask him what Annabel wore and how she looked and what she had to say? Well, he wouldn't volunteer anything.

"How's the word contest coming on by this time?" he asked.

"I didn't have much time to work on it today," she answered, with a faint smile. "I've been like Annabel Leach—very busy. Not so efficient, of course, but I've had my hands rather full today."

"You wasted too much time on the dinner," said Oswald, meaning to be jocular rather than ironical. It had been a particularly good and rather unusually elaborate dinner, although Helga's husband was still keeping her at home and Bessie had done the cooking herself.

"I'm sorry you think that the time was wasted," said Bessie.

Now her feelings were hurt! Could you beat it?

"The dinner was wonderful," Oswald hastened to say. "I certainly enjoyed it, Bess. Speaking of Annabel ——"

"Don't let's speak of her just now, please."

"Oh, just as you like," said Oswald.

But the good-natured fellow was determined to placate this difficult wife of his. She left the room for a little while, and in her absence Oswald took an old envelope from his pocket and began to write on the back of it. When Bessie came back he looked up at her with a bright smile.

"Notional," he remarked.

"Perhaps I am," said Bessie calmly.

"You don't get me. 'Ail,' 'tail,' 'sail,' 'tiny,' 'tot'—how are those?"

Bessie stared, and then, her eyes falling on the paper in his hand, she got him and laughed.

"You dear old silly Jimps!" she cried, and went over and kissed him.

And that was that, for the time being; but Oswald, nevertheless, felt that Bessie had shown a mighty unpleasant side of herself and an unworthy attitude toward Annabel. Jealousy? If there was any one thing that made a man tired, it was jealousy on the part of a wife. What had a wife to be jealous about? She'd got her man, hadn't she? And if he gave her no just cause for complaint in his friendly relations with other women, the mere circumstance of another woman being, perhaps, better dressed and cleverer in a way was certainly no excuse for being unpleasant.

Surely a man could without blame be friendly with other women besides his wife, and appreciate their good points and enjoy their society and the understanding and sympathy they gave him!

Oh, well! Just one thing to do: Summon one's philosophy, be cheery and uncomplaining. And certainly one needed to be philosophical during the week that followed, with this confounded word contest going on all the time at home and the work that they were piling on him all the time in the office. Bessie's application to this darned idiotic soap thing was making her thin and nervous. If he happened to be a little out of sorts, a little less cheery and uncomplaining than usual after a hard day's grind, she was not nearly so patient with him as she might easily have been; and the last month's bills had shown an increase that could only be attributed to the waste and mismanagement that he had predicted.

But there came an evening when it seemed for a little while that his cares would be over; at least those connected with "unconstitutionality." When Bessie took her seat at the table that evening Oswald noticed that her eyes were red and swollen and that Lois and Harry seemed particularly well behaved and attentive to her, with something sympathetic in their manner. After dinner the children followed him into the living room.

"Pops," said Harry, with some hesitation in his manner, "mother's had a big shock."

Lois thrust in, "Listen, you! You don't want to get smarty about this, because it isn't funny."

"Who's smart?" Harry flashed indignantly. "I guess I'm not the one who's trying to act smart. What did I say, Big-Mouth? You janes seem to think nobody's got a lick of sense but you, and you don't know enough to keep your big mouths shut. Who was it laughed when mom told us?"

"Mother found that it wasn't ten thousand dollars the soap company offered," Lois informed her father. "It was a thousand. She thought there was one more cipher than there was. You see ——"

(Continued on Page 62)

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Emery Shirts

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"Say, pops," Harry interrupted, flushed and eager, "don't kid mom about it. She felt awful bad, and that fool Lois had to snicker and I felt like handing her a wallop."

"Good thing for you you didn't try it!" declared Lois.

"But you won't kid her, will you, pops?" Harry begged.

"No, son," Oswald answered gravely, "I won't kid her. I'll promise."

That seemed to satisfy them both, and Oswald kept his promise—almost. In a little while he went upstairs, and finding Bessie applying cold water to her eyes, at once set about applying the balm of consolation to her wounded spirit.

"After all, you might not have won the prize," he said tactfully. "You mustn't feel so bad about it. I'll buy you a car yet."

"I don't want the old car," she protested almost angrily. "Don't you know it isn't on my own account I'm so disappointed? It's you. I've felt so absolutely certain I was going to win ten thousand dollars, and now I know that I can't, and now you can't buy that stock and get your promotion."

"Well, if it's on my account, just dry your weeping eyes, my dear," said Oswald. "Because, to tell you the honest truth, I never built my hopes of getting that soap money to anything like the height that you suppose."

A gleam of hope came again into Bessie's beautiful eyes.

"Jimps, do you think that Mr. Gossage would take a thousand dollars down on that stock and let you pay the balance on installments out of your increased salary?"

Oswald kept his face perfectly straight as he disabused her mind of that idea.

"After all," he concluded, "we're not in debt, and there's the five hundred Liberties and about four hundred drawing 4 per cent in the bank." Here, unfortunately, his tendency to kid got the better of him. "I might take that four hundred out of the bank and give it to Annabel Leach to invest for us," he suggested.

But Bessie's big shock and the rest of it, so far from inducing her to chuck her philological graft, as Oswald had advised, seemed only to increase her application to it. Oswald said nothing. For some time the subject had been taboo between him and his wife, with the two exceptions above noted. But what with that and the daily contemplation of old Naylor's desk and the office talk of the succession and—oh, everything! Well, life seemed a pretty hopeless business on the whole.

Then came the Leaches' call. The family were just finishing dinner when the telephone bell rang and Bessie answered it. This was Annabel Leach talking and how was dear Bessie? Would Bessie and Oswald be at home that evening? Annabel was so glad. She and Gedley had been wanting to see them for ages, but one thing and another—Bessie knew how it was. Well then, if they looked in about half past eight ——

"Oh, do!" said Bessie. "It will be lovely! Oswald will be so glad! Good-by until then."

She hung up the receiver.

"What will I be glad about?" Oswald asked sharply and with a frown.

"You heard, didn't you? It was Annabel Leach. She's coming over in a little while, with Gedley. You are glad, aren't you?"

"Not particularly," Oswald answered with some irritation. "I don't see, anyway, why you should put all the burden of gladness on me. Where are you going? You haven't finished your dinner."

"I've had all I want," said Bessie, pausing at the door. "Harry, as soon as you've finished, I'd like you to give yourself a good scrubbing. Your neck and all, mind! And put on your other suit. Lois ——"

"I'll see to myself," said Lois.

"But this isn't our party," Harry protested. "I'm not going to stick around——"

"You don't have to. You and Lois can have the dining room to yourselves, later on, but I'm going to have you looking decent. Now don't argue, please."

She left them. Oswald, still resentful of her allusion to him, felt inclined to call her back, but thought better of it.

"Mother's put out," Lois explained, as Oswald removed his glare from the closed door. "She's only got three more days now to send her words in, and here's a whole evening spoiled."

"Only three more days?" Oswald inquired with quick interest.

"I think she's going to get the prize, though," Lois continued. "I don't see how she can help it, with her system, do you, father?"

"What is her system?" Oswald inquired absently.

He guessed that Bessie was smartening herself up and he supposed that he ought to do a little in that line himself. But if he did, Bessie would probably think ——

"Don't you know?" The girl's eyes widened. "Arranging all the consonants with one of the vowels and the vowels with one of the consonants and working them through the dictionary. System!"

"System is mom's middle name," Harry contributed.

Oswald smiled. But he was rather impressed, and would, perhaps, have been more so if the question of titivating had not been occupying his mind. He felt that he had made a bad choice of a necktie that morning. But he'd be hanged if he'd as much as put on a clean collar—unless Bessie suggested it.

The children went off to make their changes, and Oswald strolled into the living room and looked at himself in the mantel mirror. Not a bad looking fellow. No Apollo, perhaps, but handsome in an intellectual sort of way. A face with lots of character; a brow capable of threat and command, if need were, and with a long grizzled, black lock drooping carelessly over it. Quite a Napoleonic effect. Too bad about that necktie!

He sat down and opened the evening paper—at the black, double-column advertisement of the Antimacula contest, which he apostrophized profanely. Only three days more? Well, even so, it would take more than three days to get sense into Bessie's head so far as Annabel Leach was concerned. And poor Annabel would be friendly as usual with him, and of course her friendliness would be misconstrued; and if he, Oswald, was at all decent to her, that would be misconstrued too.

Presently he got up and took another look at his necktie. He was rearranging the lock over his Hyperion brow when the door opened and Bessie appeared. He started and reddened in his confusion—actually reddened.

"Did I startle you, Jimps?"

She smiled. There was something in that smile that Oswald didn't exactly care for.

"I was looking to see if my collar would pass muster," he explained. "I guess it will."

Then he took a second look at her. Well, it certainly did beat all what a woman could do to herself when she put her heart into the good work, even if she hadn't much to do it with. The little frock that Bessie was wearing was not a new one by any means, but it had a new look, somehow. She had done something to the sleeves, hadn't she? Her string of Oriental beads went well with her dress and seemed to bring out the whiteness of her neck; and how tiny her feet were, with the big silver buckles on their nicely arched instepe! And her hair, with its soft waves from the side parting and the loose knot at the nape of her neck! That was a new way for her to wear it. Perhaps it was excitement that made her eyes so extremely bright and gave the extra color to her cheeks.

"Well?" she said.

"I don't see how the dickens I manage to dress you like that on my salary," said Oswald. "Bess, you're going to be the belle of the party."

But she wasn't, really. When Annabel made her appearance, poor Bessie seemed, in Oswald's eyes, to become suddenly dim and dowdy. Her pretty frock became an almost shabby, cheap and homemade attempt, in comparison with Annabel's gown; it became as apparent that Bessie had done her hair herself as that Annabel's coiffure was the painstaking work of an expensive expert. What were Bessie's Oriental beads and her modest little engagement solitaire to Annabel's pearls and diamonds? And didn't Bessie wish that time had turned backward in its flight to make it possible for her skirt to hide her stockings and shoes? Not that Annabel was overdressed or overornamented; it was just that everything about her cried expense no object. Quality, quality, quality! Fit, fit, fit, and good lines! All very well to talk about the simple, inexpensive tulle or muslin fashioned by the wearer's clever fingers into something perfectly stunning, but it's the Poisson costumes and the Madelon chapeaux and the Biffany *bijouterie* that go a step further and knock 'em dead.

But was Bessie sore at Annabel? Well, the two embraced in quite an affectionate manner, and each told the other how well she was looking. Was Oswald glad to see Annabel? You might hardly have thought so, judging by his brusque, embarrassed greeting and his abrupt relinquishment of her warm handclasp to welcome dear old Gedley. And, by the way, what do you know about Gedley, the darned old slob, wearing evening clothes—a dinner jacket, anyway! Wouldn't that concuss you? He had the grace to apologize for it, though, laying it to the madam.

"Gedley takes a lot of dressing to make him look presentable," Annabel said, overhearing. "Some men look handsome and distinguished in any old thing, but not so Gedley."

She didn't say that she referred to Oswald as one of these lilies independent of white paint, but Oswald felt rather complacent, nevertheless, and admired Annabel's tact.

"That's the way she pans me all the time," said Gedley with a burst of jovial laughter.

"It doesn't seem to make you unhappy," Bessie told him.

"Good gracious, no!" chuckled Gedley. "What's the use of being unhappy? That's what I say. If you can't be happy, be as happy as you can. Cheerio! I ain't mad at nobody, me. No kick whatever coming from yours truly."

Cheery and uncomplaining Gedley!

Presently Lois and Harry were inquired for and brought in by Bessie—Cornelia with a here-are-my-jewels air that became her. Duly admired and praised, the embarrassed young people took the first opportunity to sneak out of the room and were seen no more that evening. From the children the conversation turned to general topics and reminiscence. Oswald, on the outside of the circle about the fire, had little to say, for him; but Bessie was all animation and laughter. Gedley spoke of it to Oswald in an undertone and congratulated him warmly on his possession of such a corker. "Corker" was the word he used, and he assuredly meant it; but Oswald, looking furtively at the two women, was more and more impressed by Annabel's appearance and manner. Gad, she knew how to wear clothes—and had the figure for them too! And the poise that the consciousness of these advantages give to a woman! Moreover, there was a brain under that elaborate marcelling. And look at Gedley, the poor fish!

Yet Gedley's impeccable evening clothes inspired a certain respect in Oswald. You had to hand it to Gedley for one thing: He had sense enough to let the brains of the family direct affairs. He didn't try to help, and clog Annabel's movements. Here he caught a swift smile from Annabel; not the first that he had caught that evening. How her eyes seemed to warm as they met his! What was the message of that smile? "Poor Oswald! Don't I know? Don't I understand you? Does your cool, indifferent manner toward me deceive me, loyal soul? Ah, no!" Something of that sort, perhaps.

"Jimps, see if you can find those pictures that Ella sent us from British Columbia."

Oswald complied, and Gedley followed him to the bookcase at the other end of the room.

"I'm crazy to get up into that northern country and do some hunting," said Gedley. "I think I'm entitled to a real vacation, and I don't call sitting around hotels and changing your clothes and twenty-dollar bills three or four times a day any vacation. Annabel likes it, but it don't suit me."

"He's grumbling now because we are going South next week," Annabel announced.

"Going South!" cried Bessie. "Where? Florida?"

"Perhaps, but I'm not quite certain," Annabel replied. "The Canbys want us to go to Bermuda with them, and we may. I'll probably decide tomorrow, but Doctor Bates thinks I need a warm, relaxing climate."

"The sunshine and the palm trees and the tinkly tall glasses," Oswald suggested. "Why shiver in the icy blasts of the North when Florida calls you to sapphire skies and solar splendor and offers you the opportunity of a lifetime to attain a competence if not a fortune? Three crops a year. Abundant water."

They all laughed, but not heartily. Bessie, whose color so quickly registered her emotions, flushed a little.

(Continued on Page 65)

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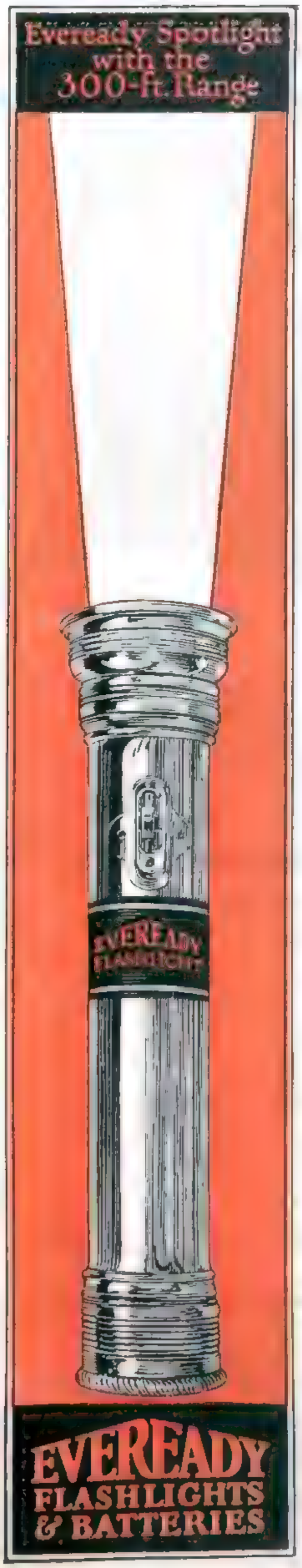

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"But you're not ill!" she exclaimed, turning to Annabel. "You always look so wonderfully strong and well. Shall you go to the west coast?"

"We had thought of Miami," Annabel answered.

"These pictures are great," Gedley called. "Come over and look at them, Bel."

Annabel said she would take his word for it, and just then Bessie excused herself to prepare the chocolate. Oswald thereupon left Gedley to his pictures and went over to Annabel, who gave him welcome with her eyes.

"About time," she said gayly. "You've been neglecting me all evening. I don't think I shall come to see you again."

"You can't if you are in Florida," said Oswald. "I'm almost sorry that you came tonight to raise our hopes of seeing you—and Gedley—a little oftener."

"Shall you miss me—and Gedley?" she asked audaciously.

"There will be something lacking in Deepdene when you go," Oswald diplomatically answered.

She laughed at that and patted his hand lightly.

"A friend the less, at least. You know that I am your friend, don't you, Oswald?"

"Always friends, Annabel." But loyalty permitted a sigh.

"Then listen! You remember on the train the other day you said—you don't mind my reminding you, do you?—you said that all you needed was luck and a little money."

"I remember everything," said Oswald. "You were wearing violets and I thought you—well, the point is that I remember. Of course, I was tautological in a way when I said that, because if I had luck I would have money, and if I had money I would be in luck."

Annabel regarded him earnestly.

"Then why not let me, your friend, Oswald—don't shake your head! Well, listen then! I'm a business woman and you're a business man, so let's talk straight business. I want to buy your Florida land from you."

Oswald laughed outright.

"You dear thing!" he cried. "But do you think for a moment that I would let you?"

"It might be worth something some day," Annabel argued. "You never can tell; I might make a good thing out of it."

"That's what Bessie always contended," Oswald told her, still laughing, but touched nevertheless by her fondness and her delicacy.

"I'm quite in earnest."

"Then, in earnest, I refuse to sell. Besides which, I think the land is already sold for taxes."

"You would have your right of redemption. Sell me that, Oswald dear."

"I couldn't, even if I would," he answered. "I made Bessie a present of the whole thing when I found it was worthless. Generous of me, wasn't it? Now, look here! We won't talk any more about this, Annabel. You can't give me any of your money, my dear; first, because I wouldn't dream of taking it, and secondly, if I did, you would think a great deal less of me, which I don't want you to do. But don't imagine I am unappreciative."

Decidedly he wasn't. He was at that moment considering the propriety of taking her hand and kissing it with gentle fervor; but there was Gedley, and then—Annabel was frowning now.

"All right then," she said suddenly. "I'll buy it from Bessie. Gedley, bring those pictures over here and let us look at them too."

So, over the chocolate, Annabel made her proposition to Bessie, and Bessie looked in a bewildered way at her husband.

"Go ahead and sell it, Bess," Oswald told her, smiling. "Don't have any compunction. Ask her all of ten dollars for it—no more, no less."

"But—but it must be worth more than ten dollars," stammered Bessie. "I mean, if it's worth anything at all. But what do you want with it, Annabel? You saw what it was."

"I know, dear," Annabel replied, "and I always felt mean about that too. If I hadn't been thoughtless, I might have prevented you people from buying it. Well, I'm something of a gambler and I have an idea that I might put a little more money into it, and perhaps even make something eventually, as I told Oswald just now."

"At the next earthquake upheaval," Oswald suggested jocularly; "or you might drain it."

"I might," Annabel assented calmly. "What do you say, Bessie? I'll give you more than ten dollars for it."

"Going, going at twelve-fifty!" cried Gedley.

"Do keep still," Annabel commanded. "Both of you men stay out of this, please." She turned to Bessie. "Suppose I pay you"—she considered a moment—"suppose I give you a thousand dollars and pay the taxes. What do you say to that?"

"Oh!" cried Bessie.

"Is it too little?"

"Well, we paid five thousand for it, you know."

"Bessie!" said Oswald in shocked disapproval.

"But I don't want to sell it," said Bessie with a desperate air of decision. "It's awfully kind of you, Annabel, I'm sure, but I've made up my mind to keep it. I—I've a feeling about it."

Oswald was not too well pleased. When the guests had departed and he and Bessie had settled down to their customary review, he said as much.

"No, I didn't want you to sell it to her," he replied to her question. "Certainly not. There's nothing to sell."

"Two hundred and fifty acres of land," Bessie reminded him.

"Under ten feet of water, most of it. I mean nothing of any value. Yet you intimate to her that she's offering you too little!"

"Well, if it's worth nothing, what does she want it for?"

Oswald was amazed by her denseness.

"I'm surprised that you don't see," he told her. "She was trying to make you a present of a thousand dollars, that's all."

"Why should she try to do that? Because she's so fond of me? Well, there's no use talking about it. I wouldn't admit it to her, but I haven't got the land. It's been sold for the taxes, and now I'm going to bed."

The Leaches departed. Annabel made a farewell call on Bessie and left her love for Oswald—which Bessie duly told him.

"Well, I wouldn't mind a trip to Bermuda myself," said Oswald carelessly. "Old Gedley will need looking after there, though."

"They're not going to Bermuda," Bessie told him.

"Oh! Miami?"

"Nor to Miami."

"Where did she say they were going?"

"She didn't say. She said they were going South, that's all."

That was the exasperating way Bessie talked lately—evasively, darkly. How did she know that Annabel was not going to Bermuda? But Oswald would not deign to pursue the inquiry. He could find out elsewhere.

"Did I tell you that I had sent off my list of words yesterday?" Bessie asked after a pause.

"I don't recall that you did. I wish you luck."

Oswald spoke rather apathetically. What did it matter? What did anything matter? If anybody had removed that last straw from the camel's back after it had done the business, the camel wouldn't have cared. Not that Oswald's back was broken. If it had been it would never have stood the strain of the work that they had been giving him in the office for the last three or four weeks. Old Gossage had fired one of the men in his department and Oswald was doing most of that man's work as well as his own. He might have protested with perfect justice, but the truth was that he was beginning to be wary of the ax himself; so he put in his best licks, pending the filling of the vacancy, and somehow found a sort of pleasure in it. If a man is unhappy in his domestic life, work, good hard work, is the only panacea, especially if one can't afford dissipation. And Oswald was unhappy in his home life. The old Bessie, affectionate, impulsive, open as the day and ever solicitous for his comfort, seemed to have been transformed into a rather hard, unsympathetic and reserved sort of little person in whose company he felt vaguely ill at ease. In other words, she was getting to be the very devil. And the word contest was a thing of the past, and Annabel Leach was somewhere in the South.

Poor Annabel! A good thing, perhaps, that he was not likely to see her for some time. He had been rather cruel to her, he sometimes thought, for there was no doubt that the poor woman cared for him deeply. This Southern flight of hers was very likely because of her fear of herself if she remained too near him. Funny how you could know a woman for years and then suddenly realize that all those years she had been, to put it plainly, in love with you! A look, a word, a pressure of the hand, and in a flash the tragedy was revealed.

But Annabel was gone and there was no excuse for Bessie's coldness.

He was resentfully mulling over that last thought one evening as he stamped through the first snowfall of the winter from the station to his house. As he turned the corner he saw a face at the window that disappeared at the sight of him, and a moment later Lois came flying out of the house to meet him, glowing with excitement.

"Mother's got the prize!" she cried. "Mother's got the prize!"

"What?"

"Yes, sir! She got the check for it this morning right after you left. A man brought it. I wanted her to telephone you, but she wouldn't, and she wouldn't let me. Isn't it splendid? I just knew that she would!"

She almost dragged Oswald into the house, where they met Bessie coming into the hall with a dish in her hands.

"What's this I hear?" cried Oswald in loud, cheerful tones, attempting to embrace her.

"Oh, take care, my dear! You'll make me drop this," said Bessie. She presented her cheek for his kiss—as she had been doing lately, and that and her tone rather chilled Oswald; but he followed her into the dining room, where she set the dish down and turned to him with an odd sort of smile.

"Well, I didn't do quite so well as I expected, Jimps. I only got the second prize. But then five hundred dollars is better than nothing, isn't it?"

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Oswald enthusiastically. "Five hundred dollars! Why, girl, what are you talking about? I don't believe it! You're just kidding me! That's more money than what there is. Not so well as you expected? I'll say that you're some little expecter! But you've got to show me!"

She showed him the check, a perfectly good one apparently, that had been brought, so she told him, by a very nice young man from the soap company. Bessie had given him her receipt and a testimonial to the virtues of Antimacula, which he had considerately promised to use without particularizing Deepdene as the suburb of her residence, or mentioning Oswald's name.

"But he will," said Oswald. "Still," he added kindly, "it's nothing to be ashamed of."

"And, after all, it's the capital-prize winner that they'll make their spread on," said Bessie. "He's a college professor of English and he beat me by twenty words."

"Splendid, Bess!" cried Oswald. "I'd never have believed it! You're a wonder!"

"Are you just beginning to find that out, pops?" inquired Harry, who had entered the room a moment or two before.

Bessie's color heightened a little at this praise, but she showed no other sign of gratification.

"Well, that's enough about that," she said briskly, as she gathered up the papers. "I'll go and put these away."

During the evening Oswald made one or two other attempts to be nice about this extraordinary occurrence, but found Bessie so obviously unwilling to talk about it that he desisted at last, puzzled and hurt. Ordinarily, anything like this would have set the entire family in a ferment of noisy joy and excitement for hours on end; now the subject was dropped; a closed incident. What had come over the woman? Oswald looked at her as she sat quietly sewing, and wondered what was going on in that funny head of hers. For years he had never wondered, knowing that if he were curious a word or two from him would release the flood of her thoughts; but now she had again become the mystery that she had been before she took him. Oswald, in the presence of this congregation.

The next morning, before he started for the office, he asked her if he should deposit the check for her. She shook her head and thanked him, but she would be going into town that day and could attend to it herself. That jarred, too; but Oswald, resolving to be pleasant in spite of everything,

You said it, Sir!

Mr. C. A. Latimer, of Holyoke, Mass., writes us that he treats his friends as well as his customers

HERE is his letter:

GENTLEMEN:

I use Old Hampshire Bond for the same reason that you use the magazines you advertise in—because I want my message found in good company.

Your advertisements, or my letters, are addressed to many whom we know not at all, or very slightly. They will judge your advertisement, first, by the standing of the medium in their eyes; then by the make-up of your advertisement. They will judge my letter and the offer thereby conveyed in the same way—first, by the vehicle, and secondly, by the make-up of the letter.

Many people are very susceptible to first impressions. Man, as a race, is prone to build greatly on evidence in hand (witness the popularity of Sherlock Holmes and other masters of deduction), and I want what I put before a man to set him building in the right direction. Consequently, I use Old Hampshire Bond for these letters, and I never treat my friends with less consideration.

Yours very truly,

[Signed] C. A. LATIMER
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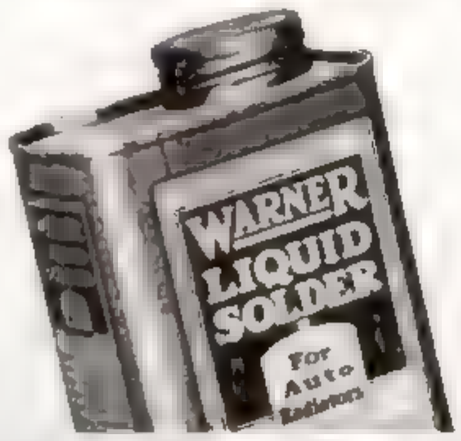

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put it aside and invited her to lunch with him by way of a celebration.

"No," said Bessie, "not this time. I've got some other business to see to and I don't know how long it may take me."

"Sorry," said Oswald politely. "Good-by."

As he was opening the hall door he heard her call "Oh, Jimps!"

"Yes?"

She had hurried after him, but stopped almost at once, as he stood holding the door half open and regarding her coldly.

"Oh, nothing. Never mind."

Oswald considered and strode up to her. His impulse was to take her by the shoulders, shake her savagely and then kiss her into her normal self; but she merely lifted her cheek, as she had done the night before, and the action angered him; so he gave her the perfunctory peck that she deserved and went away.

He was still angry when he boarded the train, and as he went through to the smoking car he thought of Annabel Leach. Poor Annabel! If she had been in one of thoseseats that he passed—well, he wouldn't have fenced to check her tenderness. One might as well have the game as the name, and better! But by the time his pipe was going well he found that he was not getting much thrill out of imagined love scenes with the lady, and that his mind persistently reverted to Bessie and her little triumph. After all you had to hand it to Bessie. She had worked for that money, and worked for it intelligently. System, eh? Oswald laughed, but he had a misgiving that the laugh was rather on him. Harry had asked him if he had just found out that his wife was a wonder. Was Harry's insight keener than his father's? Well, you had to hand it to Bess—and rather respectfully.

An hour later, as he was engrossed in his work, the youngest member of the office staff, humorously nicknamed Lightning, told him that Mr. Gossage would like to see him. Oswald entered the old man's room with an inward qualm just as Mr. Gossage's secretary was leaving it; but the young woman's smile reassured him a little, and there was further reassurance in the fact that the Gossage countenance was a trifle less stony than usual.

"I thought you might be glad to know that I've got a man to take Johnson's place," said Mr. Gossage. "It seems rather unnecessary, because you appear to be taking care of the work pretty well. Been humping yourself since you took it on, haven't you?"

"Somewhat, perhaps," replied Oswald modestly.

"Just how long have you been with us, Hempson? You told me, but I forget."

Oswald told him, and the old man swung around in his chair and frowned portentously.

"Then why haven't you humped yourself somewhat perhaps in all those years?" he demanded.

Oswald was not the man to take that sort of talk meekly.

"I consider that I have," he replied with spirit. "If I hadn't I wouldn't have held my job, and if I had thought you were dissatisfied I would have thrown it up before you had a chance to tell me so."

"Just like that?" said old Stony Face.

"Just like that," Oswald replied firmly.

Mr. Gossage looked at him keenly, stroking his jaw with the ball of his thumb, as he did when he pondered.

"But you haven't ever worked anything like the way you have since I bounced Johnson," he said at last. "I suppose you'll admit that."

"That was an emergency," Oswald replied. "Naturally, I rose to it."

"H-m-m!" remarked the old man. "Naturally, eh?" He emitted the ghost of a chuckle. "Well," he continued, "I serve notice on you right now that there's going to be continual emergencies around this shop. Do you get me? This new man is a crackajack, from all I hear of him, and he may be a natural riser too. That's all."

Oswald was going when Mr. Gossage called him back.

"You seem pretty dog-gone independent for a man with nothing but his job. How does that come, Hempson? Sit down and we'll thrash this out. How does it come that you've never saved anything? Of course, you don't have to tell me unless you want to."

Oswald hesitated. He might spring Ben Franklin or whoever it was—"If a man would be rich ——" But he didn't, and was even ashamed of the thought. Other thoughts rushed upon him, and one in particular—that idea of Bessie's—the one he had scouted: That he might buy that stock on the installment plan. Was it an absurd idea? It was not. He made a rapid calculation. Nine hundred and some accrued interest he actually had; he knew where he could borrow five hundred more at 7 per cent, which with the five hundred of Bessie's windfall would just about do the trick.

"I'm sorry I didn't explain before how I was situated," he said. "The fact is that I have some money tied up in a land investment that I can't realize on just now, and I haven't more than a couple of thousand dollars available; but I have been thinking that if you would accept that two thousand as a payment on the stock you offered me and arrange for me to pay the rest in installments ——"

He fell! Glory hallelujah, he fell for it!

Not with a crash exactly. In fact it would be more correct to say that he was tottering to a fall. But some fall! He agreed, did the old man, that land, if not bought at an inflated value, was generally a safe investment. He would consider the proposition and let Oswald know in a week or two. There were changes in contemplation that if made would be made by that time most likely. By the way, had Oswald any ideas about foreign trade? Oswald had, and mentioned some of them in his most convincing manner, and old StonyFace had characterized them as damn nonsense, but with here and there a germ of something that might be developed along practical lines. That, for old Gossage, was real enthusiasm. However, the foreign department was in good hands and—well, that was all.

Sound the loud timbrel! A flourish of trumpets, if you please, and a ruffle of drums! Stand back, ladies and gentlemen, and make way for the coming head of the foreign department! Ho! Scatter flowers, fair maids!

Pom, pom, pom-pom-pom! Oswald stepped happily along Acacia Avenue to the imagined rhythm. "Here, here, here I come! Bess, Bess, thank you, Bess! Great, great, great i-dee! Glad, glad, ain't you glad? Yip, yip, yip-yip-yip!" Surely now Bessie would be happy! He would tell her frankly that he owed it to her—her idea and her own hard-earned money. He would tell the world. He would say, "Whatever I am today, whatever I have accomplished, I owe to my wife. All the same, she was a darned smart little woman. Pom, pom, pom-pom-pom! Here, here, here I come! Silk, silk, silk at-tire! Bess, Bess, here's your car!"

Presently he found himself face to face with Bess.

"Lady," he said, trying to speak lightly, "I want to know if you will lend me five hundred bucks on good security, for a purpose of which you will highly approve."

She looked at him with startled eyes and her face turned pale.

"I'm in earnest, Bess. No fooling. Did you deposit that check today?"

"Oh, Jimps," she cried, "did you really want it? Why didn't you tell me? I haven't got it. I've—I've redeemed the Florida land."

A week passed, and Oswald had not recovered from the shock; days began to add themselves to the week. He felt that years would not wipe away the bitter memory of his dashed hopes or reconcile him to the mortification of seeing Rennie at the foreign desk while he plugged on at the old job with the crackajack new man elbowing him out of even that. He did not in the least doubt that Rennie would get the position now—or if not Rennie, then somebody else. He knew old Gossage too well to suppose he could go to him and explain matters with any hope of a favorable outcome. Old Gossage didn't like people who explained, or people who bluffed. He had tried to borrow a thousand dollars where he was certain that he could have borrowed five hundred, and had failed. He had tried elsewhere and failed. Altogether, he was a failure.

Days of anxious expectation of the showdown were added to the week. Oswald had not told Bessie of the fiasco. She had appeared miserable enough when she learned that he had needed the money that she might have given him; but that was not the only reason for his abrupt refusal to

(Continued on Page 68)

Beautiful
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Do you know that many of the articles you use every day are made of this durable material, Fiberloid—combs, pendants, bracelets, optical frames, tooth brushes, knife handles, fountain pens, buttons, shoe buckles, toys, etc.? Fiberloid is made in beautiful ivory, tortoise, amber and gold colors, and takes a brilliant finish. It can be so easily sawed, bent or pressed that many manufacturers use it to advantage in place of other materials.

Toilet Articles with the stamp *Fiberloid* will neither tarnish, dent nor crack, and can be obtained at the leading stores in the distinguishing *Fairfax, Rosemont, Avondale and Berkshire patterns.* Brushes, combs, mirrors, manicure and other articles may be purchased singly or in attractively boxed sets. A monogram easily engraved or inlaid with contrasting enamels adds to the charm and intimacy of possession.

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Fiberloid is so ideal for craft workers' use, that we have put up a special assortment of ivory, tortoise, amber and other colors, with full directions, patterns and cement, enough to make many pieces of jewelry and novelties, which is sent postpaid for $3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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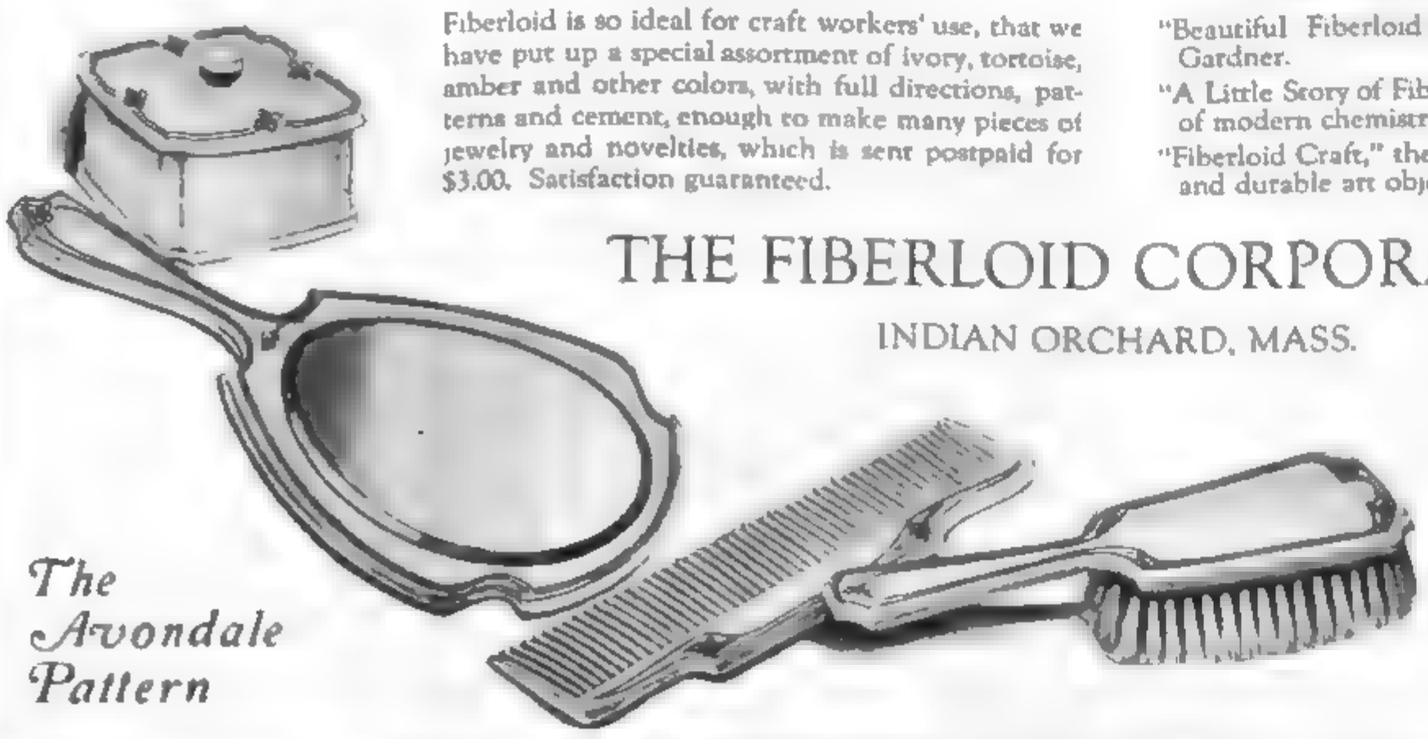
"A Little Story of Fiberloid," the wonder product of modern chemistry.

"Fiberloid Craft," the making of beautiful jewelry and durable art objects



The Avondale Pattern

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The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

Without a good spark in each cylinder it is impossible for an engine to run properly.

The function of a spark plug is to deliver a *full* spark at the gap between its firing points. It follows that if part of the electricity never reaches these points due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance.

Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did.

With a new set of AC Spark Plugs you will observe an immediate all around improvement in performance and easier starting.

AC's are standard equipment on Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, Jewett, LaFayette, Maxwell, Nash, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, R & V Knight, Willys-Knight and more than three hundred others.

The race drivers, speed-boat pilots and aviators also use AC's—the 1922 500-mile Indianapolis Race, the Gold Cup speed-boat event, the Pulitzer Trophy in aviation and many other contests were AC-equipped victories.

These experts use AC's because they have found them the best. For the same reason, you will find AC's the safest plugs to use.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U.S Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,130 Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 66)

tell her what he had wanted it for. If he had said anything then, his passion of disappointment would have made him say too much, so he had taken refuge in a sullen silence. Beyond the necessary communication concerning domestic affairs, brief, unsmiling answers to questions or the most perfunctory comments, he had maintained this silence. Not that he was angry with Bessie; he was just sick of soul. Too sick to respond to the wistfully pathetic little overtures that she had lately been making: too sick to show any interest in his children, who, repelled again and again, gradually fell into his humor and let him alone.

Then Oswald received his final shock. He was eating his lunch; with little appetite, be it said, for not only had he lost his normal relish for food but what he had ordered this day was particularly unsatisfactory—boiled New England dinner. The beef of it had an undue proportion of gristle, the cabbage and other vegetables were lukewarm, underdone and watery, so that he wondered why he had ever thought the dish possible, recalling the morning when Gedley Leach had devoured it; and as he thought of Gedley a hand fell heavily on his shoulder, and there was the man himself, stout, rosy, grinning his stupid grin.

"How's the boy?" cried Gedley heartily. "Well, well, I didn't expect to see you eating in a cheap joint like this any more."

Oswald yielded him a limp hand.

"Where would you expect to see me?" he asked. "I certainly didn't expect to see you here. I thought you were a-basking in the sun, listening to the mocking bird down South where the orange blossoms grow."

"Got back last night," said Gedley, seating himself and picking up the bill. "The whole trip was a fizzle and Annabel's madder'n hops. Just a day too late for the fair and she didn't get a look-in. All the scraps gobbled. And now she's blaming me for the whole thing! What do you know about that?"

"Too bad," replied Oswald apathetically. "She didn't like Miami then?"

"Quit your kidding," said Gedley. "Miami! You believed that, didn't you? When Bel tried to work you for your redemption rights you thought she was going to Bermuda or Miami! Sure! I told Bel you weren't that big a sucker. I told her right at the start that it wasn't any use—not with Mrs. Bessie on the job anyway. Say, that wife of yours is one wise little lady, Oswald. I'm strong for her. The innocent way she made a monkey of Bel—say, it tickled me." He chuckled fatly. "Bel's a mighty smart woman—in her own mind, and she's lucky sometimes, but —— What are you eating?"

"Boiled New England. It's no good," Oswald replied. What was the fool talking about? Could it be that ——

"I'll take the shoulder of mutton and currant jelly," said Gedley to the waiter; "and browned potatoes and sprouts." He returned to Oswald. "Yes, I'm being blamed now because I didn't buy that land unsight unseen, like you did. Well, I would have if it hadn't been for her. It looked like a good proposition to me, as I told you at the time, and Slosson has got the name of a square guy. But Bel had to come butting in, like she always tries to do in my business deals. About a month ago she took a flyer in oil without consulting me and it cost me darn near all the ready money I had to pull her out. Then she gets a tip from Tampa from a friend of hers about this drainage scheme and the reclamation company buying up a lot of the old Slosson acreage. If she hadn't been a hog she could have got in and cleaned up pretty well even then; but because the price of the land had gone up a little on the strength of the reports, she got cold feet. Then she gets the idea that she'd buy you out before you got wise." Gedley chuckled again.

"You interest me strangely," said Oswald. "Go on."

"I guess you know It tickled me. She had it doped out that she could take you into a corner and have a heart-to-heart talk and go home with your relinquishment in her hand bag. She had her check book along. Then when you turned her down she wasn't quite sure whether or not you was just kiddin' her along or being noble. That's what she said. So she tackled Mrs. Bessie. Why, say, that wife of yours has got more brains in her little finger—anyway, she's got enough to hold Mrs. Bel level. I talked with Slosson in Tampa. He'd just got your wife's wire refusing the company's offer of fifty dollars an acre, and he thinks Mrs. Hempson's a wonder. Some women —— Where are you going, Oswald?"

Oswald had got up rather abruptly and was reaching for his hat and coat.

"An appointment I've just thought of," he said.

He had heard enough. He was filled with disgust of this fat, cynical moneygrub, and the disgust most imperatively craved expression for which this was no time or place, and it extended to himself. What had he been but a big bladder of self-conceit and self-pity, fair game for a woman like Annabel Leach, who, but for Bessie's shrewdness, would certainly have attained her object? The fact that something like riches had apparently resulted from the old land speculation was far from elating him. He could lay no flattering unction to his soul on account of that; nor did he dwell on it; his overwhelming concern was in the discovery of the mean ass that he had been and the feeling of certainty that Bessie had made the same discovery and despised him—properly enough.

How would it all come out? How could it ever be the same again between him and her?

"Jimps," cried Bessie, "can you ever forgive me? Oh, I don't see how you ever can!"

That was the way it came out. Clinging to him, pressing her tear-wet cheek against his, holding him off to look at him with tear-bright eyes, as if he were some long-lost treasure happily regained, muffling his mouth against his protests with her soft palm or softer lips, laughing and crying at once, with broken exclamations of penitence, imploring his forgiveness.

For what?

For being a little beast; for obstinately persisting, against her husband's wishes, in a silly thing that was no less silly for its lucky outcome; for shutting that dear, kind husband from her confidence; and, above all, for being a jealous idiot.

"But I told you ——"

"You didn't ever tell me that you were the least bit in love with her, and if you did tell me so I wouldn't believe it. With her? With that selfish, scheming, cold-blooded, artificial, greedy cat? I don't care! That's just what she is, and I hate her! No, not that; she isn't worth it. But I knew how unsuspecting you were. You are so fine and so honest yourself that you think everybody else is the same."

Can you see that bladder slowly but steadily filling out, wrinkle after wrinkle disappearing?

"And I knew that you admired her for being businesslike and efficient, so I thought I would be businesslike and efficient too; and when that dear Mr. Slosson wrote and told me about that company buying up that tract I was nearly crazy, Jimps; I prayed and prayed that I might get that prize. I wouldn't tell you, because I wanted to do it all myself, and I thought if you drew the money from the bank for the redemption and then anything went wrong ——"

"That I would blame you for it," Oswald put in. "I honestly believe I would have."

"Hush!" she cried. "I won't have you saying such things. It's not so; but it would have been a great misfortune. But I did go to the bank, and I talked with Mr. Webber, and showed him Mr. Slosson's letter and my deed, and he was ever so nice, and finally told me he would let me have the money if the worst came to the worst and I couldn't get it anywhere else, and he would take my personal note for it. It was only a little over three hundred, and when I saw him today he said he'd make it three thousand if I wanted a loan."

"Talk about a woman of affairs!" exclaimed Oswald admiringly.

"I'm not," Bessie protested. "If I am, it's household affairs, and not so efficient at those. If you knew the soap I've used! But I'm not businesslike, Jimps, and I'm tired of trying to be, and I'm going to throw it all on your big, broad shoulders on top of the Gossage foreign department load, like the little shirk I am. I've got my old boy back again now, and that's more to me than all Florida and the United States mint, and—and—and everything in the whole wide world!"

To which Oswald replied, "Gosh, Bessie!"

It sounds inadequate; but then, once more and finally, the tone and inflection of the voice of the speaker must be taken into consideration, as well as the eloquence of his look through the tears in his eyes.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY
No. 29. The Valentines continue the unsuccessful attempt to mar their valsparred floor

The famous Valspar Boiling Water Test

Even "Life" Must Take Valspar Seriously

A few months ago the manufacturers of Valspar Varnish received the following interesting correspondence from "Life." It is well worth reading.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Gentlemen: The Valspar cartoon we took the liberty of publishing in the March 23 "Life," brought several interesting communications.

Among them was the enclosed, which we thought might be as refreshing to you as it was to this office.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

The letter to "Life" from one of its readers referred to in the above note follows—

DEAR LIFE: March 28, 1922

It was funny, of course, that picture of yours making game of Valspar. I still chuckle whenever I think of it.

But, after all, old thing, your satire comes back to roost. I suppose one might mar Valspar with pickax and sledge hammer. But when it comes to that boiling water business—

Say, Life, I was a skeptic on that test, too. Advertising bunk, I called it. But *I* tried it. And now—

Well, I'd quite a time screwing my courage to it. The table I'd Valsparred was my special pet. But anyhow, sez I, it's worth trying just to be *sure!*

So I got my wife—she hadn't any faith either—to heat the water; and together we set the stage for a catastrophe. And she made *me* pour the kettle!

I poured all right, and then in a panic mopped it up. Not a sign of a white spot. I tried leaving the water on longer. Still no scar— Then, by George, I set the steaming kettle plump in the steaming puddle and nary a sign to show when we lifted it off!

Well, that was enough for us and maybe it'll mean something to you even though you have a sense of humor.

Yours for Valspar, indoors and out,

S. K. WILSON

Valspar (clear), Valspar Enamels and Valspar Varnish-Stains comprise the Valspar family. All three are equally proof against accidents, wear and weather; and all stand the famous Valspar boiling water test.

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—15c apiece for each 35c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample of each product supplied at this special price. Print full mail address plainly.)

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State Color_____
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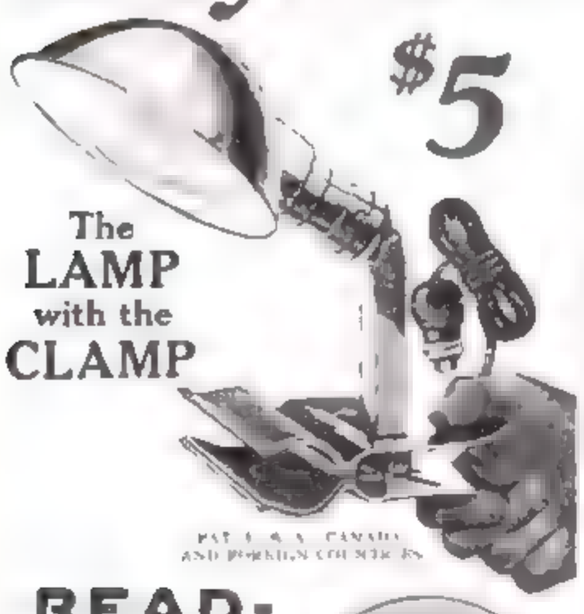
"It Clamps Everywhere"

$5



The LAMP with the CLAMP

READ-
Clamp it on bed or chair; or anywhere.

WRITE-
Clamp it or stand it on your desk or table.

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Clamp it on sewing machine or table.

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Clamp it on the mirror or any handy place.

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
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ADJUSTO-LITE is the handy, economical light for home, office, store, studio—everywhere good light is needed. HANGS—CLAMPS—STANDS. The name says it—it's quickly adjustable. A turn of the reflector sends the light exactly where you want it. No glare—no eyestrain. And—*economy*.

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141 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TRADE MARK

PEARLS BEFORE CECILY

(Continued from Page 9)

"I told Mrs. Stoughton to have you ask your beau out; did you?"

"He's coming on the train that gets in at 9:40 tomorrow, if that's all right."

"Bully!"

"Do tell Cecily," Mrs. Stoughton interposed, "about that wonderful budget system that you were explaining to me. It's too clever for words."

"You see, you divide your income," Lucile said, "into nine parts ——"

"Now don't you wish you'd worked harder at mathematics?" Mrs. Stoughton laughed.

The Peach Pie's greeting of George, Senior, a rather careworn young man who must have been better-looking before his forehead absorbed so much of his hair, was so clamorous that it made Lucile's kiss seem perfunctory.

"Stopped in at the Abyssinian's," George announced to his wife after the formalities had been performed. "He promises the dinner coat for Monday night without fail."

"Oh, he swore he'd have it for this evening; really he did."

"Well, you know the Abyssinian," George grinned at Mrs. Stoughton and Cecily. "Valet service in Glenville isn't all that it might be."

"I told him, anyway," Lucile insisted, as though a personal accusation had been leveled at her.

"It doesn't matter. I guess the crowd at the movies can stand for a neat business suit."

"We can't go tonight. Loscha's young man is coming, and I promised her she could. I thought we could play some bridge."

"I'm afraid I chose a frightfully inopportune time to insist on visiting you," Mrs. Stoughton said. "But I was so anxious for Cecily to see how nicely you do."

"No, indeed, you didn't," George assured her. "It would have been the same at any other time. Loscha goes out one night in every three."

"Now, George, that isn't true," Lucile began a protest, when the Peach Pie announced lusciously, "I want to fwim!"

Her evening bath was a lyric interlude.

"What are you going to wear?" Cecily asked her mother in their room.

"Oh, we mustn't dress. Mr. Wheaton's clothes are at the tailor's. One never does in this kind of ménage. There's always some good reason."

"If you suffer so, why did you have to come?" Cecily demanded.

"I'm not suffering in the least." Her mother refused to recognize her bad temper and then changed the subject. "Am I wrong in suspecting just a slight rift downstairs? Too bad. With two children and very little money the words 'Till death us do part' actually take on a very definite significance."

Dinner was good, and Loscha managed to get it on the table when it was hot, but her red face and George's spasmodic efforts to lighten her task set ringing in Cecily's head one of her mother's axioms: "Ease, my dear. If you can't have it in your own house, move to some good hotel."

"How do you like our butler, Mrs. Stoughton?" George joked; and: "This footman is the envy of Glenville."

"I'm sure he is," Mrs. Stoughton smiled, and Loscha enjoyed the attention.

Lucile congratulated them all that the children had gone straight to sleep.

"Isn't it wonderful! I do hope they'll sleep through. It must just have been teeth with Georgie."

"He kep' bitin' and slobberin'," Loscha volunteered.

And Mrs. Stoughton said, "They have their ups and downs."

After dinner Loscha sang Poor Butterfly over the dishes.

"Does she have to do that?" George wanted to know, as he cut for Cecily's deal.

"Well, I'm not going to speak about it," Lucile informed him. "It's a great deal better than if she sulked."

The game was for a quarter of a cent a point and was made intolerable to Cecily by the fact that she and her mother won steadily.

At a little before ten it began to rain, and Lucile said, "Damn! That means we've got to put a pail under the leak in the guest room. I hoped we'd get away without mentioning it. Go up and fix it, George, will you?"

At half past eleven they stopped, the Stoughtons having won four dollars and sixty cents.

As they ascended the stairs Cecily heard Lucile admonish George to undress quietly, as the crib was in their room, and anything might wake Georgie.

"Well, my dear, how do you like it?" Mrs. Stoughton asked when she had locked the door of the bleak guest room.

"I think they're sweet," Cecily said staunchly.

"Aren't they?" Mrs. Stoughton agreed. "And so pitiful." She examined a print of the Age of Innocence. "They must issue these nowadays instead of marriage certificates."

"Oh, mamma! You're so obsessed with appearances!"

"It seems to me that they fill a good deal of one's waking time. Isn't the drip of water in that pail like something in the Inquisition? Nice sheets, though. Do you know, I think I was with Lucile when she bought them—years ago. I'm not sure I didn't get some for you at the same time. One could so much better have put the money away! I hope you brought your coat upstairs. It's quite chilly and those cotton comforts are miserably inadequate."

Cecily lay on her hard little bed trying to go to sleep, and though she wouldn't have admitted it she physically ached with homesickness—homesickness for the velvet perfection of the Coults-Brown ménage, for her own rose-and-silver bedroom, where each night the embers of the fire before which she undressed glowed pleasantly through her drowsiness.

Georgie began to cry at exactly one o'clock. There were slippered passages to the bathroom, a long, unintelligible conference in whispers, a heavy-shod descent of the stairs, and the slam of the front door.

Neither Cecily nor her mother said anything, but they kept looking at their watches from time to time.

At 2:10 the wails, which had grown to shrieks, penetrated the Peach Pie's slumber, and she, too, wailed.

Cecily heard Lucile go in and plead with her.

"It's just Georgie, Peach Pie. Go sleepy again. Don't c'y-c'y."

The Peach Pie was not to be silenced.

"Are you awake?" Cecily whispered.

"I am not dead, dearest."

"I'm going to get up."

"Don't be ill-bred. They'd much rather think you slept through it."

"I don't care. Maybe I can help."

"Tell them I have a defective ear and sleep on the other. I do wish Ted had come out with us."

Cecily slipped on her turquoise silk quilted dressing gown and the mules to match.

"Isn't there something I can do?" she asked Lucile from the corridor.

"I don't believe there's a thing," she answered. "Come in. George has gone for the doctor. Georgie has a terrible fever—a hundred and four. He's awfully sick. Loscha's with him. He just wants Loscha, so I might as well be here. Though it kills me not to be with him. If the Peach Pie would stay with you—but I suppose she won't. They're just like little bits of babies when they wake up like this."

"Yes, she will. You'll stay with Aunt Cecily, won't you, Peach Pie?"

"No! No!" the Peach Pie howled. "Mammee right here."

"Oh, don't cry like that, sweetheart. It just frightens Georgie more. If you could build a fire in the living room, Cecily, we could take her down there, and maybe it would calm her."

"Of course I will. Where's the wood?"

"In a basket in the kitchen."

The ashes on the hearth were still warm. Cecily dragged the basket from the icy kitchen and maneuvered a pyre. Then when it didn't ignite she had to shove newspapers under it, which threw it to one side, where it smoldered sullenly.

Upstairs the crying continued unabated.

Lucile brought down the shrieking Peach Pie wrapped in a blanket.

"You have to build it in the exact middle or it won't draw," she chattered at Cecily.

As Cecily was trying to change it one of the newspapers flared and scorched her hand. She lied to Lucile about it, and raked the ruin of sticks into position with the tongs.

Somehow at last it flamed and the Peach Pie quieted watching it. In fact she began giving bright glances about, which indicated that she thought this midnight descent to the living room a delightful dissipation.

Georgie shrieked on upstairs.

Lucile kept pushing her hair back from her forehead and talking in jerks.

"You don't know how pitiful a sick child is. He's put his hand to his ear once or twice. You don't think it can be mastoid, do you? What in the world can be keeping George? There's no reason for him to be as long as this. You'd think country doctors could at least hurry. I don't know why I'm so anxious to have him get here. I haven't any confidence in him."

"Mis' Wheaton—Mis' Wheaton!" Loscha called from above. "They ain't no hot water."

"All right, I'll fix it. George must have turned the heater off before he went out. Why in the world, when he knows we always need hot water at a time like this! What if it does explode! Stay with Aunt Cecily, Peach Pie."

At her mother's desertion the Peach Pie emitted one heartrending yell after another, and the only effect of Cecily's assurances that Aunt Cecily was right there was the addition of what seemed a note of definite hatred to their violence.

In desperation Cecily repeated nursery rimes as loud as she could, and finally the magic of Hey-diddle-diddle and Hickory, Dickory, Dock won to the Peach Pie; her screams lessened, stopped, and at the mention of the Old Man Who Wouldn't Say His Prayers the Peach Pie announced, "I goodie girl. I say prayers," flung herself on her knees and began repeating "'Fi-shouldi" with apparently archiepiscopal fervor.

"I'll go upstairs," Lucile said quietly from the door. "You can usually keep her amused with The Little, Small Red Hen. It's on the table."

Cecily began to read the stirring narrative, but that was evidently not the formula. The Peach Pie turned to the first illustration.

"Put on the bonty," she commanded.

Cecily had to go through the motions of detaching the sunbonnet from the picture and tying it about the Peach Pie's blond head.

"Put on the apun!"

Equipped in imaginary finery, the Peach Pie stood before the fire in her long nightgown.

"Dass pitty! Dass awful pitty!"

George arrived with the doctor, went upstairs, but descended almost immediately.

"Sorry you had to be gotten up," he said. "Can I come in?"

"Of course."

"They think I'm one too many in the room."

He took the Peach Pie on his lap, and sat looking as wretched as Cecily had ever seen a creature look.

"He's awfully sick."

"Mayn't it be just teeth?"

"I'm afraid not. Scared to death of mastoid. I don't know how his mother could stand it if —— Boys and their mothers, you know. This Doctor Kane is a young fellow, but they say he knows his business. At least I guess he's all right anyway."

Lucile loomed in the doorway. "It's ears, George."

She came to the couch and sat beside him, clutching his hand.

"Mastoid?" George asked, very matter-of-fact. "That's what all the kids have nowadays. It's the regulation stunt."

"He doesn't know. He's examining now. He sent me away."

"Well, if it is, there are lots of worse things. You're thinking of mastoids the way they were when we were youngsters. They're awfully expert about them now."

"I suppose it's my fault. I suppose I let him catch cold somehow."

"Don't talk nonsense, Luce."

The doctor came downstairs slowly, ruminatively, as if he dreaded breaking bad news.

"Is it ——" Lucile choked.

"Mastoid?" George helped her out.

(Continued on Page 73)

Thirst knows no season

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(Continued from Page 70)

"Mastoid? Not a sign of it." The professional man seemed indignant that such a fear should have been entertained.

"You're sure?"

"Sure. Just eardrums inflamed. I've got to open them. It'll relieve him instantly."

"Will it hurt terribly?"

"I'll give him a whiff of something. Which of you wants to help?"

Both did, but George withdrew.

"I guess fathers aren't much use," he said with hollow jocularity.

The doctor smiled.

"Except when it comes to paying the bills."

George walked the floor, carrying the Peach Pie, who was growing drowsy.

"I suppose it doesn't make a kid deaf for life."

Cecily knew nothing on the subject, but assured him that she didn't think it did.

"I wonder how long it takes."

"It's over," Lucile answered him from the stairs.

"No! Oh, Lord, isn't that great!"

"It was just like that." She snapped her fingers. "Doctor Kane says it won't affect his hearing. Isn't he wonderful? There was lots of pus. It stands to reason he'll be better with all that out."

She put her arms around George and the Peach Pie and kissed him. They were younger than Cecily had seen them.

When Doctor Kane descended they clamored for orders, for reassurances.

"I've told the girl everything," he said. "Get back into bed, all of you. 'Night, everybody!"

"Don't you feel confidence the minute he's in the room?" Lucile asked Cecily.

"Bed for the young lady at least," George announced, for the Peach Pie was as tight shut as a rosebud.

Just then there was a crash from the back of the house. The Peach Pie woke and howled. A fume of gas filled the air.

"But I turned the heater off!" George protested his sense.

"I did it," Lucile wept. "I turned it on and forgot. Oh, George! George!"

In the tempest of her sobs only the words could be discerned, "plumbers," "kitchen flooded," "doctors' bills," and in crescendo climax, "no hot water for Mrs. Stoughton's bath."

"Don't, Lucile!" George pleaded.

"Give me the baby," Lucile bawled on, "and go fix it. Don't mind me. It's just because I'm so—glad—about Georgie."

"Aren't you Cecily Stoughton's young man?" Lucile asked the most personable one who descended from the 9:40.

"Well, I've offered to be," Ted Pynchon laughed.

"She overslept. Just put your things in that dirtiest jit."

When they were started she harked back to his first remark. "I'm glad you're not so sure of Cecily. And I think I'll give you a warning. You know us young married women. We always want to see everyone else married off."

"I'd be much obliged."

"Here it is, then: Don't bring up the subject of matrimony today. Seriously, I mean it. We had a night out of hell. Everything awful that could happen did—except that neither of the children remembered to swallow a safety pin. Otherwise it was complete. I tried my best to have everything run smooth, but if ever there was a case against love in a cottage put up to any girl, Cecily saw it last night."

"I only hope that doesn't mean my goose is permanently cooked," Ted said, "but I'm afraid it does. What the deuce have I got to offer for all she'd lose if she married me?"

"Pshaw!" said Lucile Wheaton. "What would she lose? Nothing but a lot of doodads and froufrous. The trouble is that before you're married you think they amount to something; so just let her get last night well out of her mind before you begin talking about a little love nest."

Cecily and her mother were making toast on an electric toaster to go with the breakfast of Loscha's coffee. The Peach Pie was begging morsels. Mrs. Stoughton had never seemed so genuinely glad to see Ted.

"You two go for a long walk," she shooed them out. "I'll help Lucile by taking care of this cherub."

When Cecily bent to kiss her she whispered, "Ted's much too nice to have his life spoiled by an early marriage."

Ted thought Cecily looked grave, and so conducted himself for the first half mile that she stopped and said, "Have you been getting anonymous letters about me or something?"

"Just a word of advice from Mrs. Wheaton."

"Oh!" said Cecily.

At Lucile's, Mrs. Stoughton fairly radiated good humor.

"I want to buy Georgie a present," she announced. "Something really nice, that he can use. Has he a silver porringer?"

A little later she telephoned to El Ahmed and to her chauffeur and had the pink pearls brought out. By one o'clock, however, her mood was marked by distinct nervousness, and the Peach Pie having been tucked up for her nap, she sat watching the path that Cecily and Ted had taken.

"I do hope last night hasn't put a crimp in Cecily's romance," Lucile said, "but it looks to me like a long, serious lovers' quarrel."

"Lucile, you're perfectly charming!" Mrs. Stoughton exclaimed with apparent inconsequence.

Lucile had decided not to wait luncheon any longer, when Mrs. Stoughton saw them in the distance and suddenly rose, saying, "I'll go to meet them."

The brilliant October day seemed to have focused in their radiance. They quickened their pace, but Mrs. Stoughton walked slowly. She had lost seldom in her life, but she lost gallantly.

"I may as well be the first to give you my best wishes," she greeted them.

Cecily paid her mother the tribute of astonishment.

"How in the world did you know we were married?"

"How does one?" Mrs. Stoughton returned as she kissed her, and taking Ted's hand she admonished him, "Work hard, Ted. It's your one chance now."

"I had an awful time making him do it," Cecily said. "Lucile had frightened him terribly. I don't know what kind of a barley-sugar doll you think I am."

"Well, you've seen the *décor*," said Mrs. Stoughton with a glance toward the house. "I hope you will both like the rôles."

"One thing that I said to Ted," Cecily remarked, "is that there's just no sense in letting oneself and one's things go to pieces as Lucile has. There's no reason why one's house shouldn't be pretty and dainty. What's that in your hand, mamma?"

"Those pearls from El Ahmed." Mrs. Stoughton looked at the pair, and gave a mixed sort of sigh. "Oh, well, I do my duty! Perhaps I'll buy this string for myself as a reward. I dare say no one else will feel like giving me one."

Mrs. Stoughton was wearing a string of small pink pearls when she went to call on Mr. Peabody the next Monday. From her bag she produced a check for three thousand dollars, which she laid on the desk.

"I want you to pay this to Ted in raises as fast as you reasonably can," she announced.

Mr. Peabody lifted his eyebrows and pulled down his mouth.

"With this and those pearls," he said, "you will certainly be telling me to sell some bonds."

"These little beads," said Mrs. Stoughton, taking the pearls in her left hand, "are my alibi. They're very like a real string I was considering, and they'll account for some economies I'll have to manage because of this folly." She gestured to the check and she declared very firmly, "I will not be considered one of these self-sacrificing women."

"To be paid in salary?" Mr. Peabody repeated the injunction

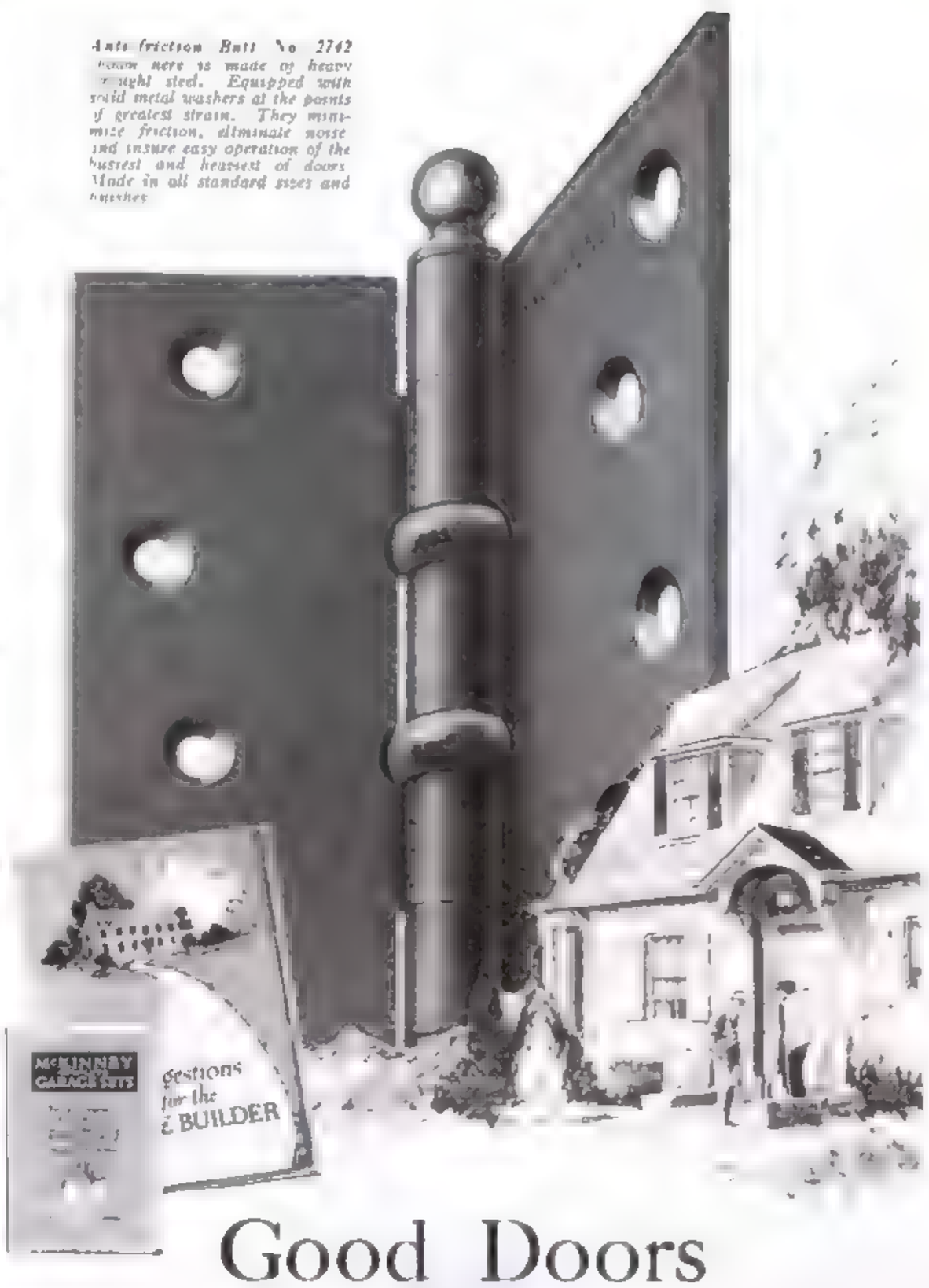
"When it's exhausted," Mrs. Stoughton explained, "he'll probably be worth as much as it's amounting to. People usually work in proportion to what they think they're earning. And if he isn't, you might stretch a point. I blame you for the whole wretched affair."

"Me?"

"Yes. I left Ted to you. He was the most likely chance. He's a lawyer and must have that freak of nature, a logical brain. What chance had I with a girl?"

"I can remember," said Mr. Peabody, "a girl whose brain on the subject was quite as logical as mine."

"When I saw you'd been convinced," Mrs. Stoughton returned. "In our day, my dear Shubael, a girl somehow didn't think of bullying a man into marriage as Cecily apparently has Ted. It wasn't done—thank heaven!"



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with shades of beautiful Brenlin

A well-known decorator, writing of windows, asserts that "to look upon the shades merely as 'shades' is a mistake. They can do so much to make or mar the charm of the window effect—and indeed of the whole room!"

Are you getting the most in artistic possibilities from your window shades? Are they in perfect color harmony with their surroundings? And what is their condition? Are they faded or discolored, or unsightly with cracks and pinholes? For surprisingly little money, you can literally transform the appearance of your windows with shades of beautiful Brenlin. You will notice the difference at once.

Brenlin is lovely. Among its many soft colors you will find one that blends harmoniously with your color scheme. The fabric is supple, not stiff, and always hangs straight and smooth.

What is more, Brenlin *wears*—two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. Brenlin fabric is a fine, closely woven material, and requires none of the brittle clay or chalk filling that in ordinary window shades so soon falls out, causing cracks and pinholes. Experts finish Brenlin by hand and apply with the utmost care the beautiful colors that resist fading by the sun and defy stains by water. If you wish a different color on each side, get Brenlin Duplex for perfect color harmony.

Scratch a piece of ordinary window-shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out. BRENLIN has no filling—it outwears several ordinary shades

Look for the name Brenlin perforated or embossed on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing shade material, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

"How to Shade and Decorate Your Windows Correctly"—free

We have your copy of this very readable and instructive booklet on how to increase the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Send for it. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

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HAND MADE
Brenlin
the long-wearing
WINDOW SHADE *material*

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ah!" said Psmith, enlightened. "It is my costume that is causing these doubts in your mind. This is the second time this morning that such a misunderstanding has occurred. Have no misgivings, Comrade I-Have-Yet-to-Have-the-Privilege-of-Learning-Your-Name. These trousers may sit well; but if they do it is because the pockets are empty."

"Are you really broke?"

"As broke as the Ten Commandments."

"I'm hanged if I can believe it."

"Suppose I brush my hat the wrong way for a moment," said Psmith obligingly. "Would that help?"

His companion remained silent for a few moments. In spite of the fact that he was in so great a hurry and that every minute that passed brought nearer the moment when he would be compelled to tear himself away and make a dash for Paddington Station, Freddie was finding it difficult to open the subject he had come there to discuss.

"Look here," he said at length, "I shall have to trust you, dash it!"

"You could pursue no better course."

"It's like this. I'm trying to raise a thousand quid ——"

"I regret that I cannot offer to advance it to you myself. I have, indeed, already been compelled to decline to lend a gentleman who claimed to be an old friend of mine so small a sum as a fiver. But there is a dear obliging soul of the name of Alistair MacDougall who ——"

"Good Lord! You don't think I'm trying to touch you?"

"That impression did flit through my mind."

"Oh, dash it, no! No, but—well, as I was saying, I'm frightfully keen to get hold of a thousand quid."

"So am I," said Psmith. "Two minds with but a single thought. How do you propose to start about it? For my part, I must freely confess that I haven't a notion. I am stumped. The cry goes through the chancelleries, 'Psmith is baffled!'"

"I say, old thing," said Freddie plaintively, "you couldn't talk a bit less, could you? I've only got about two minutes."

"I beg your pardon. An old failing of mine, I fear. Proceed."

"It's so dashed difficult to know how to begin a thing. I mean, it's all a bit complicated till you get the hang of it. Look here, you said in your advertisement that you had no objection to crime."

Psmith considered the point.

"Within reason—and if undetected—I see no objection to twopenn'orth of crime."

"Well, look here—look here—well, look here," said Freddie, "will you steal my aunt's diamond necklace?"

Psmith placed his monocle in his eye and bent gravely toward his companion.

"Steal your aunt's necklace?" he said indulgently.

"Yes."

"You do not think she might consider it a liberty from one to whom she has never been introduced?"

What Freddie might have replied to this pertinent question will never be known, for at this moment, looking nervously at his watch for the twentieth time, he observed that the hands had passed the half hour and were well on their way to twenty-five minutes to one. He bounded up with a cry:

"I must go! I shall miss that damned train!"

"And meanwhile ——" said Psmith.

The familiar phrase—the words "and meanwhile" had occurred at least once in each of the many films which Freddie had ever seen—had the effect of wrenching the latter's mind back to the subject in hand for the moment. Freddie was not a clear-thinking young man, but even he could see that he had left the negotiations suspended at a very unsatisfactory point. Nevertheless, he had to catch that 12:50.

"Write and tell me what you think about it," panted Freddie, skimming through the lobby like a swallow.

"You have unfortunately omitted to leave a name and address," Psmith pointed out, following him at an easy jog trot.

In spite of his hurry, a prudence born of much movie seeing restrained Freddie from supplying the information asked for. Give away your name and address and you never knew what might happen.

"I'll write to you," he cried, racing for a cab.

"I shall count the minutes," said Psmith courteously.

"Drive like blazes!" said Freddie to the chauffeur.

"Where?" inquired the man, not unreasonably.

"Eh? Oh, Paddington."

The cab whirled off, and Psmith, pleasantly conscious of a morning not ill spent, gazed after it pensively for a moment. Then, with the feeling that the authorities of Colney Hatch or some kindred establishment had been extraordinarily negligent, he permitted his mind to turn with genial anticipation in the direction of lunch. For, though he had celebrated his first day of emancipation from Billingsgate Fish Market by rising late and breakfasting later, he had become aware by now of that not unpleasant emptiness which is the silent luncheon gong of the soul.

III

THE minor problem now presented itself of where to lunch, and with scarcely a moment's consideration he dismissed those large, noisy and bustling restaurants which lie near Piccadilly Circus. After a morning spent with Eve Halliday and the young man—he was sure he had seen the fellow before somewhere—who was going about the place asking people to steal his aunt's necklace, it was imperative that he select some place where he could sit and think quietly. Any food of which he partook must be consumed in calm, even cloistral surroundings, unpolluted by the presence of a first violin who tied himself into knots and an orchestra in whose lexicon there was no such word as "piano." One of his clubs seemed indicated.

In the days of his prosperity Psmith's father, an enthusiastic clubman, had enrolled his son's name on the list of several institutions; and now, although the lean years had arrived, he was still a member of six, and would continue to be a member till the beginning of the new year and the consequent call for fresh subscriptions. These clubs ranged from the Drones, frankly frivolous, to the Senior Conservative, solidly worthy. Almost immediately Psmith perceived that for such a mood as was upon him at the moment the latter might have been specially constructed. He turned, therefore, to the east, and having proceeded for some ten minutes at a stately walk in the direction of the river, found himself at the entrance of a massive edifice of salmon-colored stone, from every inch of whose placid front quiet respectability shone like an aura.

Anybody familiar with the interior of the Senior Conservative Club would have applauded his choice. In the whole of London no better haven could have been found by one desirous of staying his interior with excellently cooked food while passing his soul under a leisurely examination. They fed you well at the Drones, too, no doubt; but there Youth held carnival, and the thoughtful man, examining his soul, was apt at any moment to have his meditations broken in upon by a chunk of bread dexterously thrown by some bright spirit at an adjoining table. No horror of that description could possibly occur at the Senior Conservative.

The Senior Conservative has six thousand one hundred and eleven members. Some of the six thousand one hundred and eleven are more respectable than the others; but they are all respectable, whether they be numbered among the oldest inhabitants, like the Earl of Emsworth, who joined as a country member in 1888, or are among the recent creations of the last election of candidates. If any of the six thousand one hundred and eleven ever had a tendency to be anything but respectable they outgrew the fever long ago; for, with the exception of a few striplings in the middle forties, they are all well advanced in years. They are bald, reverend men, who look as if they are on their way to the city to preside at directors' meetings or have dropped in after an important conference with the Prime Minister at Downing Street as to the prospects at the coming by-election in the Little Wabsley Division.

With the quiet dignity which atoned for his lack of years in this stronghold of mellow worth, Psmith mounted the steps.

(Continued on Page 76)

Here it is!

Big Dromedary now has a little brother

IT'S EVERYWHERE ALREADY; good old Dromedary Dates that everybody loves, in little individual packages! Just the thing you've been waiting for. Now you can have your Dromedary Dates handy every day everywhere.

The new package slips into your pocket. Tuck it away in your grip or in the children's lunch box; keep it in your desk.

Pick up the package. Push open the end. Lift out the wholesome dates.

Remember the date when you want just a little something to eat—when gradually four o'clock fatigue makes work a dragging uphill load. Pull out your package—Dromedary Dates will save the day.

Eat plenty of dates. They're good for you and do you good. They're Nature's sweet and meat and medicine skillfully combined. Don't forget them on your way to work, and from now on let every day have its date.

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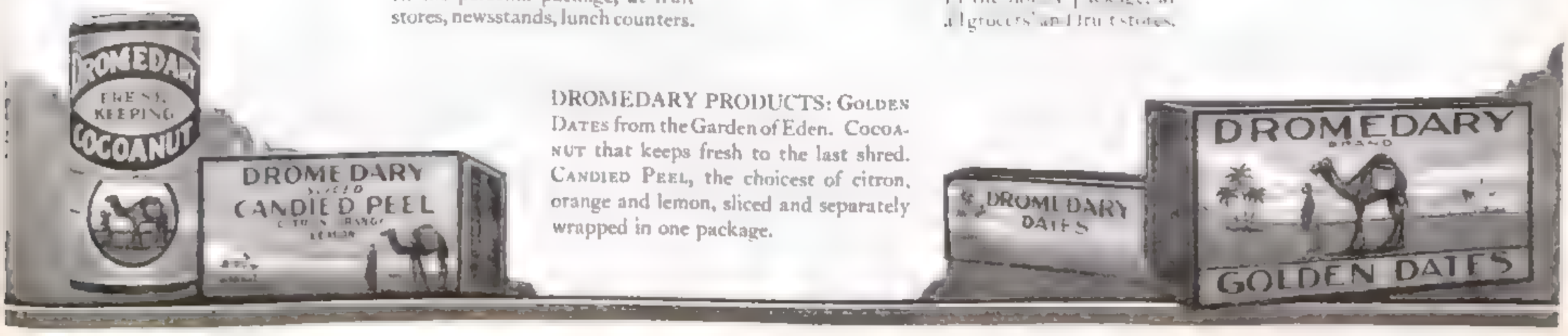

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(Continued from Page 74)

passed through the doors which were obligingly flung open for him by two uniformed dignitaries, and made his way to the coffee room through a group of white-haired sages who were discussing what Gladstone had said in '78.

Having selected a table in the middle of the room and ordered a simple and appetizing lunch, Psmith gave himself up to thoughts of Eve Halliday. As he had confessed to his young friend Mr. Walderwick, she had made a powerful impression upon him. He was tearing himself from his day-dreams in order to wrestle with a mutton chop, when a foreign body shot into his orbit and blundered heavily against the table. Looking up, he perceived a long, thin, elderly gentleman of pleasantly vague aspect who immediately began to apologize.

"My dear sir, I am extremely sorry. I trust I have caused no damage."

"Not at all," replied Psmith courteously.

"The fact is I have mislaid my glasses. Blind as a bat without them. Can't see where I'm going."

A gloomy-looking young man with long and disordered hair who stood at the elderly gentleman's elbow coughed suggestively. He was shuffling restlessly and appeared to be anxious to close the episode and move on; a young man, evidently, of highly strung temperament. He had a sullen air. The elderly gentleman started vaguely at the sound of the cough.

"Eh?" he said as if in answer to some spoken remark. "Oh, yes, quite so, quite so, my dear fellow. Mustn't stop here chatting, eh? Had to apologize, though. Nearly upset this gentleman's table. Can't see where I'm going without my glasses. Blind as a bat. Eh? What? Quite so, quite so."

He ambled off, doddering cheerfully, while his companion still preserved his look of sulky aloofness. Psmith gazed after them with interest.

"Can you tell me," he asked of the waiter, who was rallying round with the potatoes, "who that was?"

The waiter followed his glance.

"Don't know who the young gentleman is, sir. Guest here, I fancy. The old gentleman is the Earl of Emsworth. Lives in the country and doesn't often come to the club. Very absent-minded gentleman, they tell me. Potatoes, sir?"

"Thank you," said Psmith.

He was pleased with himself, as everyone is after a successful effort of memory. The mention of Lord Emsworth's name had had the effect of enabling him at last to place the incoherent youth who had so enlivened this morning. Freddie Threepwood! He had not seen him since the days when they were at Eton together, but he remembered him now; and he was conscious of a considerable curiosity as to why Freddie, who at school had been—if a bone-headed—at least a blameless boy, should now be promoting schemes for the theft of his aunt's jewelry. It might be interesting, he thought, to run down to Blandings Castle and pay a call on his old schoolfellow and inquire.

The waiter returned.

"I have been looking at the guest book, sir. The name of the gentleman lunching with Lord Emsworth is Mr. Ralston McTodd."

"Thank you very much. I am sorry you had the trouble."

"No trouble, sir."

Psmith resumed his meal.

IV

THE sullen demeanor of the young man who had accompanied Lord Emsworth through the coffee room accurately reflected the emotions which were vexing his troubled soul. Ralston McTodd, the powerful young singer of Saskatoon—"Plumbs the depths of humane emotion and strikes a new note"—Montreal Star. "Very readable"—Ypsilanti Herald—had not enjoyed his lunch. The pleasing sense of importance induced by the fact that for the first time in his life he was hobnobbing with a genuine earl had given way after ten minutes of his host's society to a mingled despair and irritation which had grown steadily deeper as the meal proceeded. It is not too much to say that by the time the fish course arrived it would have been a considerable relief to Mr. Ralston McTodd's feelings if he could have taken up the butter dish and banged it down, butter and all, on the top of his lordship's bald head.

A temperamental young man was Ralston McTodd. He liked to be the center of the picture, to do the talking, to air his views, to be listened to respectfully and with interest by a submissive audience. At the meal which had just concluded none of these reasonable demands had been permitted to him. From the very beginning Lord Emsworth had collared the conversation and held it with a gentle, bleating persistency against all assaults. Five times had Mr. McTodd almost succeeded in launching one of his best epigrams, only to see it swept away on the tossing flood of a lecture on hollyhocks. At the sixth attempt he had managed to get it out, complete and sparkling, and the old ass opposite him had taken it in his stride like a hurdle and gone galloping off about the mental and moral defects of a creature named Angus McAllister, who appeared to be his head gardener or something of the kind. The luncheon, though he was a hearty feeder and as a rule appreciative of good cooking, had turned to ashes in Mr. McTodd's mouth; and it was a soured and chafing singer of Saskatoon who dropped scowlingly into an armchair by the window of the lower smoking room a few moments later. We introduce Ralston McTodd to the reader, in short, at a moment when he is very near the breaking point. A little more provocation, and goodness knows what he will do. For the time being he is merely leaning back in his chair and scowling. He has a faint hope that a cigar may bring some relief, and he is waiting for one to be ordered for him.

Just the Man Who Might Have Written That Letter

The Earl of Emsworth did not see the scowl. He had not really seen Mr. McTodd at all from the moment of his arrival at the club, when somebody who sounded like the head porter had informed him that a gentleman was waiting to see him and had led him up to a shapeless blur which had introduced itself as his expected guest. The loss of his glasses had had its usual effect on Lord Emsworth, making the world a misty place in which indefinite objects swam dimly like fish in muddy water. Not that this mattered much, seeing that he was in London, for in London there was never anything worth looking at. Beyond a vague feeling that it would be more comfortable on the whole if he had his glasses—a feeling just strong enough to have made him send off a messenger boy to his hotel to hunt for them—Lord Emsworth had not allowed lack of vision to interfere with his enjoyment of the proceedings.

And, unlike Mr. McTodd, he had been enjoying himself very much. A good listener, this young man, he felt. Very soothing the way he had constituted himself a willing audience, never interrupting or thrusting himself forward, as is so often the deplorable tendency of the modern young man. Lord Emsworth was bound to admit that, much as he had disliked the idea of going to London to pick up this poet or whatever he was, the thing had turned out better than he had expected. He liked McTodd's silent but obvious interest in flowers, his tacit but warm-hearted sympathy in the matter of Angus McAllister. He was glad he was coming to Blandings. It would be agreeable to conduct him personally through the gardens, to introduce him to Angus McAllister and allow him to plumb for himself the black abysses of that outcast's mental processes. Meanwhile he had forgotten all about ordering that cigar.

"In large gardens where ample space permits," said Lord Emsworth, dropping cozily into his chair and taking up the conversation at the point where it had been broken off, "nothing is more desirable than that there should be some places, or one at least, of quiet greenery alone, without any flowers whatever. I see that you agree with me."

Mr. McTodd had not agreed with him. The grunt which Lord Emsworth had taken for an exclamation of rapturous adhesion to his sentiments had been merely a sort of bubble of sound rising from the tortured depths of Mr. McTodd's suffering soul; the cry, as the poet beautifully puts it, "of some strong smoker in his agony." The desire to smoke had now gripped Mr. McTodd's very vitals; but as some lingering remains of the social sense kept him from asking point-blank for the cigar for which he yearned, he sought in his mind for a way of approaching the subject obliquely.

"In no other way," proceeded Lord Emsworth, "can the brilliancy of flowers be so keenly enjoyed as by ——"

"Talking of flowers," said Mr. McTodd, "it is a fact, I believe, that tobacco smoke is good for roses. I understand the green fly ——"

"—— as by pacing for a time," said Lord Emsworth, "in some cool green alley and then passing on to the flowery places. It is partly, no doubt, the unconscious working out of some optical law, the explanation of which in every-day language is that the eye ——"

"Some people say that smoking is bad for the eyes. I don't agree with them," said Mr. McTodd warmly.

"—— being, as it were, saturated with the green color, is the more attuned to receive the others, especially the reds. It was probably some such consideration that influenced the designers of the many old gardens of England in devoting so much attention to the cult of the yew tree. When you come to Blandings, my dear fellow, I will show you our celebrated yew alley, and when you see it you will agree that I was right in taking the stand I did against Angus McAllister's pernicious views."

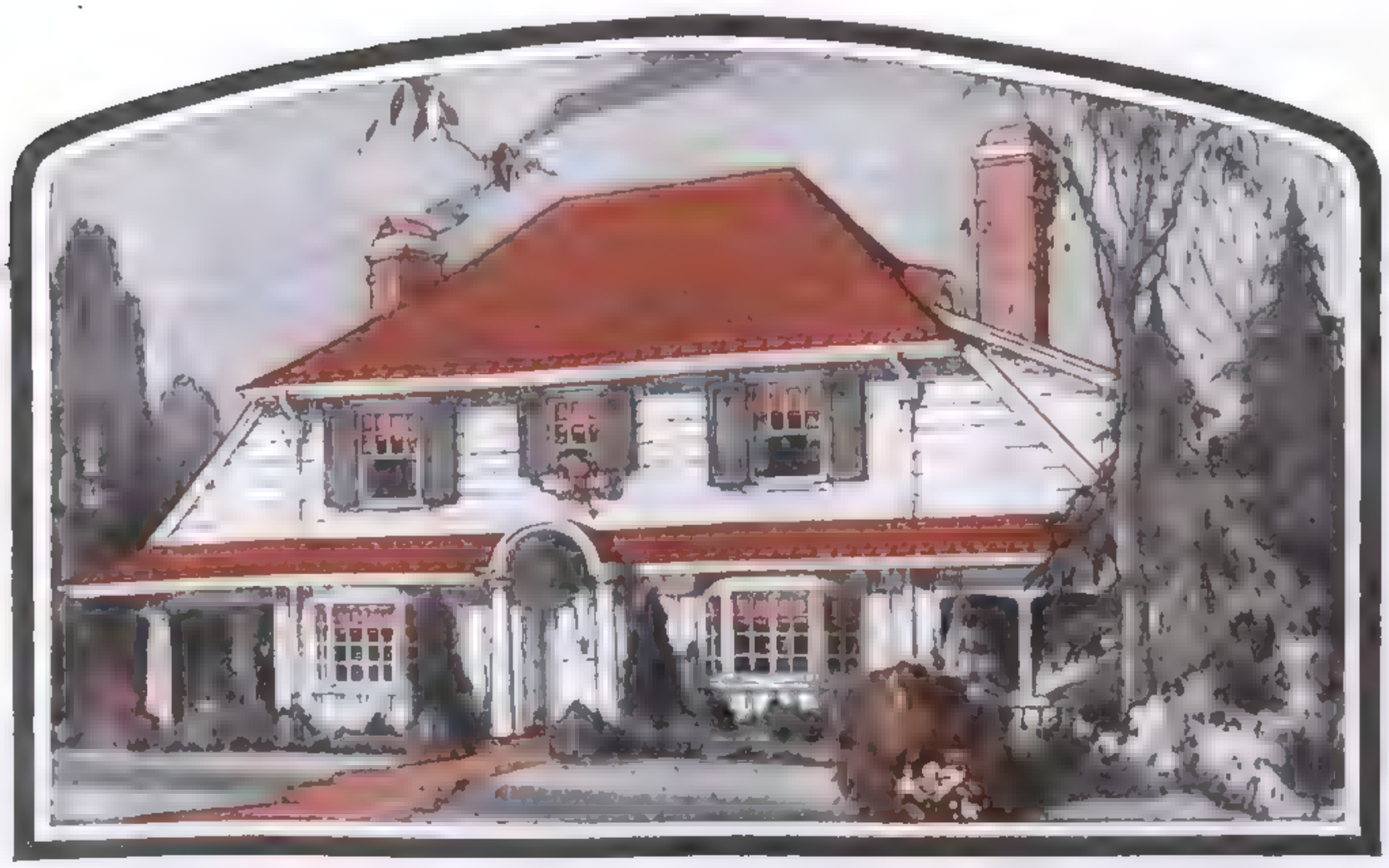
"I was lunching in a club yesterday," said Mr. McTodd, with the splendid McTodd doggedness, "where they had no matches on the tables in the smoking room—only spills. It made it very inconvenient ——"

"Angus McAllister," said Lord Emsworth, "is a professional gardener. I need say no more. You know as well as I do, my dear fellow, what professional gardeners are like when it is a question of moss ——"

"What it meant was that when you wanted to light your after-luncheon cigar you had to get up and go to a gas burner on a bracket at the other end of the room ——"

"Moss, for some obscure reason, appears to infuriate them. It rouses their basest

(Continued on Page 81)



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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 76)

passions. Nature intended a yew alley to be carpeted with a mossy growth. The mossy path in the yew alley at Blandings is in true relation for color to the trees and grassy edges; yet will you credit it that that soulless disgrace to Scotland actually wished to grub it all up and have a rolled gravel path staring up from beneath those immemorial trees? I have already told you how I was compelled to give in to him in the matter of the hollyhocks—head gardeners of any ability at all are rare in these days and one has to make concessions—but this was too much. I was perfectly friendly and civil about it. 'Certainly, McAllister,' I said, 'you may have your gravel path if you wish it. I make but one proviso, that you construct it over my dead body. Only when I am weltering in my blood on the threshold of that yew alley shall you disturb one inch of my beautiful moss. Try to remember, McAllister,' I said, still quite cordially, 'that you are not laying out a recreation ground in a Glasgow suburb: you are proposing to make an eyesore of what is possibly the most beautiful nook in one of the finest and oldest gardens in the United Kingdom.' He made some repulsive Scotch noise at the back of his throat, and there the matter rests. Let me, my dear fellow," said Lord Emsworth, writhing down into the depths of his chair like an aristocratic snake until his spine rested snugly against the leather—"let me describe for you the yew alley at Blandings. Entering from the west ——"

Mr. McTodd gave up the struggle and sank back, filled with black and deleterious thoughts, into a tobaccoless hell. The smoking room was full now, and on all sides fragrant blue clouds arose from the little groups of serious thinkers who were discussing the bank rate and tomorrow night's debate in the House. Mr. McTodd, as he watched them, had something of the emotions of the peri excluded from paradise. So reduced was he by this time that he would have accepted gratefully the meanest straight-cut cigarette in place of the fine cigar of his dreams. But even this poor substitute for smoking was denied him.

Lord Emsworth droned on. Having approached from the west, he was well inside the yew alley now.

"Many of the yews, no doubt, have taken forms other than those that were originally designed. Some are like turned chessmen; some might be taken for adaptations of human figures, for one can trace here and there a hat-covered head or a spreading petticoat. Some rise in solid blocks, with rounded roof and stemless mushroom finial. These have for the most part arched recesses, forming arbors. One of the tallest —— Eh? What?"

Lord Emsworth blinked at the waiter who had sidled up. A moment before he had been a hundred-odd miles away, and it was not easy to adjust his mind immediately to the fact that he was in the smoking room of the Senior Conservative Club.

"Eh? What?"

"A messenger boy has just arrived with this, your lordship."

Lord Emsworth peered in a dazed and woolly manner at the proffered spectacle case. Intelligence returned to him.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you very much! My glasses! Capital! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

He removed the glasses from their case and placed them on his nose; and instantly the world sprang into being before his eyes, sharp and well-defined. It was like coming out of a fog.

"Dear me!" he said in a self-congratulatory voice.

Then abruptly he sat up, transfixed. The lower smoking room at the Senior Conservative Club is on the street level, and Lord Emsworth's chair faced the large window. Through this, as he raised his now spectacled face, he perceived for the first time that among the row of shops on the opposite side of the street was a jaunty new florist's. It had been there, as a matter of fact, for some months; but it had not been there at his last visit to the metropolis, and he stared at it raptly, as a small boy would stare at a saucer of ice cream if such a thing had suddenly descended from heaven immediately in front of him. And, like a small boy in such a situation, he had eyes for nothing else. He did not look at his guest. Indeed, in the ecstasy of his discovery he had completely forgotten that he had a guest.

Any flower shop, however small, was a magnet to the Earl of Emsworth, and this was a particularly spacious and arresting flower shop. Its window was gay with summer blooms. It shone like a beacon. And Lord Emsworth, slowly rising from his chair, pointed like a dog that sees a pheasant.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured.

If the reader has followed with the closeness which it deserves the extremely entertaining conversation of his lordship recorded in the last few paragraphs, he will have noted a reference to hollyhocks. Lord Emsworth had ventilated the hollyhock question at some little length while seated at the luncheon table. But, as we had not the good fortune to be present at that enjoyable meal, a brief résumé of the situation must now be given and the intelligent public allowed to judge between his lordship and the uncompromising McAllister.

Briefly, the position was this: Many head gardeners are apt to favor, in the hollyhock, forms that one cannot but think have for their aim an ideal that is a false and unworthy one. Angus McAllister, clinging to the head-gardeneresque standard of beauty and correct form, would not sanction the wider outer petal. The flower, so Angus held, must be very tight and very round, like the uniform of a major general. Lord Emsworth, on the other hand, considered this view narrow, and claimed the liberty to try for the very highest and truest beauty in hollyhocks. The loosely folded inner petals of the hollyhock, he considered, invited a wonderful play and brilliancy of color; while the wide outer petal, with its slightly waved surface and gently frilled edge—well, anyway, Lord Emsworth liked his hollyhocks floppy and Angus McAllister liked them tight, and bitter warfare had resulted; in which, as we have seen, his lordship had been compelled to give way. He had been brooding on this defeat ever since, and in the florist opposite he saw a possible sympathizer, a potential ally, an intelligent chum with whom he could get together and thoroughly damn Angus McAllister's Glaswegian obstinacy.

You could not have suspected Lord Emsworth, from a casual glance, of having within him the ability to move rapidly; but it is a fact that he was out of the smoking room and skimming down the front steps of the club before Mr. McTodd's jaw, which had fallen at the spectacle of his host bounding out of his horizon of vision like a rabbit, had time to hitch itself up again. A moment later, Mr. McTodd, happening to direct his gaze out of the window, saw him whiz across the road and vanish into the florist's shop.

It was at this juncture that Psmith, having finished his lunch, came downstairs to enjoy a quiet cup of coffee. The room was rather crowded, and the chair which Lord Emsworth had vacated offered a wide invitation. He made his way to it.

"Is this chair occupied?" he inquired politely—so politely that Mr. McTodd's reply sounded by contrast even more violent than it might otherwise have done.

"No, it isn't!" snapped Mr. McTodd.

Psmith seated himself. He was feeling agreeably disposed to conversation.

"Lord Emsworth has left you, then?" he said.

"Is he a friend of yours?" inquired Mr. McTodd in a voice that suggested that he was perfectly willing to accept a proxy as a target for his spleen.

"I know him by sight—nothing more."

"Blast him!" muttered Mr. McTodd with indescribable virulence.

Psmith eyed him inquiringly.

"Correct me if I am wrong," he said. "But I seem to detect in your manner a certain half-veiled annoyance. Is anything the matter?"

Mr. McTodd barked bitterly.

"Oh, no; nothing's the matter; nothing whatever, except that that old beaver"—here he wronged Lord Emsworth, who, whatever his faults, was not a bearded man—"that old beaver invited me to lunch, talked all the time about his infernal flowers, never let me get a word in edgeways, hadn't the common civility to offer me a cigar, and now has gone off without a word of apology and buried himself in that shop over the way. I've never been so insulted in my life!" raved Mr. McTodd.

"Scarcely the perfect host," admitted Psmith.

"And if he thinks," said Mr. McTodd, rising, "that I'm going to go and stay with him at his beastly castle after this he's mistaken. I'm supposed to go down there with him this evening—and perhaps the old fossil thinks I will! After this!" A horrid laugh rolled up from Mr. McTodd's interior. "Likely! I see myself! After being insulted like this—would you?" he demanded.

Psmith gave the matter thought.

"I am inclined to think no."

"And so am I damned well inclined to think no!" cried Mr. McTodd. "I'm going away now, this very minute. And if that old coyote ever comes back you can tell him he's seen the last of me."

And Ralston McTodd, his blood boiling with justifiable indignation and pique to a degree dangerous on such a warm day, stalked off towards the door with a hard, set face. Through the door he stalked to the cloakroom for his hat and cane; then, his lips moving silently, he stalked through the hall, stalked down the steps and passed from the scene, stalking furiously round the corner in quest of a tobacconist's. At the moment of his disappearance the Earl of Emsworth had just begun to give the sympathetic florist a limpid character sketch of Angus McAllister.

Psmith shook his head sadly. These clashings of human temperament were very lamentable. They disturbed the after-luncheon repose of the man of sensibility. He ordered coffee and endeavored to forget the painful scene by thinking of Eve Halliday.

V

THE florist who had settled down to ply his trade opposite the Senior Conservative Club was a delightful fellow, thoroughly sound on the hollyhock question and so informative in the matter of Delphiniums, Achilleas, Coreopsis, Eryngiums, Geums, lupines, bergamots and early Phloxes that Lord Emsworth gave himself up wholeheartedly to the feast of reason and the flow of soul; and it was only some fifteen minutes later that he remembered that he had left a guest languishing in the lower smoking room and that this guest might be thinking him a trifle remiss in the observance of the sacred duties of hospitality.

"Bless my soul, yes!" said his lordship, coming out from under the influence with a start.

Even then he could not bring himself to dash abruptly from the shop. Twice he reached the door, and twice pottered back to sniff at flowers and say something he had forgotten to mention about the stronger-growing Clematis. Finally, however, with one last, longing look behind, he tore himself away and trotted back across the street.

Arrived in the lower smoking room, he stood in the doorway for a moment, peering. The place had been a blur to him when he had left it; but he remembered that he had been sitting in the middle window, and as there were only two seats by the window, that tall, dark young man in one of them must be the guest he had deserted. That he could be a changeling never occurred to Lord Emsworth. So pleasantly had the time passed in the shop across the way that he had the impression that he had been gone only a couple of minutes or so. He made his way to where the young man sat. A vague idea came into his head that the other had grown a bit in his absence, but it passed.

"My dear fellow," he said genially as he slid into the other chair, "I really must apologize."

It was plain to Psmith that the other was under a misapprehension, and a really nice-minded young man would no doubt have put the matter right at once. The fact that it never for a single instant occurred to Psmith to do so was due, no doubt, to some innate defect in his character. He was essentially a young man who took life as it came, and the more inconsequently it came the better he liked it. Presently, he reflected, it would become necessary for him to make some excuse and steal quietly out of the other's life; but meanwhile the situation seemed to him to present entertaining possibilities.

"Not at all," he replied graciously; "not at all."

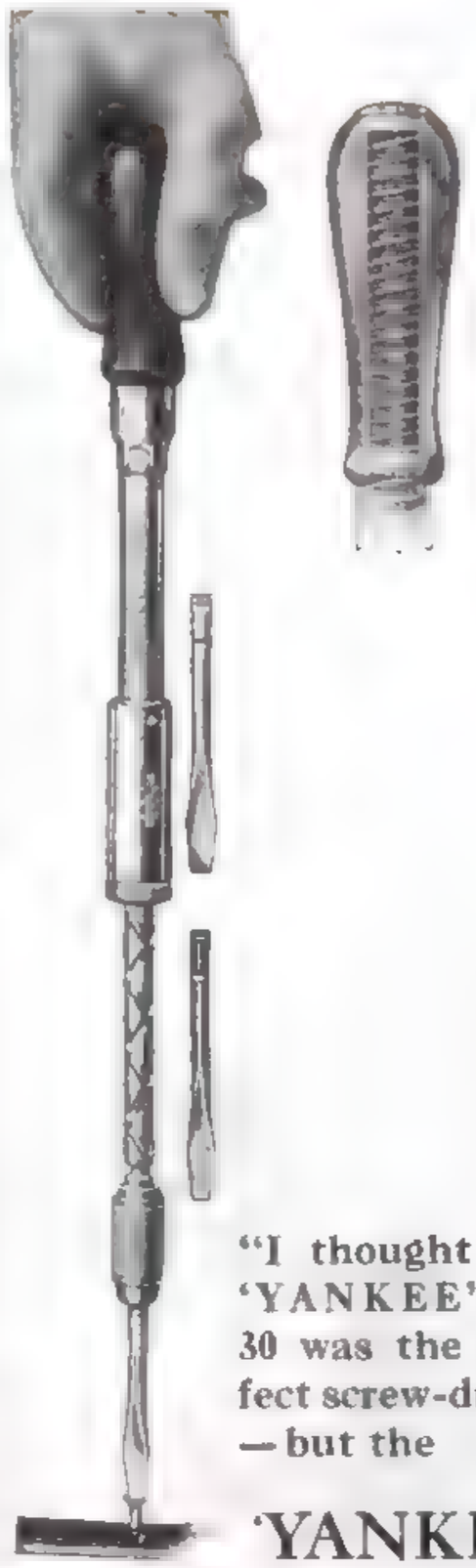
"I was afraid for the moment," said Lord Emsworth, "that you might—quite naturally—be offended."

"Absurd!"

"Shouldn't have left you like that. Shocking bad manners. But, my dear fellow, I simply had to pop across the street."

"Most decidedly," said Psmith. "Always pop across streets. It is the secret of a happy and successful life."

Lord Emsworth looked at him a little perplexedly and wondered if he had caught



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THE HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS
The fourth essay in the Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post
Lucas
Paints and Varnishes
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the last remark correctly. It hadn't seemed to make sense, somehow. But his mind had never been designed for the purpose of dwelling closely on problems for any length of time, and he let it go.

"Beautiful roses that man has," he observed. "Really an extraordinarily fine display."

"Indeed?" said Psmith.

"Nothing to touch mine, though. I wish, my dear fellow, you could have been down at Blandings at the beginning of the month. My roses were at their best then. It's too bad you weren't there to see them."

"The fault no doubt was mine," said Psmith.

"Of course, you weren't in England then"

"Ah, that explains it!"

"Still, I shall have plenty of flowers to show you when you are at Blandings. I expect," said Lord Emsworth, at last showing a hostlike disposition to give his guest a belated innings, "I expect you'll write one of your poems about my gardens, eh?"

Psmith was conscious of distinct gratification. Weeks of toil among the herrings of Billingsgate had left him with a sort of haunting fear that even in private life there clung to him the miasma of the fish market. Yet here was a perfectly unprejudiced observer looking squarely at him and mistaking him for a poet, showing that in spite of all he had gone through there must still be something notably spiritual and unfishy about his outward appearance.

"Very possibly," he said. "Very possibly."

"I suppose you get ideas for your poetry from all sorts of things," said Lord Emsworth, nobly resisting the temptation to collar the conversation again.

He was feeling extremely friendly towards this poet fellow. The chap's silent interest in his conversation at lunch had done much to dispel his prejudice against literary men as a class. Moreover, it was deuced civil of him not to be put out and huffy at being left alone in the smoking room.

"From practically everything," said Psmith, "except fish."

"Fish?"

"I have never written a poem about fish."

"No?" said Lord Emsworth, again feeling that a pin had worked loose in the machinery of the conversation.

"I was once offered a princely sum," went on Psmith, now floating happily along on the tide of his native exuberance, "to write a ballad for the Fishmongers Gazette entitled Herbert the Turbot. But I was firm. I declined."

"Indeed?" said Lord Emsworth.

"One has one's self-respect," said Psmith.

"Oh, decidedly," said Lord Emsworth.

"It was painful, of course. The editor broke down completely when he realized that my refusal was final. However, I sent him on with a letter of introduction to John Drinkwater, who, I believe, turned him out quite a good little effort on the theme."

At this moment, when Lord Emsworth was feeling a trifle dizzy, and Psmith, on whom conversation always acted as a mental stimulus, was on the point of plunging even deeper into the agreeable depths of light persiflage, a waiter approached.

"A lady to see you, your lordship."

"Eh? Ah, yes, of course, of course. I was expecting her. It is a Miss—what is the name? Holliday? Halliday! It is a Miss Halliday," he said in explanation to Psmith, "who is coming down to Blandings to catalogue the library. My secretary, Baxter, told her to call here and see me. If you will excuse me for a moment, my dear fellow ——"

"Certainly."

As Lord Emsworth disappeared it occurred to Psmith that the moment had arrived for him to get his hat and steal softly out of the other's life forever. Only so could confusion and embarrassing explanations be avoided, and it was Psmith's guiding rule in life always to avoid explanations. It might, he felt, cause Lord Emsworth a momentary pang when he returned to the smoking room and found that he was a poet short; but what is that in these modern days when poets are so plentiful that it is almost impossible to fling a brick in any public place without damaging some stern young singer? Psmith's view of the matter was that, if Lord Emsworth was bent on associating with poets, there was bound to be another one along in a minute. He was on the point, therefore, of rising, when the laziness induced by a good lunch decided him to remain in his comfortable chair for a few minutes longer. He was in one of those moods of rare tranquillity which it is rash to break.

He lit another cigarette, and his thoughts as they had done after the departure of Mr. McTodd, turned dreamily in the direction of the girl he had met at Miss Clarkson's employment bureau. He mused upon her with gentle melancholy. Sad, he felt, that two obviously kindred spirits like himself and her should meet in the whirl of London life, only to separate again—presumably forever—simply because the etiquette governing those who are created male and female forbids a man to cement a chance acquaintanceship by ascertaining the lady's name and address, asking her to lunch and swearing eternal friendship. He sighed as he gazed thoughtfully out of the lower smoking-room window. As he had indicated in his conversation with Mr. Walderwick, those blue eyes and that cheerful, friendly face had made a deep impression on Psmith's emotions. Who was she? Where did she live? And was he ever to see her again?

He was. Even as he asked himself the question, two figures came down the steps of the club and paused. One was Lord Emsworth without his hat. The other—and Psmith's usually orderly heart gave a spasmodic bound at the sight of her—was the very girl who was occupying his thoughts. There she stood, as blue-eyed, as fair-haired, as indescribably jolly and charming as ever.

Psmith rose from his chair with a vehemence almost equal to that recently displayed by Mr. McTodd. It was his intention to add himself immediately to the group. He raced across the room in a manner that drew censorious glances from the local graybeards, many of whom had half a mind to write to the committee about it.

But when he reached the open air the pavement at the foot of the club steps was empty. The girl was just vanishing round the corner into the Strand, and of Lord Emsworth there was no sign whatever.

By this time, however, Psmith had acquired a useful working knowledge of his lordship's habits, and he knew where to look. He crossed the street and headed for the florist's shop.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said his lordship amiably, suspending his conversation with the proprietor on the subject of Delphiniums, "must you be off? Don't forget that our train leaves Paddington at five sharp. You book your ticket for Market Blandings."

Psmith had come into the shop merely with the intention of asking his lordship if he happened to know Miss Halliday's address, but these words opened out such a vista of attractive possibilities that he abandoned this tame program immediately. He remembered now that among the recent Mr. McTodd's remarks on things in general had been one to the effect that he had received an invitation to visit Blandings Castle, of which invitation he did not propose to avail himself; and he argued that if he had acted as substitute for Mr. McTodd at the club, he might well continue the kindly work by officiating for him at Blandings.

Looking at the matter altruistically, he would prevent his kind host much disappointment by taking this course; and, looking at it from a more personal viewpoint, only by going to Blandings could he renew his acquaintance with this girl. Psmith had never been one of those who hang back diffidently when adventure calls, and he did not hang back now.

"At five sharp," he said. "I will be there."

"Capital, my dear fellow," said his lordship.

"Does Miss Halliday travel with us?"

"Eh? No, she is coming down in a day or two."

"I shall look forward to meeting her," said Psmith.

He turned to the door, and Lord Emsworth, with a farewell beam, resumed his conversation with the florist.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Reach dripping hands for a fresh, inviting ScotTissue Towel. Instantly, your hands are thoroughly, *safely dry*. At first contact with moisture, the millions of thirsty, threadlike, filaments of fibre in every ScotTissue Towel leap to their task of sucking up every trace of water from your skin.

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

these folks that try to go right on by and never say hello.

Alfalfa Jack Hines had to ship one of his windmills back to Phoenix last week. Jack says since I started the Salome Sun there ain't only wind enough for one mill now.

An Eastern tourist stopped off at Yumaresque a while ago, thinking he was in Mexico or some foreign country. The hotel is right on the banks of the muddy Colorado. The weather was typical, maybe even a little more so, and about the second day the stranger felt the need of a bath. Not seeing any signs of one, he asked the proprietor. "Well," answered the native, "you can go down on the bank of the river back of them willows and take a wash and dry off in the sun and then get the nigger porter to dust you off. That's what we generally do."

A man soon drifts back towards Nature out here in the desert. I shaved yesterday, and Jane, my seven-year-old, said, "Where are you going, daddy?"

When I was in Los Angeles last week I saw in the paper that there was eleven women in the jail there for killing their husbands, sweeties or their sweeties' sweeties, and all of them trying to get their picture in the paper at once. It made me nervous and I didn't stay long. I believe in publicity all right, all right, but not enough so as to help the twelfth or thirteenth get her features photographed for public printing. I don't mind a two-gun man taking a pot shot or two at me, but these here women—you never know what they're going to do or when they're going to do it.

Folks up around Buzzard's Roost ought to be a little more careful how they mix their brands. Wallapi Ike went to the dance there last Saturday night and after sampling some of their White Mule, Squirrel Whisky, Old Crow and Jack Rabbit Brandy, he hopped around a while, kicked the windows out of the schoolhouse, climbed up on the roof and then tried to fly. Ike's in bed now down at the corral with a broken shoulder and a sprained ankle, and says he don't remember anything at all about it.

Chiquita Bill, the seraphic-faced little devil down at the garage that separates tourists from their money with a Crescent wrench and a pair of pliers, is back in Salome again, hunting up baling wire to tie Lizzie's innards in with for the tin-can tourists. Chiquita says no more back East for him. He went back to Missouri to visit the folks and his mother put him in a feather bed the first night. Chiquita says it wasn't blowed up tight, and when he laid down on it it squished like a rattlesnake and like to smothered him to death, so he wrapped up in a blanket and slept on the floor—and now his folks are writing out wanting to know what kind of a place this Salome is anyway.

—*Dickwick Hall,*
Editor and Garage Owner.

Weather Forecasts

(If the Writers of Movie Subtitles Were Retained by the Weather Bureau)

I

Fair; Warmer; Southerly winds.

Comes an ardent sun through a turquoise dawn, bringing to men the scented airs of the languorous South.

II

Continued cloudy; Easterly winds; Light rain toward night.

For tomorrow: Winds that moan of the tragedies of the sea; gray gloom overhead; and the trickle of rain, like tender tears, at twilight.

III

Fair; Northwest winds.

A golden day: with fresh clean winds from the great open spaces where men are men.

IV

Rain, with northeast gales; Shifting to west, and followed by clearing.

Rain like a charging knight, whose steed is the northeast gale, gives place to peace at eventide, and to placid airs from the bosom of the Great West.

V

Local showers; Light variable winds.

As a maid, in the first flush of her fickleness, scatters a largess of smile-flecked tears, so doth the morrow its coy uncertainty promise. —*A. H. Folwell.*

There is No Short Cut

Arms and the Women

JAEL, the Kenite, a sweet, gentle dumb body,
Would not stir out of her family tent;
Deborah Lapidoth longed to be Somebody,
Preaching to women the New Discontent.
Often, with arguments thoroughly grounded,
She would assert that her Sphere was Unbounded.

Jabin, of Canaan, assisted by Sisera,
Played all of Israel's children at will;
Somehow the Hebrew resistance lacked visicera
Vain was their valor and useless their skill.
How could their conduct be other than flighty,
Facing huge chariots, iron-shod and mighty?

Deborah rose with a vigor galvanical,
Girding herself in a warrior's clothes;
"Down with a yoke that is all of tyrannical!
Join us in ridding the land of its foes!"
Boldly she charged against Jabin, and battered
All of his army, until it was shattered!

Deborah led. . . . But at home the angelical
Jael was busy performing her chores.
Sisera fled to her tent, with his bellical
Bruises, his scratches, his bumps, and his sores—
Asked for a drink, and a poultice and plaster;
Lay down to snooze, with no thought of disaster.

Jael thought, "Long you've delighted to hammer us;
Nail and a hammer—I'm glad you have come!"
Then, in a manner subdued and unclamorous,
Drove the nail in, without pounding her thumb.

Straight through his helmet, his forehead, his snoring,
Nailing his cranium down to the flooring.

Women in Israel argued excessively
Whether a woman should Stay in the Home. . . .
One smashed the troops of the foremen impressively,
One drove a nail in the enemy's dome.
Looking at them with a bit of perspective,
Both, you'll agree, were distinctly effective.
—*Clement Wood.*

A Ballade in Season

I AM no Byron, I'll admit,
I am no Shelley, Burns or Poe;
My Pegasus may halt a bit,
Yet smooth enough my verses flow.
To sonnet, ballad and rondeau
At times my gentle Muse inclines,
But most of all my stanzas show
I'm great at writing valentines.

So Stella gets a taste of it
In re her loveliness, and so
On Wanda's charm and Cora's wit
Much ardent riming I bestow.
To Rosalie I kisses throw,
And for her graces Doris shines;
In praising Nell I'm far from slow—
I'm great at writing valentines.

Clorinda gets the benefit
Of fervent thoughts that in me glow.
For hours with pen in hand I sit
And sing to Joan and Betty-O!
The flowers in their paths I strow
A fonder swain by all the signs
There never was on earth below
I'm great at writing valentines.

True, none of these sweet maids I know,
But other men will send my lines
The trade discovered long ago
I'm great at writing valentines!
—*Nathan M. Levy.*

Marketing the Modern Novel

DIRT

A Disgusting Novel by Ezra Lunk

(Elbert H. Slop, Publisher, $2.00)

EZRA LUNK'S grandmother, his baby, his press agent and the ice man all think DIRT is the greatest novel he has ever written.

I have not read DIRT but it certainly looks to me like A BIG Book.
—JACK.

Everyone should own a copy of DIRT. W. 3d is just too big for his high chair and not quite big enough for a "growed-up chair," as he calls it; but DIRT, added to one of our regular dining-room chairs, brings him to the correct height at table. THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL AND USEFUL BOOK SINCE THE DICTIONARY. —W. A. BOOSTEM.

Mr. Lunk KNOWS whereof he speaks. SALOME PLAIN DEALER.

I may not know much about books, but I know what I like, and I LIKE DIRT. It made me LAUGH and CRY and SNEEZE and WHIMPER.
—WILLIAM CRIGHTON.

I believe in DIRT and I believe in EZRA LUNK. I believe he has done a big thing in a big way. As a mark of my esteem, and on the advice of my advertising manager, I will issue a limited edition of DIRT on the following terms: 23 copies printed in gold on white satin—the effect similar to that of convention badges—containing author's autograph and loose-leaf photograph which may be easily removed ($50); 47 copies printed on very poor carbon paper with autograph and photograph as above $25); and 1291 copies bound like city directories and containing author's photograph which cannot be removed $10). God bless you!
—ELBERT H. SLOP.
—*Katharine Dayton.*

Valentine

To My Favorite Murderess

PRITHEE, modern maiden mine,
Would you be my Valentine?
Kindly let me have the tip
That will give me chance to skip
Out of reach of your erratic
Temperamental automatic.

If you love me put me wise
Ere you gouge out both my eyes.
Give me time to flee apace
Ere you hammer in my face.
I have heard your previous lover
Never wholly did recover.

I prefer to dwell remote
Than to have you cut my throat;
If you're crazy over me
Cut it out, and let me be!
I am used to older fashions
Than the modern maiden's passions.

Therefore, modern maiden, while
I appreciate your smile,
I confess your loving fervors
Make me just a little nervous.
Love some other man with fury—
Let me serve upon the jury!
—*Gelett Burgess.*

In the GUEST ROOMS *at Fountain Inn —rugs and carpeting of Klearflax*

DOWN at Eustis, Florida, there is a place where gather those who love the zest of life. Charming Fountain Inn!

Outside is the quiet beauty of inland lakes; within, that restful comfort which comes only from a decorative scheme of artistic simplicity.

The guest room furnishings are refreshingly simple and harmonious in detail. On the floors are rugs and carpeting of Klearflax.

Klearflax was chosen, first of all, for its rich, refined beauty. For Klearflax is *pure linen*. So you find it in all the lovely linen solid colors of sand, chestnut, green, blue, gray, rose, mole, taupe, mulberry and beige. There are also two-color effects, the Picwick mixtures, very artistic as well as practical. The new end borders are meeting great popular favor, too.

A hotel rug sees hard service, so durability must be considered—another reason for the choice of Klearflax. Linen is the strongest of fabrics and Klearflax, being reversible, gives remarkable wear resistance.

You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how soft and silky it becomes with use. You will notice, when you take hold of Klearflax, a quite pronounced roughness in texture. This is because into Klearflax are woven the coarse outer fibres of the linen plant as well as the silky inner ones. These stiff strands, however, soon soften with use and, like all linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful.

These same tough outer fibres give Klearflax a very thick, heavy body that lies flat on the floor. You can clean it so easily, for, being linen, it is moth-proof and does not readily absorb dirt; you can redye it and rebind it and have a perennially new rug that daily grows more beautiful and seems never to wear out.

Klearflax is very moderately priced; a 9 x 12 rug is $45; other sizes priced accordingly—somewhat higher in the far west and Canada. The all-over carpeting at $3.75 per square yard is also very popular. In smaller rooms the wide loom widths give a pleasing effect of spaciousness and richness.

The Klearflax trademark or label on every rug is your guarantee of genuine Klearflax, pure linen, both warp and woof, and protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

Send for booklet showing complete size and color range of Klearflax rugs and carpets and giving interesting information on home decoration. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 E. Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

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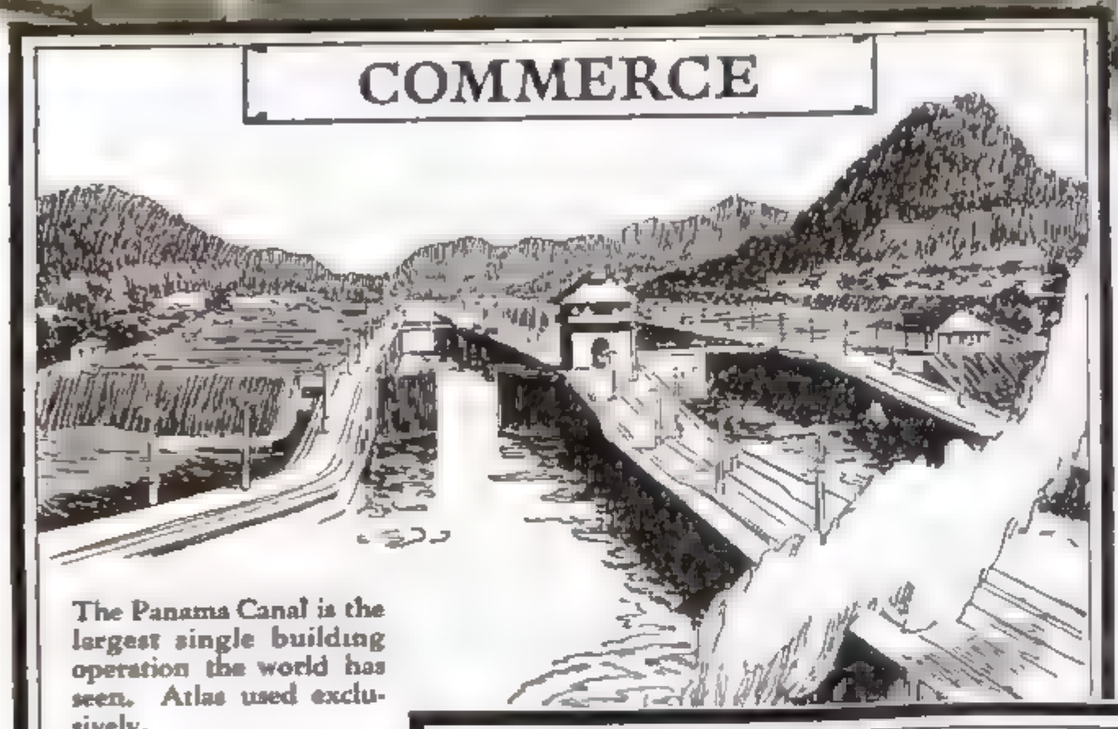

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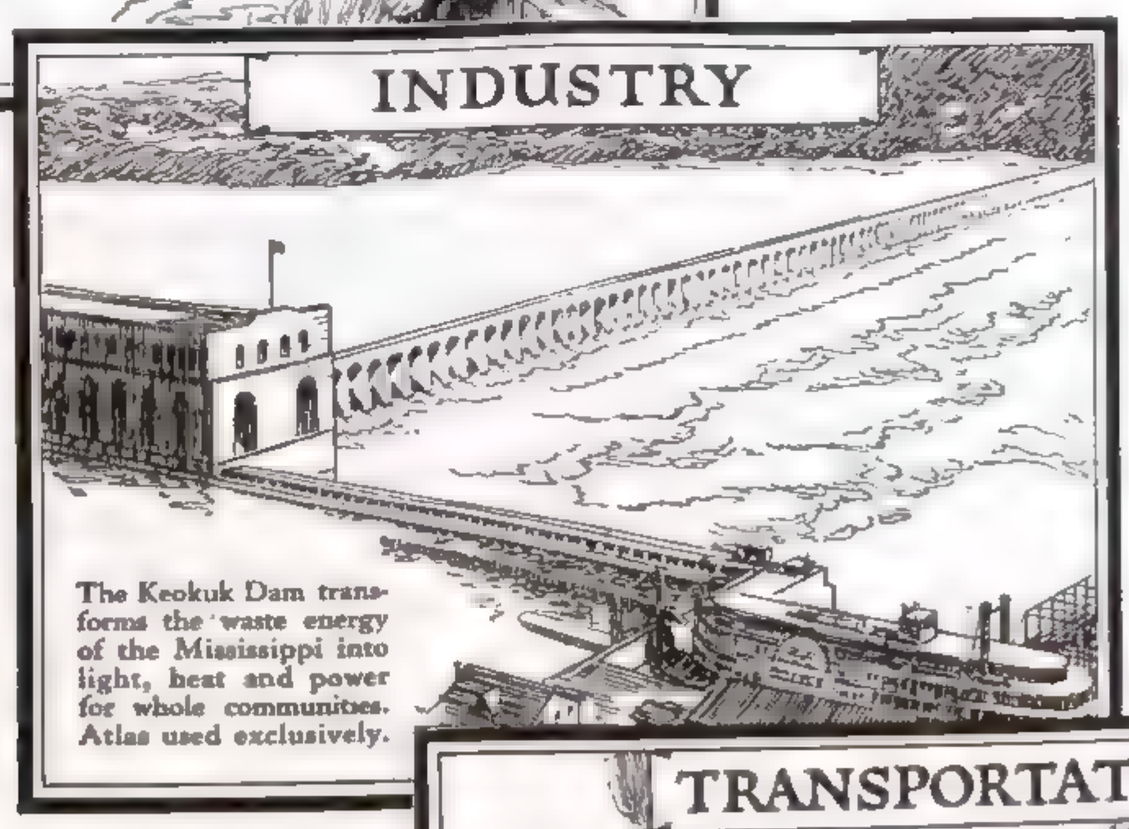
Geo. W. Goethals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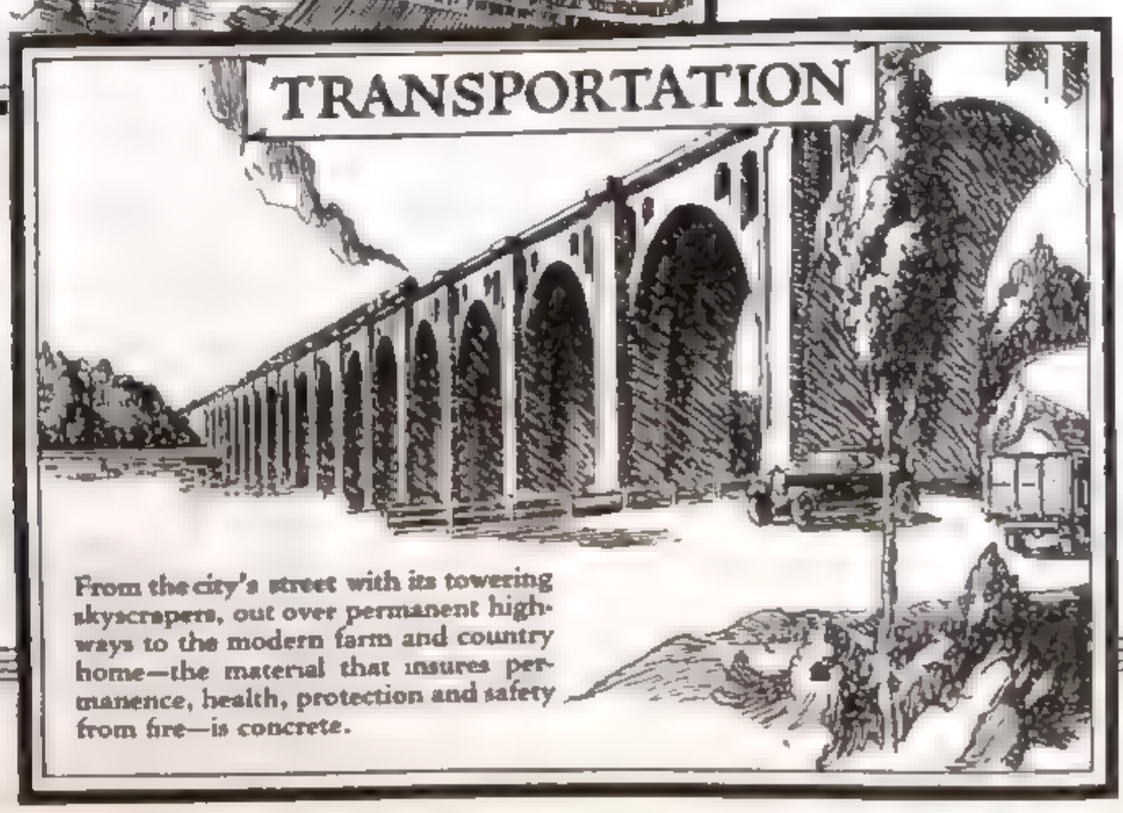
The Keokuk Dam transforms the waste energy of the Mississippi into light, heat and power for whole communities. Atlas used exclusively.


TRANSPORTATION
From the city's street with its towering skyscrapers, out over permanent highways to the modern farm and country home—the material that insures permanence, health, protection and safety from fire—is concrete.

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America's Activities— are on Mammoth Scale

TO SHORTEN trade routes she cuts a waterway from ocean to ocean—the Panama Canal. To light cities and furnish power to industry, she holds in control the forces of nature, behind walls of concrete such as the Keokuk Dam across the Mississippi. She tunnels under cities, bridges chasms;—and meets the demands of greater production and adequate housing with modern, concrete structures, proof against fire, safe from collapse, permanent.

In such construction Portland Cement is the essential building material. Practically no structure is built today in which it is not an integral part. To supply so essential a commodity is a responsibility.

Such responsibility is twofold;—to make Portland Cement of the highest possible quality and available at a price within reach of all,—to maintain production in quantities sufficient for the demands created by its varied uses.

The Atlas answer to increasing demand is its group of mills—with storage-capacity alone equal to more than the entire cement production of the nation twenty-five years ago.

The price question is answered—of all manufactured commodities Portland Cement is cheapest. And in spite of this cheapness Atlas is a highly scientific product, entailing 85 intricate operations, all maintained at a degree of excellence that justifies the phrase "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

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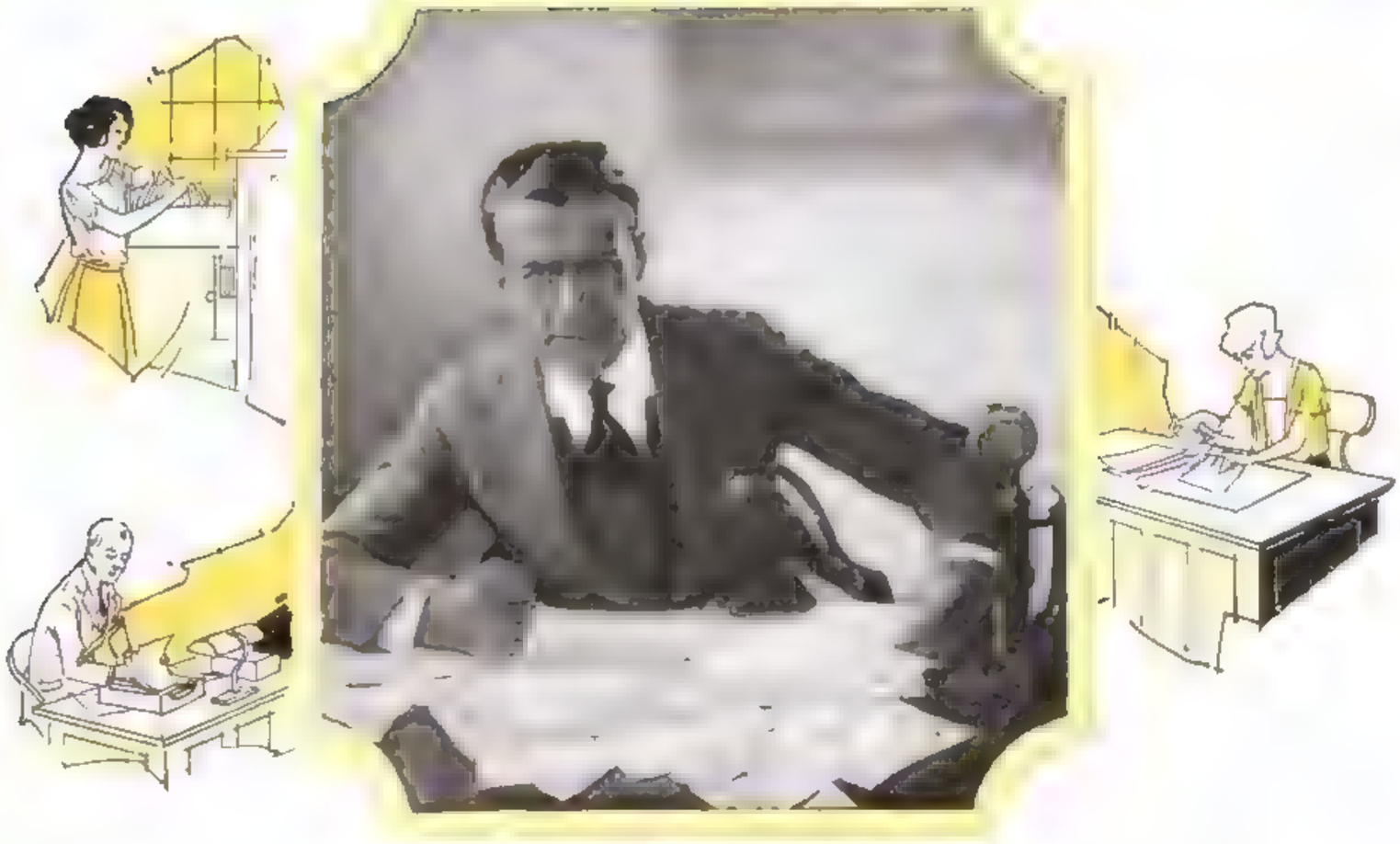

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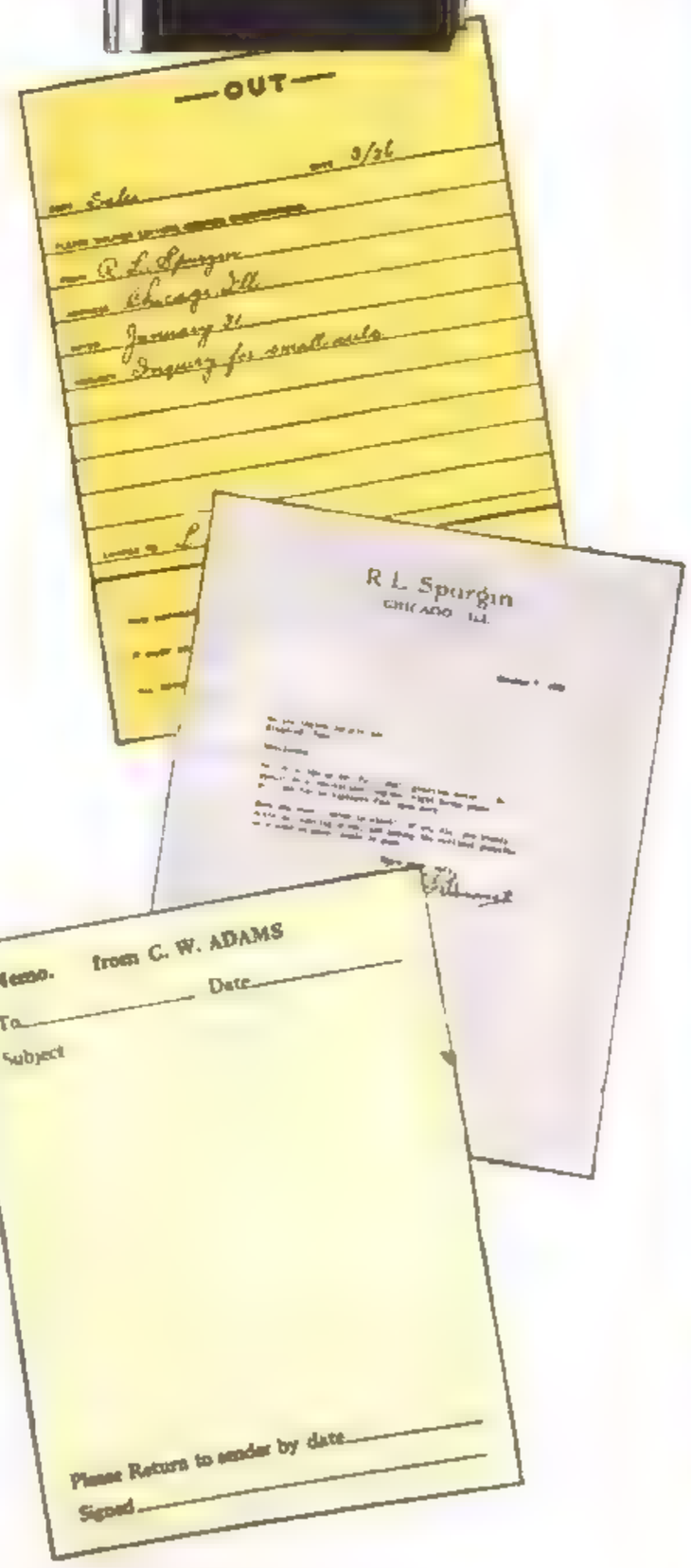

THE form shown at the top, when used in your filing department prevents losing or mislaying correspondence. It is one of a number shown in the book, "Printing Gets Things Done," which will be sent free on request. The memo form when used in place of a blank piece of paper gives an official importance to inter-office communications.

Where's that letter?

Where's that letter!

It can't be lost

LETTERS and carbons are seldom actually lost. They are always somewhere about. The difficulty is to locate them. Here is a form that locates missing correspondence.

Mr. A sends to the files for a letter. The letter is not in the files. Someone has sent for it previously. But right there in the place of the missing letter is a slip which shows just who sent for that letter and when. There is no need for frantic searching, for futile orders to "look again," for vague insistence that "it can't be lost."

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This is true, admitted to be true, but frequently overlooked. For this reason our book, "Printing Gets Things Done," was published.

Its object is to serve as a reminder to every executive and employee that the use of printed forms organizes work and helps carry it to completion. In this book are a number of printed forms applicable to almost any type of business. The forms shown are printed on Hammermill Bond.

The use of Hammermill Bond for all your office and factory printing simplifies the business of buying stationery and forms. Every printer knows Hammermill Bond and can make prompt deliveries when he uses it. The wide variety of colors (twelve colors and white) makes it possible for different classes of work to be immediately recognized by the distinctive color of the paper.

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HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

DESERT PLAYGROUNDS

(Continued from Page 7)

above a score of massive piles which we were destined to view later from below, among them the East and West Temples and the Mountain of Mystery, Three Wise Men and the Great White Throne. A thin dark line wound its way through the heart of the tangle, marking the course of Zion Cañon. Far out past it all, fifty miles across the desert beyond, a vast crimson splash was smeared across the gray-and-tan desolation, as if a hungry prairie fire raged there forever, while the silver streak of the Virgin River meandered through the scene.

Off to the south and east we could see the low black line of the Kaibab, Mountain-Lying-Down, its prostrate contours clear and distinct, even though its near edge was sixty miles away and its upper end 100 miles distant, air line.

During the day we touched the rims at a dozen different points, each affording a view that varied from the outlook obtainable from any other spot, the intervals between being occupied with forcing our way through dense jungles of brush. This west rim of Zion should be opened by automobile road. The country is rolling, almost flat, and a road could be built round the rim for eight or ten miles without encountering a grade that would exceed 2 per cent. The heavy brush is the only obstacle, and one could drive a car round the rim at present merely by clearing this undergrowth as he proceeded. The material for surfacing the road is ready to hand, as gravel deposits are plentiful all through that neighborhood. As mountain roads go, this would be particularly inexpensive of construction and maintenance, and would afford one of the most spectacular and interesting stretches of scenic highway in the world. Once it is built, a one-day round trip from the railroad could be put in operation for those whose time is limited.

A Four-Footed Governess

Just at dusk we rode up to the cabin on the Blue Springs Ranch. Several riders drifted in to sit round the camp fire during the evening. In a horse country the bulk of the population seems to consist of tall, lean men, and this was particularly true of the desert country of Southern Utah and Northern Arizona. Distances are far; much of the country is still from 100 to 200 miles from the railroad, and prior to the recent advent of the automobile all travel was by means of the saddle horse. Small wonder, then, that this region has always been famed for the speed and endurance of its saddle animals. Since the day of the first Mormon settlements the wild-horse chase has constituted the chief sport of the countryside, a sport that calls for the last word in horsemanship.

Thorley, the owner of Blue Springs Ranch, was born in that country in the '60's, and the children of his generation learned to ride bareback with the youngsters of the Indian villages before the days of reservations. It might be said that excellent horsemanship is almost a universal accomplishment among the Mormons, since the children are taught to ride nearly as soon as they have learned to walk and thereafter spend much of their time in the saddle.

Among those who stopped that night at the camp fire were two tall young brothers named Hall, both rated as riders well above the average. Thorley said that this was but natural, in view of the fact that their first governess had been an old white mare. This animal, having outlived her usefulness, had been more or less pensioned, and spent the most of her declining years loitering round the yard of the ranch house. When the Hall boys were between the ages of two and four their mother was prone to place the pair of them astride the old white mare and return to her work. When riding past their place Thorley had stopped on a score of occasions to watch the infants performing their dare-devil stunts, leaning forward on their mount and urging her to greater bursts of speed by drumming her ribs with their tiny boot heels, cheering her on with shrill cowboy yelps as they twirled imaginary ropes and made many a throw to put their loops on the invisible wild horses and longhorn steers with which the ranch yard was peopled; and through it all the old mare stood hour after hour without moving a muscle.

The next morning we started in a wagon, following a road that dropped off the mountain toward the Rio Virgin side. The road was seldom used, and two-foot rock ledges formed some of the lesser obstacles over which the wagon rattled and banged. The way led through miles of colored sandrock, eroded by wind and water into the most grotesque formations imaginable. After a ride of perhaps fifteen miles we dropped into a bottom and came upon an ancient ranch house surrounded by trees and producing fruits and melons of many varieties—peaches, pears, plums, apples, figs, pomegranates, cantaloupes, watermelons, casabas and others. Peaches were drying on great open racks in the yard. We feasted upon fruit and resumed our way.

Parry's car was waiting a few miles down the road, and a short run brought us out into the bottoms of the Virgin River on the road to the Zion National Park. Some distance up the Rio Virgin we reached the little town of Rockville. It resembled a thickly settled rural district, strung out for a quarter of a mile along either side of the road, more than a town of the present; for Rockville is quite an ancient settlement, and was laid out along the lines of an earlier day when every family must have sufficient room in which to produce the vegetables, fruit and other necessities for home consumption. This spot boasts one of the first telegraph stations in Utah, and from it the first wire was extended into Arizona. The old sign of the Deseret Telegraph still hangs above the little stone building that housed the office.

The road is lined with giant mulberry trees, still flourishing after the span of nearly three-quarters of a century that has elapsed since their planting. These trees were first planted to furnish food for silkworms that the Mormons brought with them, for when they came they knew that they must prove sufficient unto themselves. A woolen mill, silk mill and looms for weaving cotton cloths were installed at various points within a hundred miles through the country, all of which spots we visited during our rambles.

The silkworms thrived on the leaves of the mulberries and the citizens of Rockville actually manufactured some silk cloth from this home-grown product before the swiftly advancing wave of civilization rolled up to within sufficient distance to render further production unnecessary.

A short run up the Rio Virgin road brought us to the entrance of the Zion National Park. The cañon boxes up at this point and its 3000-foot walls close in upon the Virgin River. Here, again, was color, a very deep red predominating. The rims, towering far above, were surmounted by many a queer formation—the Lady in the Tower; Deer Head, a most perfect reproduction of the head of a five-point buck, an oblong surface behind it lending the illusion of its having been mounted on a plaque and hung there on the red walls of the cañon. The Altar of Sacrifice is a white cone that reaches up through the darker face of the cliffs to terminate in a flat top. Starting midway of the crest of this elevated pulpit that rises above the rest, a central stream of bright red seems to pour over the lip, only to congeal as it separates into irregular streamlets that reach but a quarter of the distance down the marble-white face of the altar, as if the blood of beheaded victims had flowed from above to smear its purity.

Above Wylie Camp

The Indians of the Southwest regarded this startling spectacle with superstitious awe, and there were legends concerning it, possibly based upon the sacrificial practices of the Aztecs, which led the white men to name it the Altar of Sacrifice. The Piutes, when hunting in the cañon, dropped bits of meat at the base of this sacrificial pile as they passed on their outward way. There were other noteworthy oddities too numerous to describe.

Looking back through the box of the cañon, a lone hill some miles down the Rio Virgin cut off the view. It was topped by a feudal castle that might have been plucked from the pages of some medieval history and set down there, its crumbling outer walls surmounted by lofty spires and turrets and loopholed battlements, as if its catapults were trained upon the mouth of the cañon over which it stood jealous guard. The likeness is so remarkable that in certain lights it takes on a semblance of reality.

We stopped that night at the little Wylie Camp, its tent houses, most comfortably equipped, constituting the only accommodations afforded the tourist in the Zion National Park. A couple from Boston and our own party were the only patrons. A single car was parked in the automobile camp grounds and the twinkle of that one camp fire provided the only spark of light in the velvet black that claimed the floor of the cañon when night shut down over the hills.

The cañon above this point must be covered by saddle horse, if at all, and only a slight percentage of the few tourists who visit Zion ever see it; yet it is wonderful beyond imagination, and there really should be a law making it compulsory for every visitor to ride at least two miles above the camp. It seems such a waste for one to go so far to view Zion and then to miss the best of it all, when an hour or two at the most would suffice for a round trip to points that perhaps cannot be duplicated in the world.

The bottoms pinched down, growing ever narrower, while the walls retained their height, rising from 2000 to 3000 feet. The horses kept to the shallow river for a good part of the time, either crossing it or splashing upstream against the current. There were long stretches where we could throw a rock from wall to wall of the cañon, yet we developed cramped necks from tilting back our heads to peer up at the slender strip of sky that showed so far above. Time and again the narrow box seemed to terminate in a mighty wall a few yards ahead, rising sheer for 2000 feet and blocking further progress; but always upon reaching it we found a right-angle bend or a V-shaped elbow.

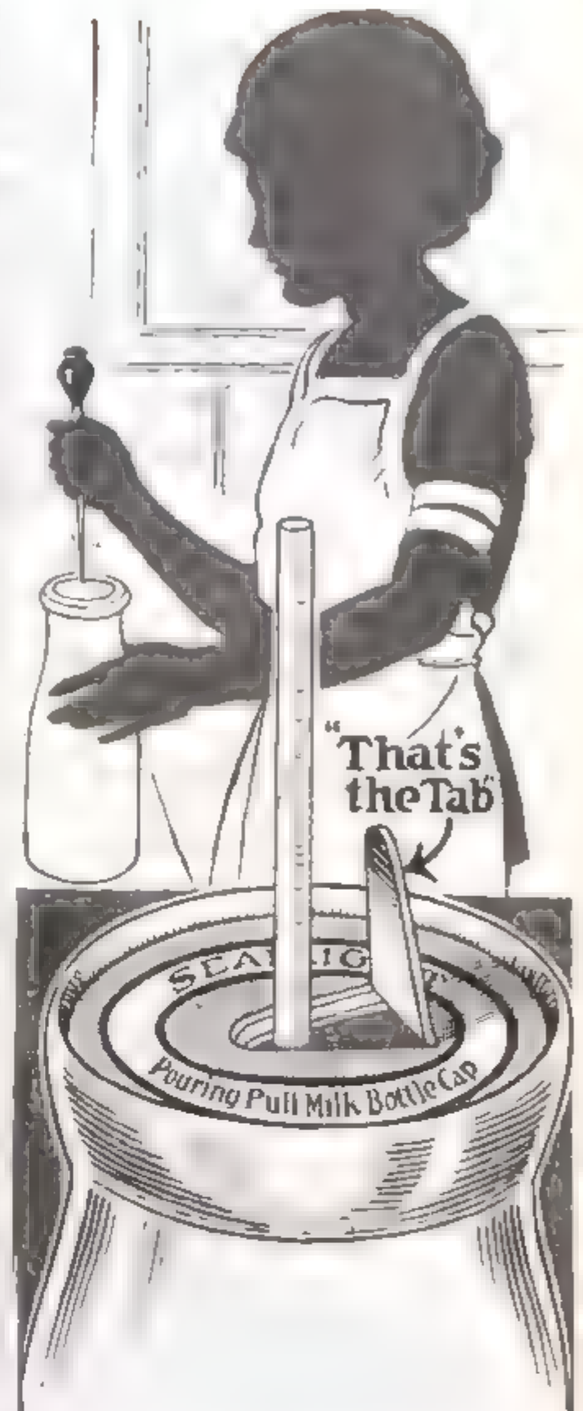
An Inverted Roof Garden

Wherever there was a slight widening in the gorge there were steep shoulders pitching from the river to the base of the walls, and these were clothed with a great variety of vegetation; trees festooned with wild grape and other vines that formed leafy bowers, densely shaded, as if the perpetual shade afforded by the walls themselves was not enough. In one spot where the rays of the sun shone down on a shoulder for a few hours at midday there grew a cluster of prickly pear, the largest I have ever seen, its leaves attaining a breadth of a foot or more and spines two inches long. The Weeping Rock, where water leaked and dripped from the sheltered face of the cliff, furnished moisture for a great bank of ferns and flowers. The Hanging Gardens, too, afforded a curious spectacle that is encountered in but few places. A crescent-shaped niche shelved back under the base of the cliff, while a fringe of trees sheltered its outer edge. Seepage water filtered down through some unseen crevices, leaking from the porous roof, and throughout the fifty-yard length of this half-moon semicavern the water dripped continuously and pattered upon our hat brims in big drops like those of a summer shower; an inverted roof garden, with moss, ferns and flowers hanging in festoons from the ceiling. A single clump of bright red columbine grew there, a brilliant splash among its more somber surroundings.

Some distance beyond it the cañon widened out into a circular pit some 200 yards across, its floor covered with a scattering stand of trees, while its center was marked by a pillar of rock perhaps 100 feet in height, the Temple of Sinawawa; and it is reported that Indians would not penetrate the cañon above this point after sundown or remain overnight between this spot and the Altar of Sacrifice.

Eventually the cañon narrowed to the span of the river, and there was not even a margin of shore line, the water running from wall to wall; and these cliffs stood a bare dozen yards apart. The rays of the sun could not filter down to the bottom of this gloomy gorge through the thin slit of the opening far above.

The view from the west rim had not prepared us for this. We had seen the dark line that marked the course of the cañon as it wound through the phantom painted city that spread out beneath the rims, but it had given no indication of this



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A Zero Day in New York

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terrific rent in the earth that is Zion Cañon. And now, as we stood and peered up toward the cap rocks of the gorge, it conveyed no impression of the wonderful vista that was spread out beyond. Each is wonderful in itself, a sight well worth a trip across the continent; but in order for one to comprehend the perfect whole it should be seen from both the west rim and the floor of the cañon. I knew what lay beyond that slit of sky, but otherwise could not possibly have visioned that endless series of tinted spires and towers and whirlpools of opalescent coloring we had viewed from the rim rocks of the west side. The few who have been fortunate enough to visit Zion and have stopped at the Wylie Camp need not imagine that they have exhausted its possibilities, for in reality they have only stood upon the threshold. Zion has yet to be developed by an automobile road round the west rim and a system of pack trails among the scores of corkscrew cañons and spiraling domes that have seldom been viewed by human eyes and never trod by a human foot.

It has been said that Zion is Yosemite done in oils, an apt comparison so far as it applies to the cañon proper; but there can be no apt comparison of the upper country, for it stands by itself, individual, unique and incomparable.

After covering the five-mile ride back to the Wylie Camp we sought Mrs. Wylie, who, with her husband, once operated the camps in the Yellowstone.

"The tourists will come, once they find this place," she said. "There was one season when we had only 200 people in the Yellowstone, back before they discovered the possibilities of that country. The travel there this year will reach 100,000. There'll be 100,000 annual visitors at Zion, too, some day. The only question is when."

There can be no logical doubt that her prediction will eventually be verified. The entrance of the Zion National Park is approximately 100 miles from the nearest railroad point, but it is only an hour's drive from a cross-continent automobile highway over which there is constantly increasing travel. When we reached Rockville on the outward trip, stopping once more to sample the fruit, I speculated as to the bonanza those heavily laden orchards would prove for their owners, once the tourist travel sets in. I know one rancher whose wife sells nearly $1000 worth of garden truck and small stuff annually to the tourists that drive to and from an adjacent national park. There is no better fruit grown anywhere in the world than that produced in the deserts of Southern Utah.

After a long drive across barren wastes it was always a pleasure to round a curve and come upon a few acres of melons or an orchard with the limbs weighted with ripe mellow fruit of a dozen varieties. Never did we fail to stop, and never, in a similar span of time, have I partaken of a tenth the quantity of fruit that I consumed during those days; and the time will soon come when the tourists will literally mob those orchards and melon patches, oases in the tinted deserts of the great Southwest.

Isolated But Not Provincial

Rockville, situated some eighty miles from any railroad point, seems somewhat isolated to the outsider. Later we visited little towns 180 miles from the railroad. There is another line somewhat nearer, say 120 miles; but it lies across the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, necessitating a seventy-mile auto ride and two days' horseback travel over rough cañon trails to reach it; so the railroad town that is by sixty miles the farthest, air line, is in reality the nearest point.

Isolated enough; but imagine, then, the isolation of these towns when they were first settled three-quarters of a century ago, the hardihood of those pioneers who founded them after trekking more than 1000 miles across a trackless desert, bringing their fowls and livestock, their seedlings and their silkworms with them; everything that would enable them to be self-sufficient so that they might survive and prosper in a region so inhospitable that thousands of others perished while merely endeavoring to pass through. One would rather expect the most hidebound sort of provincialism to flourish in such splendid isolation, to find the local slant developed to the ultimate limit; but the reverse is startlingly true.

Those pioneer forbears, through the stark necessity of maintaining the self-sufficiency of the settlements, realized that sound knowledge along all lines was absolutely essential; wherefore the acquiring of useful knowledge of any sort became almost a religion, a trait that persists today. The children are sent outside to school, and if the sum in the family treasury proves insufficient to meet the requirements the pupil expects to work his way. This widespread education and contact with the outside world dispels all possibility of provincialism, develops instead a national outlook rather than the local slant. Let any rider of this section drop into your camp and it will be an even chance that he is a university graduate and has traveled over much of the world, then returned to his homeland; for always they come back, these youngsters—back to their friendly desert.

As is sometimes the case, it was the outsider who proved to be the most provincial. I had rather imagined that I could point out the future economic possibilities of the Zion National Park; but they knew all about that. Not a park in the system but had been visited by one or more of the local residents with a view to determining every possibility.

Chance Parry, one of our party, had toured the dude ranches of Wyoming and Montana with an eye to determining the feasibility of similar establishments in Southern Utah. Chance piloted one of the only two planes that have ever negotiated the Grand Cañon. He dipped into that vast gorge and winged his way through its writhing chasms for thirty-five miles, after cruising about for half an hour among the domes under the west rim of Zion. Parry and others like him realize that they have in their country a vast playground that will some day beckon to the millions.

Dollars and Sense

It is only within the past couple of years that a national park has been considered from the standpoint of an economic asset to adjacent communities, and their preservation has been urged on purely sentimental or recreational platforms; yet the financial possibilities of a park are tremendous. The Colorado State Highway Commission places the money left in that state by automobile tourists at $35,000,000 for the season of 1922, and estimates that the highways returned a dividend of 25 per cent on their cost to the people of the state. Roger W. Toll, superintendent of the Rocky Mountain National Park, reports 218,164 tourists during the summer season, evidence that the park was at least partially responsible for attracting no inconsiderable portion of that $35,000,000 expended in the state. W. B. Lewis, superintendent of the Yosemite National Park, gives the figure of $2,500,000 as the sum spent by tourists in the park itself during the 1922 season, and estimates that these visitors expended a like amount outside the park but within the borders of the state; certainly a too conservative estimate.

In addition to such expenditures there is the added asset of the attraction which induces people to move to the locality. Mr. Aleck Sparrow, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, states that twenty families purchased property in the vicinity of the park. From the Rocky Mountain National Park comes the statement that "most of the present residents and merchants of the vicinity came here first as visitors." I personally know of at least eight or ten men who have settled in the vicinity of another park, their first visit being for the purpose of hunting near its boundary. Their combined initial capital was not less than $250,000. One of them conducted a business of approximately $50,000 in the 1922 season, and every cent of it was derived from outside sources; and not a dime of it went back outside, but instead was retained in the immediate vicinity.

The great bulk of the American public has not even considered the national parks from an economic standpoint; but such figures as those quoted are no novelty to the people of the isolated little communities of Southern Utah. As a consequence there is no group of local nibblers creating an agitation toward scrapping the Zion National Park. Wonder of wonders! Here is a land where water is precious, yet the local residents do not wish to dam the Rio Virgin and flood the beautiful painted cañon of Zion. Tourists here are few; yet the local people know that they will come, and they are far too intelligent to slay,

(Continued on Page 92)

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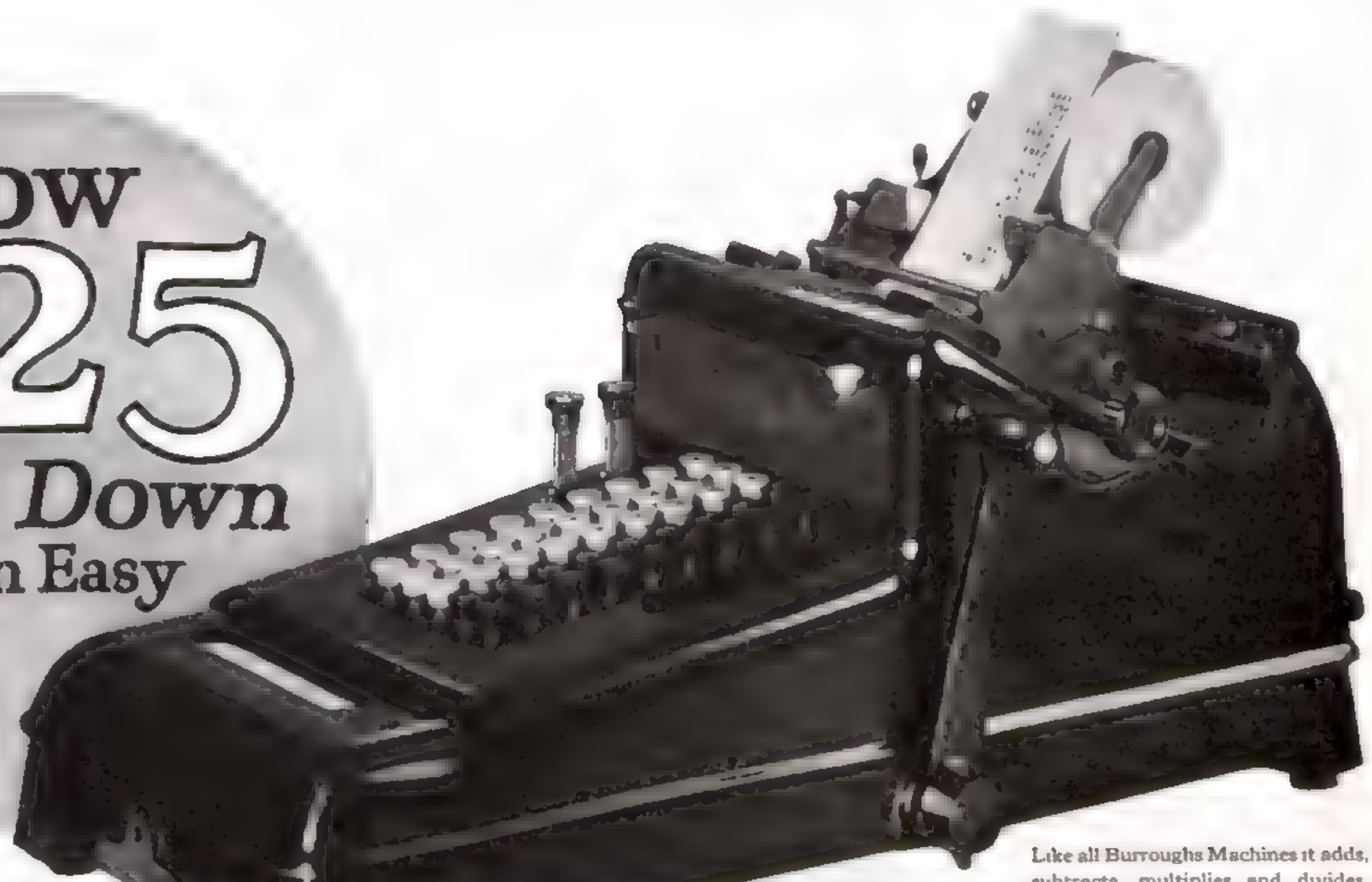

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(Continued from Page 90)

while it is yet a gosling, the goose that will one day lay the golden eggs.

Even in the days of the first settlements national patriotism was ever strong among them, as evidenced by the exploits of the famous Mormon Battalion. Exiled and driven from their homes, they had marched overland from Nauvoo, Illinois, to some point in Iowa, when, in 1846, an army officer appeared among them and requested five companies of volunteers for the Mexican War. The five companies were raised within the hour.

Then began the most notable infantry advance in history, a march of 2000 miles from Fort Leavenworth to the Pacific, across an uncharted wilderness, every foot of the way through hostile country, an expedition by land to aid the handful of sailors who had come by sea to the coast of California to wrest that land from the enemy. And they arrived and accomplished their purpose after many periods when they traveled for days without a drop of water, perpetually short of food, footsore and ill equipped; and incidentally hewed out the trail that was to be followed three years later by the gold stampeders of '49

Even in that day knowledge was prized among them, and it is a matter of history that the paymaster at Fort Leavenworth was "amazed to find that every man of the five companies could write when it was known that but one of every three of the Missouri Volunteers had been able even to sign his name." Those who established the settlements were possessed of like courage and attainments. Small wonder, then, with such examples before them, that these isolated little communities are thoroughly American to the very core.

Even excluding its economic promise for the future, Zion Park would be quite safe, for the people uphold the traditions of their ancestors and revere the deeds of the pioneers who reached this spot in gray and tattered wagons after fighting their way for 1000 miles across a parched and thirsty waste. They wish Zion to stand as those ancestral pioneers first saw it, beckoning to the seared and weary caravans that plodded through the tawny desert, a brilliantly painted beacon that marked the end of the trail.

Would that this same benign admixture of sturdy American sentiment and economic farsightedness might be extended to include the wonderful Kaibab country of the north rim of the Colorado, for which spot we were headed; and perhaps it may.

The Famous Chief Blankets

As the road topped the Great Hurricane Fault we could see a small conical hill a short distance off to the left. Centuries ago a Spanish expedition penetrated these wastes, and on that hill the adventurous band made its last stand against the Indians of the Southwest, many of whom had combined to bar its further progress. Probably the records of the early Spanish explorers contain no line dealing with the fate of this band, except possibly the entry: "Failed to return." Perhaps for many a year it was hoped and believed that these adventurers were faring on and conquering new territory for Spain. Certainly not a soul escaped to tell the tale; for the expedition died to a man, after desperately defending that blistering, waterless last stronghold on the hill against the savage hordes that hemmed it in. When the first Mormon settlers arrived the Indians pointed out the spot where their ancestors had conquered the ancient forces of Spain. The hilltop was still marked by many a relic of this battle of long ago; bits of broken armor and fragments of arms and equipment, overlooked or discarded as useless by the victorious savages as they stripped the fallen enemy.

A highly educated Hopi Indian, greatly interested in preserving the historical facts and traditions of his people, later told me something of the history of the Chief Blankets, famed among the rug-and-blanket work of the Hopis, Navahos and other Southwestern tribes. The uniforms of the early Spaniards were marked with red stripes on the trousers and with touches of the same color about other parts of the garments. The Indians possessed no dyes of this particular shade of red, so the cloth taken from fallen Spaniards in the desert battles was unraveled and rewoven. Being rare, it was incorporated in only those blankets that bore certain mystic symbols destined for the use of the chiefs.

It is known that the wild horses of the Southwest descended straight from the escaped mounts of the early Spaniards, the horse being unknown to the American continent prior to those importations. It is highly probable that the first mustangs to range the deserts of Southern Utah and the Arizona Strip north of the Grand Cañon sprang from Spanish mounts that fled from the bloody hilltop on the day of that unrecorded battle near where Toquerville now stands. The mustangs were there, ranging in droves of thousands, when the Mormons first settled the country.

A night at Cedar City and we were off for the Kaibab, a drive of two hours taking us to the edge of the Cedar Breaks, so named from the broken, choppy nature of the country and not to be confused with a cedar brake denoting a jungle of cedars. One travels across a rolling forested mountain dotted with open parks, only to bring up suddenly on the edge of the Breaks, a sink some three miles across from rim to rim. It somewhat resembles a bad-land formation, the soft soapstone and stiff clay worn into a thousand grotesque shapes by erosion.

Odd and fanciful as were these eroded fantasies, it was the coloring that proved the most startling. The predominant note was a flaming scarlet. By half closing the eyes it seemed that we peered down into a vast seething crater, the miles of blazing crimson here and there surmounted by curling flames of pale violet and lemon, the whole of it shot through at various points with the smoldering magenta of live coals, the mauve of cooling embers and pearl-gray of cold dead ash—a tremendous volcano that had apparently leaped to life in all its phases only to become arrested and petrified at the height of its activities, another splash of color in a colorful land.

Some two weeks before, the two Parry brothers had endeavored to take a short cut down the mountain in a car—a short cut which, if successful, would chop off sixty miles of the distance from Cedar City to the Kaibab. Both brothers are aviators, bronc fighters *par excellence* and no mean hands at the wheel of an automobile; but once they had started down the mountain they found it impossible to return, and encountered difficulties sufficient to require a four-day stretch of arduous labor, spending the intervening nights in the open, before they had reached the easier going at the base of the mountain. We had elected to take that route, but first stopped in an open glade to lunch with Will Mace, supervisor of the Dixie National Forest, his wife and family, Miss Parrish and several other Cedar City folk.

Here our party split, Al Thorley and Chance Parry turning back, while Gron Parry eased the car over the first steep pitch on the tire tracks that indicated his former route down the mountain. After a half day of somewhat sketchy automobiling over roadless mountain slopes, we reached a meadow on the head of Duck Creek This stream heads in a giant spring that is apparently fed from the underground outlet of Navaho Lake, a beautiful rock-bound body of water some miles farther back in the hills. We spread our bed rolls in the shelter of a grove of aspens and cooked our evening meal over an open fire.

Round noon of the following day, when well down out of the hills, Gron halted the car at the mouth of a desert cañon, up which we climbed for a mile or more to view a cliff dwelling that had been discovered and excavated only two years before. Among other relics, seven mummies had been unearthed, each having been interred in a sitting posture, with the knees drawn up to the chin. On our outward way we met a man who said that he knew of a similar dwelling farther up the cañon that had not been excavated and that he would be glad to conduct any scientific party to it.

A drive of a few hours brought us to the little town of Kanab, some 170 miles off the railroad. In the days of the first settlements Kanab was the home of Jacob Hamblin, one of the greatest of all frontier scouts, his name ranking with those of Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and others of similar repute; yet his deeds were of a different character, for his exploits were accomplished more through persuasion than by force of arms, although he was one of the most famous shots on the whole frontier. His absolute fearlessness impressed even the most savage of the Southwest tribes, and he entered their camps during the height of hostilities. Several times condemned to die by torture, he came through unscathed and lived to save many other whites from that fate by simply going alone into the haunts of their captors and requesting their release. He was the first to penetrate scores of desert passes and valleys, and there were few of the Indian strongholds of the Southwest that he did not visit

The Home of the Mustang

We drove out of Kanab into the desert reaches of the Arizona Strip, traveling until an hour after dark before stopping for the night in a small patch of juniper. The Arizona Strip is the home of the mustang. Until very recently they ranged here in great numbers, but of late the settlers have been cleaning them out to rid the range of them. Two years ago 600 wild horses swept along ahead of a drive arranged for the purpose and were shot down by men posted at convenient points. Many still remain, but their range now begins a trifle to the west of the Kaibab road, since the water holes to the east of it are being fenced by sheep outfits.

Our night camp was waterless except for a canteen that we had filled at Kanab. Miles to the westward was Pipe Springs, once the site of the first telegraph station in Arizona, the line of the Deseret Telegraph being extended from Rockville to Kanab in 1871, both of these points being in Utah; but the extension rounded the hills and bowed into Arizona at Pipe Springs. The first telegraph line in Southern Arizona, a military wire from Fort Yuma to Maricopa Wells, Phoenix and Tucson, was not built until two years later, in 1873.

Pipe Springs derives its name from an incident occurring while Jacob Hamblin and William Hamblin were camped there with Dudley Leavitt and a party of Mormons. William Hamblin claimed that he could shoot the bottom out of Leavitt's pipe at a distance of twenty-five yards without breaking the bowl, which he proceeded to do.

There was a cool tang to the air as we sat round our fire in the roadside night camp. The nights are mostly sharp and fresh in these desert spaces, affording welcome respite from the heat of cloudless days.

We started on in the cool of the morning, the road rising gradually to the point where the desert merges into the lower edge of the great Kaibab Plateau, and crossed into the largest remaining area of untouched forest within our boundaries. The Kaibab Forest is approximately fifty by eighty miles—4000 square miles of virgin wilderness. Its lower extremities were covered with juniper and scrub brush of little value, but we soon mounted to the first belt of spruce and yellow pine.

The Kaibab squirrel and the golden trout of the Sierras of California were long considered myths by a considerable element of the outdoor fraternity, but we saw both of them during the past summer. The golden trout swarms in certain streams in the high Sierras, but the range of the Kaibab squirrel is confined to this one plateau in Northern Arizona and is not plentiful. As a boy in Colorado I had encountered several large squirrels of a pure maltese color, with white under parts and tufted ears, and I rather imagined that this creature of the Kaibab would prove to be the same; but there was no resemblance.

Deer were sighted at frequent intervals during the drive through the forest, but it was long before we caught a glimpse of the white-tailed squirrel. Then McNaghten sighted one in an open stand of yellow pine, jumped from the car and treed it. It was larger than a big red fox squirrel, its body a clear battleship gray so dark as to appear almost black in certain light, its tail a snow-white plume of at least twice the dimensions of that worn by any other squirrel I have ever seen. The black ears

(Continued on Page 97)

The Red Walls of Zion, Zion National Park, Utah

Sunshine Sunday Dinners

∴

Dinner, Feb. 18

Oyster Stew
Sunshine Oyster Crackerettes
Baked Ham
or
Roast Chicken
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Creamed Celery
Grapefruit Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Chocolate Pudding
(Cream Sauce)
Sunshine Vanilla Wafers
Coffee

Dinner, Feb. 25

Cream of Tomato Soup
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Roast Leg of Lamb
Spinach Boiled Potatoes
Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing
(Mayonnaise and Chili Sauce)
with
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Ice Cream
Sunshine Chocolate Fingers
Coffee

Dinner, March 4

Split Pea Puree
Sunshine Saratoga Flakes
Roast Pork Tenderloin
or
Roast Veal
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Tomatoes Scalloped with Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Asparagus Salad
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Apple Pie Coffee

Dinner, March 11

Consommé
Tak-hom-a Biscuit
Celery
Roast Chicken with Dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Boiled Rice
Creamed Onions
Lettuce with French Dressing
with
Sunshine Krispy Crackers
Coconut Pie Coffee

A 32-page "Magic Color Painting Book," complete with Magic Water Colors and painting brush, has been prepared for children. Interesting, educational, highly colored, and attractive. Get this 25c book by sending 10c in coin with the coupon.

To begin and end the meal

Something about Sunshine Krispy Crackers makes them the favorite crackers to serve with soups.

Perhaps it is their crispness—a little more crisp than crackers usually are.

It may be the flavor—a bit of salt does wonders with the taste.

The size too is attractive. Dainty squares, not too large, not too small.

Leave them on the table. They tempt you with every course, especially with soup and salad.

And with a bit of cheese at the end of the meal you find yourself still enjoying Krispy Crackers.

Sold in packages or in bulk.

Look for special offer at your grocer's

To make Krispy Crackers better known to everyone, most Sunshine grocers are making special displays and holding attractive special sales during this month.

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Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

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*Every*meal ~ *Every*day

Be Sure to Use the Coupon

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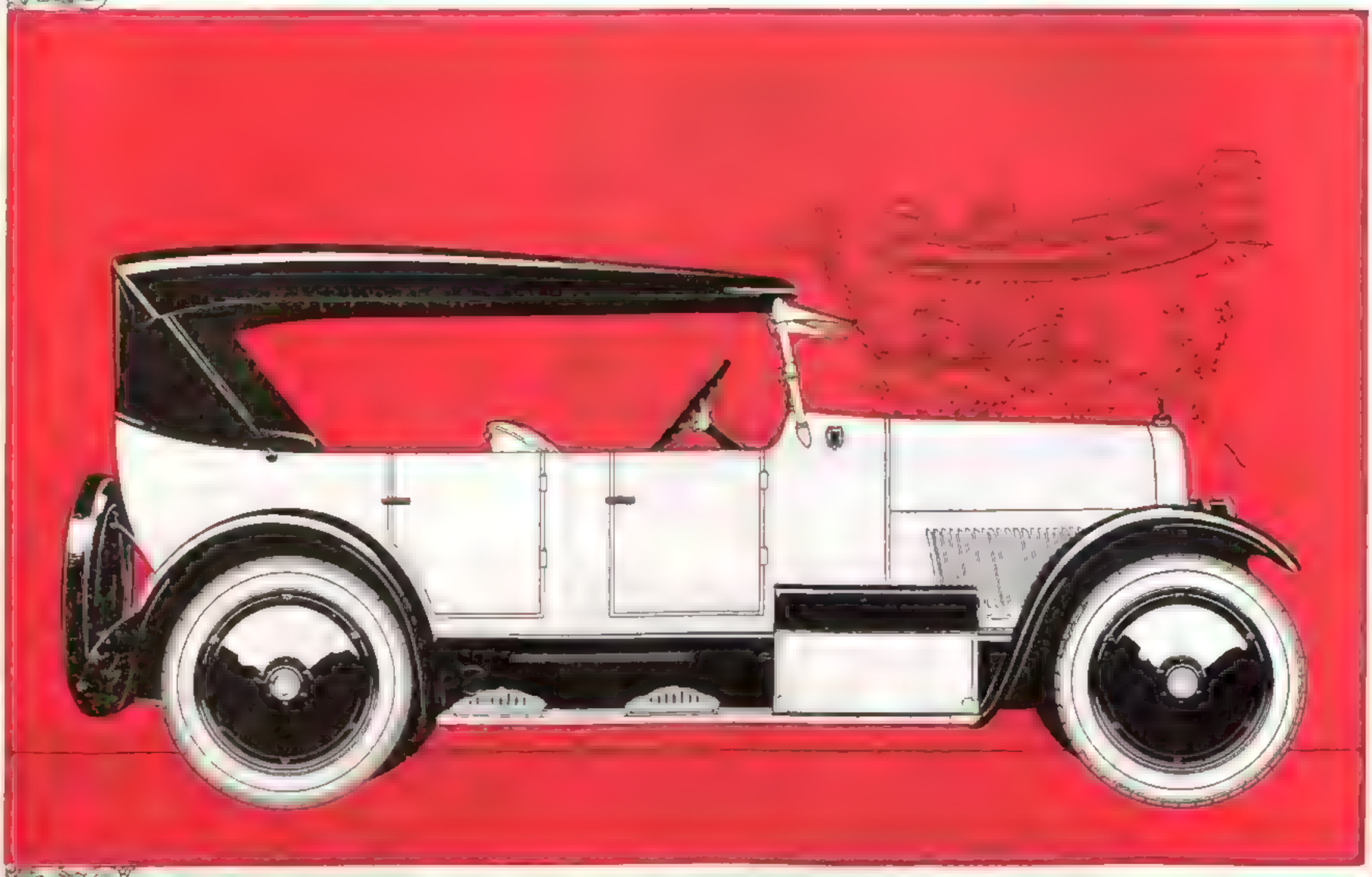
Now on display for first time



The new Haynes 57 Standard Touring Car — trunks furnished at extra charge

THE new 1923 Haynes Model 57 Touring Car is one of the handsomest automobiles ever produced in the great Haynes factories at Kokomo. Its rich Burgundy Wine color—a tint created by our own decorative experts—enhances the artistic lines of the body and lends even more dignity to the beauty of the fittings and finish.

The new improved body has wider and more resilient seats, greatly increasing the comfort and ease of the passengers. The upholstery is in a refined, plain, club style black leather with no plaits. Full length running boards with polished scuff plates, newly-designed crown fenders of sport type, and a new style instrument panel are 1923 features. 32 x 4½-inch cord tires; wooden wheels—with Harvey disc wheels optional.

READY: *Factory production was planned when the new models were designed and your dealer should be able to give you prompt delivery.*

THE HAYNES *Touring Car* 57

FIVE PASSENGERS

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Kokomo, Indiana*

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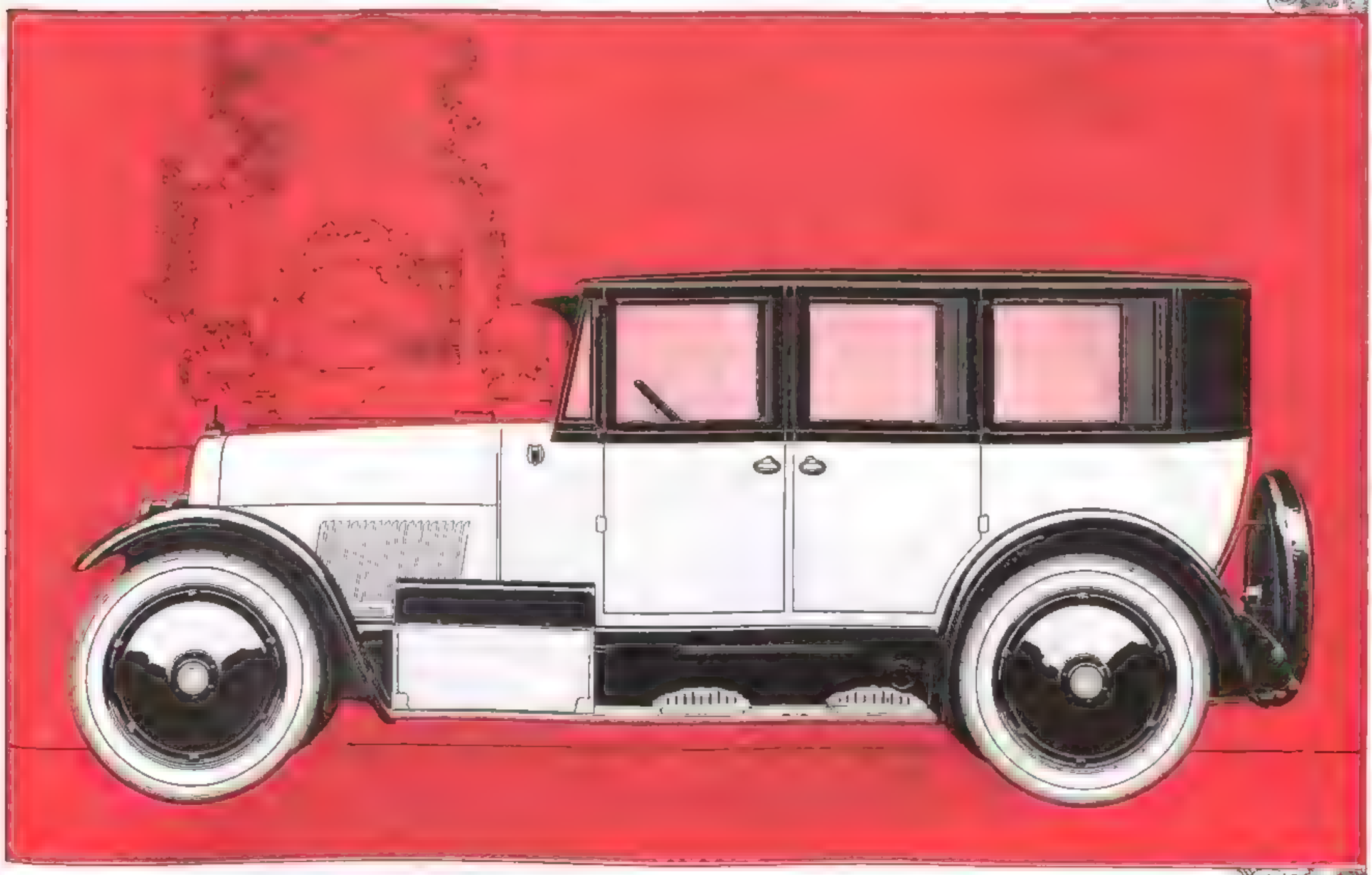
at your local Haynes showroom



The new Haynes 57 Standard Sedan—two trunks are standard equipment

THE new 1923 Haynes Model 57 Sedan will receive unlimited praise. Every effort has been made to present the most desirable five-passenger closed car of its class. Mechanically, it will continue to merit the full approbation of its owners. The powerful six-cylinder Haynes-built motor is supplemented by the thoroughly up-to-date engineering and construction which promote easy, comfortable riding and long, dependable service.

The coach-built sedan body, in the new fashionable Burgundy Wine color, is luxuriously graceful, and the interior finish is a final demonstration of good taste. The two trunks on the full length running boards add to the convenience of the car for week-end visits and for touring. Full crown fenders and wooden wheels with 32x4½ inch cord tires are regular equipment, but Harvey disc wheels are optional.

READY: *Make your reservation now and your dealer will be able to make prompt delivery of your new 1923 Haynes Model 57 Sedan.*

THE HAYNES *Sedan* 57

FIVE PASSENGERS

EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

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DUST cannot stay among the pipes of the radiators where the Fuller Radiator Brush is used. It seeks every tiny crevice, spreads out to fill bigger ones, and removes every atom of dust. It is also handy for cleaning under the piano, back of pictures, and other hard-to-get-at places.

Thirty-five hundred experts in household efficiency demonstrate Fuller Brushes right in the homes, for *Fuller Brushes are never sold in stores*. One of these Fuller Men shows them to you in *your* own home. He is a local man residing in your own community. He is a gentleman who may be admitted with confidence. His trained services are worth a few moments of the busiest woman's time. He will explain the many personal and household economies made possible by each of the forty-five Fuller Brushes. He will show brushes which are surprisingly ingenious and useful. He knows many short-cuts to a clean home.

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Watch for the man who wears the Fuller trade mark Button. Look for the Fuller Red Tip Tag and the Fuller Trade Mark on the handle of every brush he shows you. Unless a Fuller Man has called recently, please write us. Glad to send you a copy of "The Handy Brush Book"—it's free. A postal will bring it.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 92)

seemed abnormally large, and this impression was amplified by the lynxlike tufts at the tips. The under fur of nearly all furred creatures is lighter than that of the back, a characteristic that is reversed in the Kaibab squirrel, since its belly strip is extremely dark, while the back blends to a lighter gray, tinged with a trace of cinnamon. It is one of the most striking of all our animals, and I believe there are no specimens in captivity. Probably it is allied to another species which we later encountered on the south rim, the two separated for ages by the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, a barrier which neither variety seems to cross.

Late in the afternoon we reached the end of the road, the little Wylie Camp on Bright Angel Point, some 240 miles from any railroad on the north side of the cañon. We stood on Bright Angel, jutting out over the mile-deep void of the Grand Cañon and affording a view for miles in either direction. Flat-topped buttes, the sheer sides apparently unscalable, towered above their surroundings, some seeming to float there above the shadows that were gathering in the depths of the mighty gorge from which they rose.

Here, too, was color—500 square miles of it within sight from where we stood; not so delicately tinted, perhaps, as the domes of the phantom city below the west rims of Zion, lacking the vivid crimson flame of the Cedar Breaks, not worked out in the minutely etched detail that marks either of those points; but vast and magnificent beyond imagination. It seemed but a continuation of the desert sunset, the opalescent shadows swimming in that terrific chasm, the darker blobs of the butte summits floating as islands above it, the merging of varicolored rock layers, blurred and hazy from distance, as if some Æsopian painter, rather than trouble with the sketching of detail, had contented himself with smearing upon his horizon-wide canvas all the merging banks of color that the dying desert sun reflected on the wavering stratifications of the clouds. As the obscurity deepened we watched the light wink on in the El Tovar, ten miles distant, air line, on the far edge of the gorge.

We doubled back three miles from the rim to the little log cabin of Blondy Jensen and the Vaughn brothers, from which point we started two days later for a three weeks' ramble through the Kaibab with a pack outfit. A ride of seventeen miles, including a stretch of the Robbers' Roost Cañon, brought us out into V T Park, one of the largest two open meadows in the Kaibab, and we made camp in the timber along its western edge. The camp was waterless, and one of the Vaughn boys repaired to the far side of the meadows, returning with two canvas water bags that he had filled at a spring located across from the camp. The Kaibab road, the single route to or from Bright Angel Point, traverses the west edge of V T Park, and we had seen it on our inward trip a few days before, returning there to camp in order to observe the deer, of which we had noted a considerable number from the road.

Deer by the Hundred

McNaghten and I selected the point of a slight ridge that extended out into the park, a stand that afforded a view for perhaps a mile down the bottoms, and trained the glasses on the dark wall of the forest that framed the green meadow. A doe, two fawns and a yearling had just emerged from the shelter of the trees half a mile away and were feeding out into the park. Beyond them a band of nine deer stood just within the first fringe of trees. A few scattering groups appeared on the far edge of the park. Then, as the shadows lengthened, a gang of thirty-odd does, fawns and yearlings trooped from the mouth of a gulch.

As if this were the signal for the wild life to quit the dim aisles of the forest and take to the open, the deer swarmed into the meadows from all sides, grazing for a brief span near the shelter of the trees, then surging out into the flat bottoms. Three giant bucks passed within 100 yards of our station. I counted 137 head in the meadow before Bill Vaughn's voice sounded the summons to eat. The deer of the Kaibab is the big mule deer, and those droves grazing out in the meadow furnished a magnificent picture not easy to forget.

The night air of the Kaibab Plateau is sharp. We slept in the open, without other shelter than our bed rolls, and it was crisp and cold when we rose and breakfasted an hour before daylight in order to make an early start and find the deer still on the move before they should bed down for the day. We rode in a loop of twenty-five miles to the south and east, under the assumption that once we were out of the immediate vicinity of V T Park we should find the deer fewer; that these meadows constituted the chief gathering ground of the animals; and that the numbers that swarmed there could not in consequence be accepted as any criterion of conditions on the mountain as a whole.

However, the country to the southeast proved to shelter its full quota of deer, and we jumped them on all sides as we rode through the timber. Once we drew within 100 yards of six tremendous bucks feeding in an open draw.

The Welsh Legend of the Zunis

The Kaibab Forest is quite the easiest stretch of mountain country to ride through that I have yet visited. There are few obstacles to deter one from riding it in any direction through its 4000 square miles. Not only is the country itself gently rolling and with but few gulches of sufficient depth and declivity to hinder the progress of a horse, but there is a noticeable lack of undergrowth over a great part of it, the floor under the big trees affording clear and open going. The down-timbered areas that render travel difficult in most mountain forests are very rare in the Kaibab. Near the rims of the cañon the gulches very naturally show a tendency to box up and become impassable, while the lower edge of the plateau is covered with jungles of scrub oak, juniper and thorn brush that make for difficult travel; but the only obstacle over the greater part of the main forest is that offered by certain areas of close-growing aspen trunks.

The following day we threw a similar circle to the northwest, out toward the central area of the forest, and found deer equally plentiful, every open park or draw divulging signs that indicated the spot as a haunt of the animals, even though they might not be actually sighted there at the time.

And after our return in the evening I counted 280 head of mule deer grazing in the V T bottoms within a mile of camp.

A ride of eight or ten miles due east brought us out on the rims of the East Breaks, where the mountain dropped abruptly into North Cañon. The whole country sheered off in such precipitous fashion that the vast flat, thousands of feet below, seemed to open out beneath our very feet. The flat desert floor of the House Rock Valley spread out before us for fifty miles, though it seemed but ten, to the line of the Vermilion Cliffs, or Pink Ledges as they are locally known, that rim the valley along its northern edge. Far away they veered suddenly in a sweeping curve that terminated in a dark slit, fifty miles to the east of us, where the Colorado River bores through the rent in the Pink Ledges near Lee's Ferry, the crossing that figured in so many historical events connected with the early explorations and settlement of the Southwest. The dark line of the Colorado defined the southern limits of House Rock, while on to the south, across the cañon, lay a similar expanse, appearing almost equally flat from our lofty perch—the Navaho and Hopi reservations and the Painted Desert. Still farther, beyond the range of our vision, was the former land of the Zunis, the tribe whose curious legends were of keen interest to early American explorers.

Ruins of Zuni villages furnished conclusive evidence that this people had formerly lived in a much more advanced state of civilization than when the first Anglo-Saxons penetrated their country. This the Zunis admitted, claiming descent from the Montezumans and through them from a strange race of white-skinned people. Early explorers reported the Zuni language to abound with words of Welsh extraction and with similar meanings. The Zunis told of white men who appeared among them three centuries prior to the advent of the Spaniards in Mexico, and said that the Montezuman kings were the direct descendants of these powerful white strangers.

A party of Mormons, visiting them for the purpose in 1858, were unable to find facts in verification of the legend other than its simple assertion by the Zunis. In 1875 they were visited by Llewellyn Harris, a Mormon missionary of Welsh extraction, with presumably opposite findings; and some of his writings on the subject are reprinted in certain historical works of Arizona without other comment. After touching upon the traditions of Mexican Indians, Navahos, Moquis and Zunis, all tending to support the legend of white men among them prior to the Spaniards, and of his finding many words of Welsh extraction in their languages, Harris writes:

> I have the history of the ancient Britons, which speaks of Prince Madoc, who was the son of Owen Gwynedd, King of Wales, having sailed from Wales in the year 1160 with three ships. He returned in the year 1163, saying he had found a beautiful country across the western sea. He left Wales again in the year 1164, with fifteen ships and three thousand men. He was never again heard of.

The Hopis possessed a very sacred stone, of whose origin they could give no clew, and the few white men who were permitted to see it at various times all proclaimed it a large slab of highly polished marble of a variety not known in the country, its face covered with hieroglyphic markings which these early pioneers were unable to translate. Whether or not there was ever a subsequent translation of this ancient Hopi treasure, or any authentic unraveling of the Welsh legend of the Zunis, I do not know.

Jacob Hamblin, the noted scout, was so impressed with various things gleaned from his experiences among the tribes of the Southwest that he became absolutely certain of the identification of the Indian with the Lamanites of the Book of Mormon. He considered them as brethren strayed from righteous paths and his mission became that of persuading them back into better modes of life.

There is still much to be done in the study of the past of these desert tribes, much of interest that will be uncovered in the exploration and excavation of ancient villages and cliff dwellings of the region, the most part of which remains untouched.

As we sat upon the rim of the East Breaks I was told by Bob Vaughn that he had once descended Saddle Cañon, which fell away to our right, and that he could take me to at least a score of cliff dwellings, any one of which had perhaps been seen, even from a distance, by less than half a dozen men. He gave it as his opinion that Saddle Cañon alone sheltered more than fifty such prehistoric dwellings that had never known spade or pick point in the hands of a scientist. Immediately before us, though far below, stood three upended and serrated ledges known as the Cocks' Combs, and Vaughn said that he had found cliff dwellers' abodes in each of the three as he had climbed up through them several years before.

Ideal Hiking Country

A series of trails worked out through these breaks would open a field of vast interest for the hiker and the horseback er. We had come in search of a wilderness preserve that would answer for a pack-trail park. These first few days in the Kaibab left no doubt that certain parts of it answered all requirements. That first prime essential, a stretch of virgin wilderness, seemed the very essence of this last great forest, and the mysteries of the unexplored gorges under the rims are a feature that is far less frequent than most Americans suspect; for even in these western hills an area of primitive wilderness of any considerable extent is exceedingly rare.

This first impression was strengthened by every day of the following three weeks which we spent in wandering through this magnificent forest, following the rims and descending into depths below them, probing rugged cañons through the haunts of bobcat, cougar and mule deer, riding the desert sandrock benches, the range of the wild-horse bands, and poking about among the Yant pits and Kivas of a bygone race. Even now, after the first few days, we knew beyond a doubt that a part of this country must be preserved. But if it is to be saved it must be at once, for the sacking of the Kaibab seems imminent today.

While returning from East Breaks to V T Park we chanced across the carcass of a doe that had been killed by a mountain lion within the past week. It was too dark to make a count of the deer in V T, but from the numbers close at hand I was convinced that there were far more in the meadow than there had been at any previous time since our arrival. Sometime later, while camped at a different spot, a friend dropped in for the night and reported having counted 390 head of deer in

Watch This Column

BABY PEGGY—Little, but Oh My!

A tiny, adorable tot, barely knee-high and not quite 2½ years old, awoke one day to find herself among the silver screen's great movie stars. A little bit of a thing in stature—a great big thing in stardom.

This winsome little star has stolen her way into the hearts of millions by way of Universal Century Comedies. In "Pego' the Movies," in which she will soon appear, you will marvel at her and laugh with her. * * *

Lost in a moving picture studio, Baby Peggy decides to become a star—a role which affords her an opportunity to impersonate such famous movie-folks as Chaplin, Lloyd, Pola Negri and others. Her versatility will amaze you.

* * *

In her picture which follows, called "Sweetie," this tiny kid, through tears and laughter, points the way to happiness. Here she plays the part of a street urchin and makes her way as an organ-grinder and news-vender.

* * *

Then, too, keep an eye open for "The Kid Reporter," in which Peggy, as a newspaper reporter, gathers a big news-scoop amidst rollicking adventures.

* * *

You will admire her remarkable acting—you'll want to take her in your arms and keep her there forever. I can't urge you too strongly to see these latest Baby Peggy pictures. I am sure you will enjoy every moment of every one of them.

* * *

Don't overlook Universal Comedies in which Neely Edwards appears as "Nervy Ned," the tramp, and be sure to see the new series of "The Leather Pushers," starring Reginald Denny in the role of "Kid Roberts." Don't forget that you can't see all that is good in pictures unless you see Universals.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

Caterpillars are made in sizes suitable for trucks of every type and weight

What one satisfied user says about *Caterpillar tires

In a recent letter, Mr. E. C. Foss, superintendent of the Grays Harbor County Garage at Montesano, Washington, says:

"We have used *Caterpillar tires on our trucks for the past three years and have nothing but complete satisfaction with them.

"They give the trucks ability to use their full power by holding to the road and furnishing traction on particularly soft footing by virtue of their tread construction.

"The cushioning effect is also very noticeable, especially on our heavy equipment.

"We have been able to obtain around 18,000 miles from the giant *Caterpillars on the rear wheels of our heavy trucks and this is considered exceptional mileage under our working conditions which are very severe and tire-destroying.

"The two tires on the rear of our 1½ ton truck are the first *Kelly Kats used in this county. They were installed something over three years ago and have travelled approximately 30,000 miles and are still going."

This letter is not at all unusual. Indeed, it is typical of the letters we are receiving every day from *Caterpillar users everywhere. The combination of traction, resiliency and mileage offered by Caterpillars seldom fails to win the unqualified endorsement of the truck operator who gives them a trial.

**U. S. Government tests show that cushion tires are 50% easier on roads than are solid tires. Caterpillars are an advanced type of cushion tire.*

There is no *Caterpillar Tire but the one that Kelly makes

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY — KELLY KATS — 250 WEST 57TH STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

the meadow two nights before, and stated that on the evening following they had appeared in such numbers that he estimated them at 200 more than on the occasion of his count.

The Vaughns own a pack of hounds for the purpose of thinning out the cougars in the Kaibab, the best trained aggregation of hunting dogs that has yet come to my notice. It is customary for such a pack to be hunted in leash or necked together in pairs until such time as the owner looses them on a track of his own choosing. Whenever these dogs accompanied us they ranged the hills at will, as they were broken to follow no trail save that of a cougar. Never once did they molest any of the thousands of deer. The Kaibab is simply swarming with bobcats; but this pack was trained to pass them up, a thing which I would have believed impossible.

A hound pup named Rats was learning his way round with the pack, and in his youthful enthusiasm Rats would sometimes give chase to a cat. The older dogs would rally to his cry, only to quit him when they discovered the nature of his quarry. When some two hours out of camp one morning, Rats sighted a cat a quarter of a mile from the draw in which we were riding. The rest of the pack stampeded as his clamorous bawling rolled across the hills. We rode close behind them, Bill Vaughn remonstrating meanwhile in no uncertain terms, and reached the spot perhaps thirty seconds behind the dogs.

"Now ain't you a sorry outfit of dogs!" Bill reproved. "What you all mean, hazing cats around this way? Every one of you is ashamed to claim that pussy." Which assertion was quite true, as none of the older dogs would remain near the tree, sitting round at a distance and endeavoring to appear not guilty, rolling an eager eye at the big bobcat, nevertheless. Even the clamorous Rats joined the hush and decided that he had pulled a bad one. Still, he did want that cat! McNaghten shot the cat, but not till after Bill had retired to a distance of half a mile with the dogs, for, as he explained, "They see one shot and they're apt to get to feeling so proud of themselves that they'll take to fogging cats all over the mountain."

The country was dry and parched, there having been no rain for thirty days prior to our arrival, a condition that continued to prevail throughout my stay. The tinder-dry pine straw under the trees and the blazing sandrock benches under the rims would not retain the scent of a track for an hour. Bobcats, however, were so plentiful that Rats continued to rout them out and tree them after a short chase, baying at least eight or ten during the trip, most of which we did not attempt to locate, since even the enthusiastic hound pup was learning that cats were undesired by either man or dog, and he would frequently leave his quarry at the sound of our approach, slipping away to turn up at a distance with an air that denied all connection with the occurrence.

A Nine-Months Wolf Hunt

Rats was possessed of the most sonorous voice of any hound in the lot, and furnished pleasant music when his heavy bass notes rang through the forest as he followed a hot track over the hills. I learned later from Bill that Rats had picked up a hot trail that earned the support of the older dogs and ran with them for several miles until the quarry treed. Then the pup glanced aloft and discovered what he had caught—a nine-foot cougar that snarled down at him—and departed forthwith, heading straight for the shelter of the cabin at Bright Angel. With a little more age and experience Rats will make a good dog.

Those bobcats should be thinned out, as the forest is literally swarming with them; and though they do little damage to game larger than fawns, and perhaps kill few of those, they are particularly deadly to smaller game.

The scarcity of the white-plumed Kaibab squirrel is locally attributed to hawks. I saw but three grouse on the mountain. In other localities where hawks abound, but where bobcats are fewer than here, I saw grouse in thousands and found squirrels swarming all through the hills. I was forced to the conclusion that the scarcity of small game and the hordes of bobcats that infest the Kaibab bear a certain definite relation.

Mr. Gilky, an old-time trapper and wolfer, was in camp when we returned to V T. All through this country, even to Lund, Utah, we had heard of the two big gray wolves that had turned up in the Arizona Strip some sixteen years before to prey upon the stock on the ranges. The she-wolf had been killed in one of the subsequent hunts for the pair. The dog wolf had remained in the general vicinity of the range where his mate had been killed, and for fourteen years had eluded the determined hunts planned for his finish by men who were skilled horsemen and hunters, during which time the stockmen estimated his ravages among their herds at a figure well in excess of $25,000. The bounty on his scalp mounted to over $1000, and Gilky, hearing of it, moved into the country and took up the trail of the big gray killer, a trail that lasted for nine months before he came in with the pelt. The wolfer gave us the first-hand details of that protracted stalk in the desert and later we saw the mounted head of the animal.

By morning one of Bill's eyes, which was badly infected, proved to be in such serious state that we prevailed upon him to go outside for medical attention, while McNaghten, Bob and myself moved camp to Quaking Asp Spring, a short day's pack to the west. We scoured the country in all directions from that point in an effort to make some sort of estimate of the deer on this part of the mountain. There was never a morning's ride when less than 100 were sighted, feeding in open draws, watching us from opposite side hills or bounding away through the timber, their flags jerking in white flashes under the trees. During the pack from V T to Quaking Asp I had seen several big bucks; but this locality seemed to be populated mainly by the females and the young of the species, and during our stay there I sighted less than ten bucks larger than fork-horns.

The Toll of the Killers

The number of fawns and yearlings pointed to a percentage of increase that far outweighed anything I had believed possible on any variety of antlered game. Very few barren does were encountered, and the majority of the does were accompanied by twin fawns, and sometimes a yearling or two in addition. This state of affairs continued so noticeable, indicating at least 100 per cent increase in the past two years, that we made several checks along that line.

The third morning we left camp at six o'clock, and by 8:45 had counted 108 deer, of which 57 were spring fawns and 22 were yearlings, an increase of 79 head for the 29 does in the past two years. Not a buck had we seen. The next morning I made a count of nine does, each accompanied by twin fawns, before a yearling broke this remarkable run. I made a tentative estimate that we saw at least two fawns for every yearling encountered during the trip on the mountain, indicating a rather high mortality rate during the first winter after birth.

This fact is no doubt partially due to the bobcat hordes on the mountain. The bobcat, for all his fabled ferocity, is a rather harmless sort of beast. He has neither the spread of jaw nor the crunching strength of the coyote; and even in the face of his reputed savagery, the fact remains that a coyote can kill him with ease. The cat naturally inclines to the hunting of rabbits and other small game for his diet, but there are a few authentic instances of the slaying of yearling deer by bobcats. In a country so devoid of small game, so abundantly supplied with an annual fawn crop of thousands and so infested with cats as the Kaibab, it seems inevitable that the bobcats would acquire the habit of killing an occasional fawn. The coyotes can be charged with a large share of this first-year mortality rate. The cougar, of course, stands at the head of the list. All authorities agree that a cougar will average two kills a week, or better than 100 head of game in a year. Where deer are so plentiful as in the Kaibab it is certain that the toll of each cougar will mount higher still, a supposition that was borne out by the fact that while we were camped at Quaking Asp we found no less than a score of carcasses of deer that had been struck down by the big yellow cats, and few of them showed any signs to indicate that the cougar had returned to his kill, leaving it instead for the cats and the coyotes to finish. With an estimated number of 100 cougars ranging in the mountain, it is easy to compute the frightful annual toll taken from the deer herds by these tawny killers.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Projected Selling increased our business 25% *to* 50%

says W. R. MERS, *merchant, of Ottawa, Ill.*

"We do not wait for the farmer to come to us—we go to him with our merchandise. In this way we anticipate his needs, create new wants, and make sure of trade which we might not obtain otherwise. It is a plan which will increase business for any merchant just as it has increased our business."

Thus is summarized the method of Projected Selling, as advocated by Farm & Fireside, employed by the Ottawa Farm Machinery Company of Ottawa, Illinois. Every day, weather permitting, their "Red Baby" truck may be seen speeding over the country roads, or stopping at a farmer's home, with an interested group around it examining the feed grinder, the cream separator or the particular item of farm equipment which it carries on that day.

"Farmers appreciate service," W. R. Mers and G. C. McKinstrey, of the Ottawa concern, declare. "That is why we adopted Projected Selling. Farmers are glad to see us, to talk over the news from town and to inspect the implements which they have learned about through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

Sales made on the farm

"Projected Selling pays. More than half of our sales in 1922 were made to farmers on the farms. Many store sales can be traced to the 'Red Baby's' visits. Our books show that Projected Selling increased our business at least 25 to 50 per cent. Of twenty-three Primrose Cream Separators sold during four months, twenty were sold in the homes of farmers.

"In many of the more prosperous farm homes, we find that Farm & Fireside, the National Farm Magazine, has already done part of the selling for us. Advertising of the McCormick-Deering line in Farm & Fireside has given the farmer a knowledge of the merchandise which often enables us to close the sale as soon as we show the product."

In all parts of the country, the experiences of this Ottawa company are being duplicated. The International Harvester Company has adopted Projected Selling as an integral part of its sales plan—and thousands of "Red Baby" trucks are scouring the country in the interests of improved farm equipment.

In all parts of the country, also, the compelling force of advertising is furthering Projected Selling. Consistent advertising in Farm & Fireside has acquainted leading farmers in every locality with the merits, the mechanical excellence, the labor-saving and money-saving features of International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment. When the "Red Baby" calls, the sale is often ready to close.

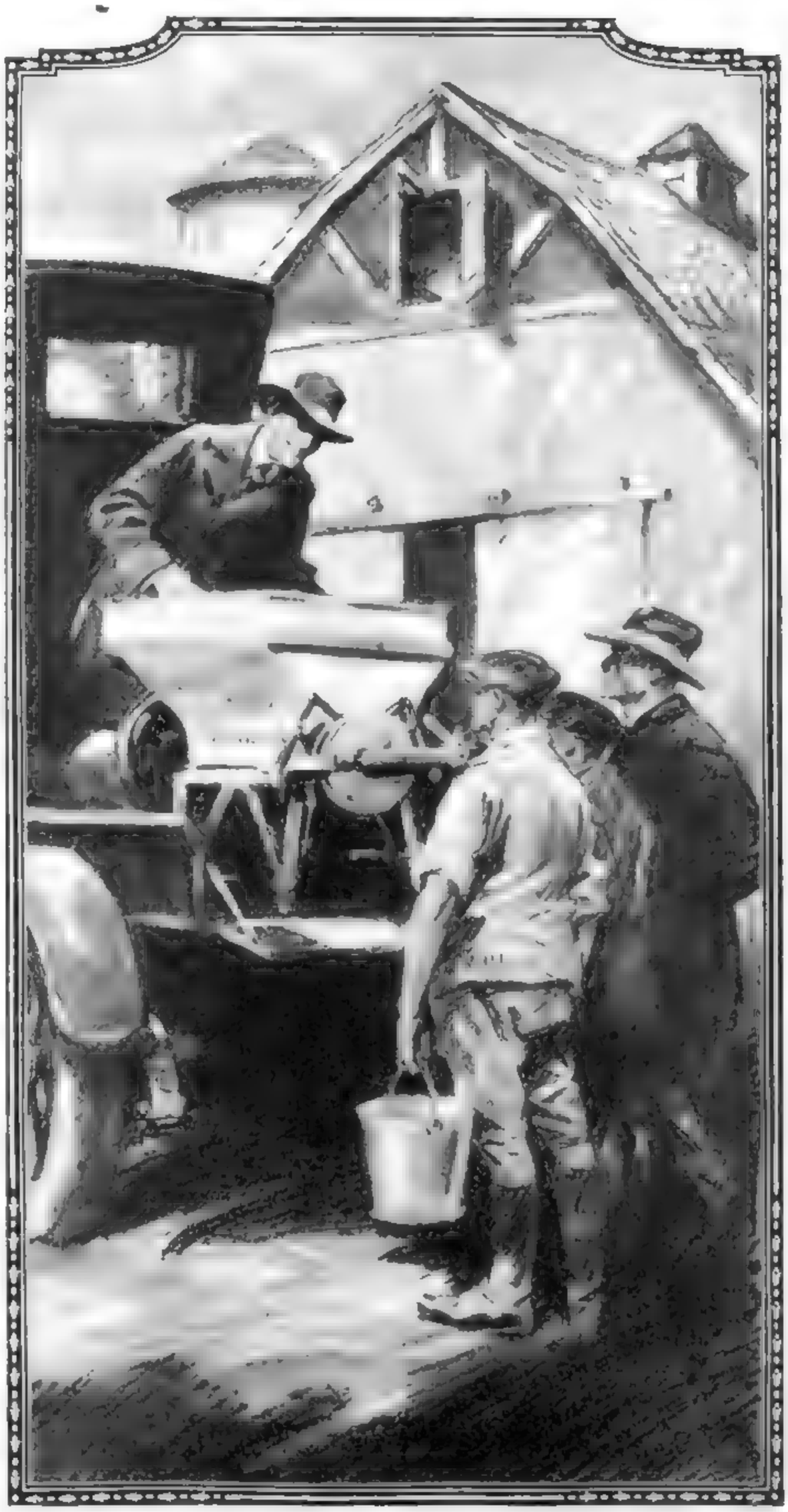
This booklet sent free

Projected Selling can be applied to many of the articles advertised in Farm & Fireside (see list below). We have prepared an interesting booklet which tells how merchants in various lines have increased farm trade by means of Projected Selling—we will gladly mail you a copy free.

Get the facts about Projected Selling. Many times it represents the difference between success and failure, profit and loss. Just write us on your letterhead, "Send me 'Projected Selling'," and we will mail it to you without charge or obligation.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

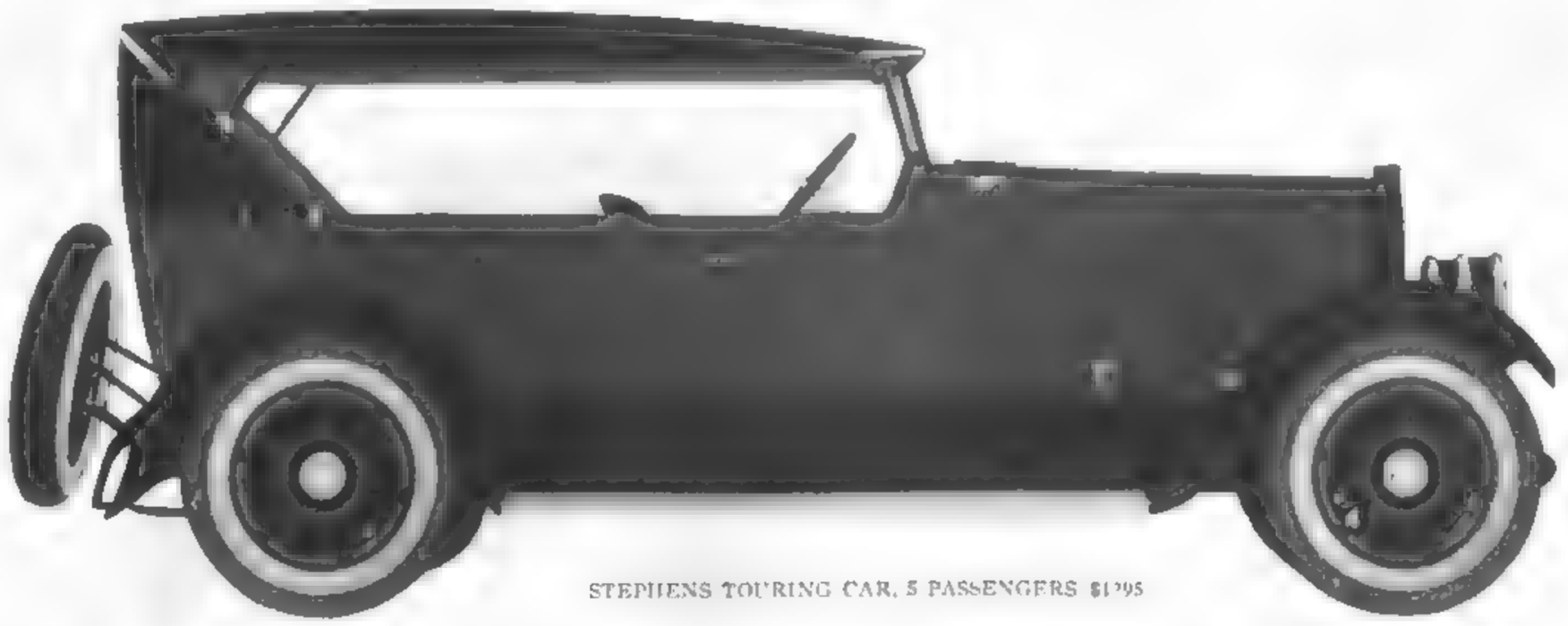


TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co
A. M. F. Sugar Bar
Anthony Fence
Barrett Everlastic Roofings
Bauer & Black "Tiro
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroys
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Dodge Brothers Cars
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Du Pont Products
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Freezone
General Motors Corporation
Gillette Razors
Glastenbury Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Great Northern Ry
Gruen Guild Watches
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hood's Canvas Footwear
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms
Jewett Cars
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Lehigh Portland Cement
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
National Electric Light Association
Northern Pacific Ry
Overland Cars
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr Implements
President Suspenders
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Radak Radio Sets
Rat-Nip
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Royal Fence
Sapolio
Semi-Solid Buttermilk
Shaler Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Smith & Barnes and Strobber Pianos and Player Pianos
Stark Bro's Fruit Trees
Swift Products
Union Carbide
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Vita Aluminum Ware
"Wear-Ever" Utensils
Willys-Overland, Inc
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



STEPHENS TOURING CAR, 5 PASSENGERS $1295

Seven New Stephens Body Types

$1295 now Price of Touring Car for Five

THE ROBUST POWER that shows in every sweeping contour of the new Stephens Touring car is eloquent of its chassis strength and the fiery energy tamed for your pleasure and daily use.

Re-designed and refined in forty-two important details, this Stephens Touring car at its striking low price of $1295 establishes a peak level of motor car values never reached before.

Six other individual body types on two specialized models provide this same super-value in a line of motor cars created to meet and satisfy every transportation need and desire.

Center of interest at Motor Shows

At the New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago Shows, recognition of Stephens advanced engineering and value-building was emphatic.

Thousands of Stephens owners came in, only half believing we could make such prices without slighting quality. Unit by unit, they studied the cars and found so much added value they bought many of these remarkable Stephens cars.

Delco ignition, they saw, is new. Mather springs also, Stromberg special carburetor, Saal chassis oiling and Kellogg power-driven tire pump. Timken axles, Fedders radiator, Gemmer steering and other standard units continue oversize.

Vital value in Stephens-built motor

The Stephens-built motor, they told us, *with intake manifold inside the cylinder head*, means more in performance and economy than any group of standard units made. And Stephens hand-built bodies, low-swung, with intriguing lines and distinctive new colors, are luxuriously comfortable.

See these Stephens cars *soon*. Study their powerful lines, balanced design, oversize units, unmatched equipment. Write to Moline for four-color catalogue today. Call on the Stephens dealer and give the type you like your own performance tests.

TOURING CAR, 5-PASS., $1295 TOURING SEDAN, 5-PASS., $1595 SEDAN, 5-PASS., $1895 PORTHOLE SEDAN, 4-PASS., $1985
ROADSTER, 2-3-PASS., $1345 TOURING CAR, 7-PASS., $1685 SEDAN, 7-PASS., $2365 ALL PRICES F. O. B. FREEPORT, ILL.

STEPHENS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Moline and Freeport, Illinois*

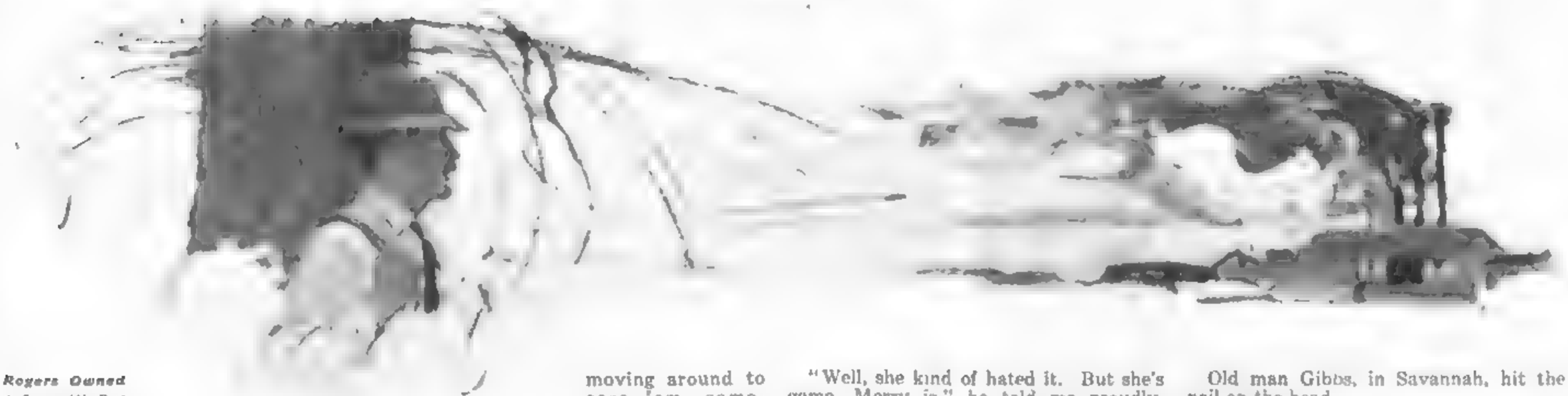
STEPHENS

Motor Cars

Write to Moline today for Souvenir Show Catalogue presenting the seven new Stephens body types in actual colors

LOOSE FOOT

(Continued from Page 15)



Rogers Owned a Sawmill, But Didn't Know Much About Running It

"You can't pay him any better than the East Coast did. Fourteen dollars a day they paid him, and couldn't hold him."

"I pay him eight," laughed Rogers, "and four dollars a day bonus if he stays a year. He's got to stick to get it."

Yes, Rogers was more practical than he seemed. That wasn't all he'd done. Bill told me that night when we were sitting on the comfortable screened porch of their house under those big whispering pines, and Merry softly playing the piano inside. Sitting there, I began to see Rogers' idea in making his camp a pretty place. The women liked it; and the men, without thinking much about it, were better satisfied. Not many sawmill camps are laid out for looks or comfort.

They were like a pair of kids in a new playhouse, those two; so happy that it made me feel old and lonesome. It's a dog's life being a bachelor. I had supper with them and they treated me like a dear old uncle of the family; then Bill and I sat on the porch, smoking, and for some reason we didn't talk much, listening to the piano and the peaceful throbbing of the fire pump and the wind in the trees.

Then Bill broke out, "Say, Mac ——"

"Where do you keep your ax?" I snapped.

He chuckled. "Don't know of a better job than this, do you?"

"If I did you'd be the last man I'd tell about it."

"Well, I ain't figurin' on quittin' right away. This guy Rogers, he's a prince."

And he told me. Early in the game, it seems, Rogers had noticed that Bill spent all his Sundays in Live Oak.

"And he says, 'Mr. Allen'—yeah, he calls me Mister," Bill chuckled; "he's a kind of a dignified guy, Rogers is. 'Mr. Allen,' he says, 'if you want to bring Mrs. Allen here I'll furnish a house for you,' he says, knowin' all the time I didn't have any more wife than a goat. And he writes a furniture house in Jacksonville to ship anything we ordered. Can you beat it?"

But even then his loose foot was beginning to itch. Merry came out and sat with us, and by degrees Bill led up to what was on his mind.

"Yeah, this is a good job. Of course, it ain't a big mill ——"

"You couldn't be better fixed," I pointed out, "in the biggest mill in the world."

"That's right. Good house, cheap place to live ——"

"I love it here," said Merry, and her voice was rich with the content of a woman whose heart is full

"—— makin' good money, the bonus pilin' up and all. Couple of years we'll be pretty well fixed. I ever tell you, Mac, I was educated to be a doctor?"

I don't know yet whether it was true, or whether, in his youth, he had only meant to study medicine when he got around to it. Bill could believe anything if he thought about it long enough.

"You just now remembered it?"

"Oh, I know I'm too old to start in now. But I always thought sometime I'd like to own a little drug store."

I snorted. With all he knew about sawmilling—a drug store!

"Well," he argued, "a man can't jerk levers all his life. Sooner or later his legs'll give out, I don't care how good he is. The floor shaking under you all day, and no moving around to ease 'em—sometimes I feel 'em now. Sometimes I think I'm slowing up already."

There was no denying this—that a sawyer's legs do give out. But I had come to think of Bill as indestructible, with that rubber-tired gait of his. Merry, too, took it lightly.

"You!" she said, making fun of him, adoring his big, easy strength; and he grinned and patted her cheek, so that I had to look away, embarrassed. It's a little trying, being a dear old uncle to a newly married couple—at my age.

I didn't pay any attention to that drug-store talk; thought he was only talking to hear his teeth rattle. But it was a symptom, wishing for a change, like he always did. It can't have been more than a few weeks later that I was walking down Center Street in Macon and he loomed up beside me, big as life and twice as natural.

"Say, Mac, you know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

I had to laugh. That may show you the kind he was, this big, irresponsible fellow with a sort of four-year-old quality about him. I had to laugh. He grinned sheepishly, like a kid caught doing something forbidden but not really wrong.

"When did you quit Rogers?"

"Right after you was there."

"How about that bonus?"

"Never paid me a cent of it," he said, for all the world like a kid trying to brace himself in indignation. "There's one guy I'll never jerk a lever for again!"

That was when I began to get sore.

"Certainly," I said, "if I were in Rogers' shoes you wouldn't. How about that house he furnished for you?"

Bill was human. He looked away, his big, good-humored mouth tightening at the corners, thinking, maybe, of some ordinary sawyer's wife thumping Merry's piano.

"What did you quit for—this time?"

"I had to. Say, it sure costs money to keep house in this town! They only paid me five dollars a day ——"

"Who?" I said, unable to keep up with him.

"Why, Feeney & Felton. It was the only job I could ——"

"Oh," I said helplessly, "I mean the time before that—Rogers."

"Well, you know this taper-sawin' guy?"

There's always some kind of crank going around the mills, selling some idea he thinks is new.

"Well, Rogers paid him fifty dollars to teach me. Me! Why, Mac, I quit foolin' with taper sawin' about the time that guy quit settin' blocks. I told him to get to hell out of the mill. And Rogers comes out—you know what a fishy eye he's got when he's mad—and he says, 'Mr. Allen, as long as you work in my mill you'll pay a little attention to orders from me.'

"And I says, 'Mr. Rogers, I just now quit workin' in your mill. Grab hold of these levers yourself if you know more about sawin' than I do.' And I walked out. First time in my life I ever walked out on a man without notice, but somehow he got under my skin worse than if he'd cussed me like a nigger. Funny guy, Rogers is," said Bill reflectively. "Kind of ladylike, but ——"

Bill, who always spoke first and thought afterward if at all, couldn't understand the sting of a reproof from a man who habitually meant twice as much as he said.

"How did Merry feel about it?"

"Well, she kind of hated it. But she's game, Merry is," he told me proudly. "Say, why don't you come on out and eat dinner with us? She'll be mighty glad to see you. She's kind of lonesome here."

He meant at noon, and it was past eleven then. I laughed. Game as she was, I couldn't see her—or any woman—liking it.

"No," I said; "you bring her down to the hotel and have dinner with me. Maybe she'd like a change from her own cooking; and anyway, I'm on a swindle sheet and you're not."

Swindle sheet is the expense account, you know.

"Oh," said Bill largely, "I ain't broke yet. I got about a hundred and fifty dollars. Say, let's walk down to the depot and see what the fare is out to Oregon. I'd kind of like to get back out there where the big mills are. Maybe I can make it."

From Macon, Georgia, to Oregon—with a hundred and fifty dollars and a wife!

"Well," he argued, "your factory's got a branch out there, hasn't it? Couldn't you wire 'em to look out for anybody that wants a good sawyer? If I was to go to work as soon as I got there ——"

I told him to go to thunder, but I had to laugh. He brought Merry to the hotel, and when the check for dinner came he tried to pay it—hauled out his hundred and fifty as if there were thousands behind it. He'd have done the same any time; that was his idea of being square.

"Better hang on to that," I said seriously. "All going out and nothing coming in, you know."

"Oh, I can always get a job," he said with that easy confidence of his, and to keep from hurting his feelings I had to let him buy the cigars, and he didn't buy just two; he bought a pocketful—good ones.

And I looked from the cigar-counter girl, painted and frizzed and bored with life, to Merry—remembering. If they were sisters under the skin it was a long way under.

Merry had on a dress I'd seen more than once in the Suwanee Hotel, simple and pretty, but certainly out of place in this marble lobby; and her eyes were clear and sweet—but scared. I remember she laughed a lot, telling me the funny things she noticed. Macon and Jacksonville were the biggest towns she'd ever seen. Felt like an explorer, so she said. But what she felt like was a lost kid, scared and homesick. I saw her soft mouth droop when she thought nobody was looking. I saw her eyes when Bill began talking about Oregon again.

"Bill," I said, feeling elderly and responsible, "you seem to forget that you're married now. Don't you ever consult your wife?"

And Merry laughed. She was game; she was too game for me; she was a woman, and the woman doesn't live who can stand being torn up by the roots that way, time after time. I saw her eyes.

She laughed, saying, "Whatever suits Bill suits me."

And I got something of what it means to be a woman and married to a man. "Whither thou goest I will go; . . . thy people shall be my people, and thy God ——" A woman said that centuries ago; but all the brave ones aren't dead yet. It had me thinking heavy thoughts, I don't mind telling you. That's the way with a traveling man. He sees a lot, but there's little he can do about it.

This time I couldn't even get Bill a job. I tried, though I had sworn I wouldn't; but his reputation was getting bad.

Old man Gibbs, in Savannah, hit the nail on the head.

"Yeah, I know how good he is," said that wise old bird. "I know all about him. He quits."

But he got a job. As he said, he could always get jobs—Bill could. It was over in Louisiana somewhere, which was off my beat, and I lost track of him. You know how it is; no matter how interested you are, if you don't see or hear from people you forget. Bill never wrote or came near me. I guess he was ashamed.

Then it was bad news I began to hear. That spread fast enough. There's always a certain amount of jealousy among sawyers toward a man of Bill's caliber, and when he hits the toboggan they talk about it. Bill had been at the top longer than most, and he seemed to have lost his grip all at once—so I heard.

I heard of him in Waycross, but he wasn't there when I drifted round. He had been fired again.

He had had a bad wreck, it seems; torn up a two-hundred-dollar saw and half killed his carriage crew. Speed sawyers do that when their nerves go bad—trying too hard.

Oddly enough it was in Savannah, where I had first seen him, that I ran across him standing in front of a cigar store.

"Well, well, Bill!"

"Howdy, Mac," was all he had to say.

There was something frayed and down at the heel about him, though his clothes were still good; Bill always had good clothes. I clapped him on the shoulder and felt the big muscles sag under my hand—the spring gone out of him.

"Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays," I babbled, trying to pretend I didn't notice any difference. "How's tricks?"

"I reckon I'm all through, Mac."

It was his self-respect that was gone. I snorted as cheerfully as I could; but he only looked at me with a kind of puzzled shame, like a kid that's punished without knowing why.

"I been fired off my last four jobs. I can't hold a job any more."

He couldn't understand it; couldn't understand that those mighty legs of his had to give out like any other man's.

"You're spoiled," I said, trying to comfort him. "Every sawyer gets fired sometime. Why not you?"

"Not four times in a row. And now I'm broke. I been broke before, but I—I could always get a job."

It takes colder blood than mine to say "I told you so!" to a man when he's already licked. I asked him about Merry, and he said, not looking at me, that she was visiting her folks in Live Oak.

A visit—you know. That's what a man's wife does when he loses his grip. Goes home to her folks—on a visit. She doesn't belong there; she isn't a girl any more; or a wife or a widow, either. She doesn't belong anywhere.

There was nothing new about it, mind you. It wasn't the first time a sawmill man had worn out a woman's endurance and lost her—drifting. Those single men in sawmill boarding houses, you never know whether they're married or not unless they tell you. But it was the first time it had happened right under my nose, and it made me feel old and wise and sad. I lent him some money and kissed it good-by.

I won't deny it; I thought he was through. And when Rogers, down at Sylvan, told me he was going to give Bill Allen another chance I was too surprised to be tactful.

(Continued on Page 104

YOU'VE HEARD *but*

the Dalton salesman who has become a national institution?

He is everywhere.

In town or country; here at home and in lands afar—an emissary from a world institution to world business men.

The man not merely with something to *sell,* but with something to *give.* The man who can be of use to you—

The Dalton representative.

Yours, perhaps, is a problem of figure work; a matter of income or inventory; of adding, calculating, bookkeeping; a problem, possibly, of statements or of safeguarding cash. You will find this Dalton representative with constructive suggestions to offer—suggestions which business men the world over—hundred of thousands of them, are adopting.

You'll find him, too, with a Dalton for every conceivable figuring need—

① a simpler, faster "adding-calculating" machine
② a simpler, faster "bookkeeping" machine
③ a simpler, faster "statement" machine
④ a simpler, faster "cash register" machine

The Dalton Super Model Statement Machine

OF HIM *have you met him—*

One Hundred and Fifty-two models in all, conservatively priced from $1200 to as low as $125—yet each embodying the fundamental 10-key Dalton idea, so simple that the individual who operates one can operate all.

The most complete series of adding-calculating, bookkeeping, statement, and "cash register" machines available to the business man today. Dalton success in the field of figuring equipment has been phenomenal—the most phenomenal of the decade.

Phone the Dalton sales agent in any of the upwards of 300 leading cities here or abroad, who, at no obligation to yourself, will bring constructive ideas, and give a demonstration of Dalton service on your own work. Or write us direct.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES CO., Cincinnati, O.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto, and Branches • Foreign Sales Dept., Dalton Bldg., 83 Reade St., New York City • Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World

152 Models at Prices Ranging from $1200 to as Low as $125

The Dalton Super Model Statement Machine gives the same [illegible] adding-calculating service as the Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine and in addition a complete [illegible] statement service. Statements made on this machine are neat legible accurate and can be gotten out in one-third to one-half the time required by ordinary methods.

The Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine—adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, tabulates, crossfoots, totals sales slips, foots ledger columns, takes trial balances, adds two columns [illegible] duplicates whole numbers by fractions and fractions by fractions, figures costs, profits and margins, makes invoice extensions, prorates, [illegible] percentages, extends all stock items, makes estimates, balances [illegible] all such work that Super Model Does speed and accuracy altogether new in the figure work of business.

The Dalton Super Model 11-Bank and 13-Bank Adding-Calculating Machine, with capacity up to 9,999,999,999.99—a superior type of equipment for the business involving unusually large [illegible].

The Dalton Super Model "Cash Register," gives complete adding-calculating service up to 9,999,999.99 [illegible] all transactions [illegible] clerical and departmental operations [illegible] automatically subtotals and grand totals [illegible] automatically [illegible] net amount of cash in drawer [illegible] checks and vouchers, keeps inventory, and stock records and makes out statements by [illegible] both a "cash register" and figuring service for the retail business.

The Dalton "Accumulated Proof" and "Extended Daily Balance" Bookkeeping Machine—four machines in one—a bookkeeping machine, a statement machine, an adding machine and a calculating machine. It accepts itself to any [illegible] and so inexpensive as to make [illegible] bookkeeping a real economy for the smaller business as well as the large.

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING • BOOKKEEPING STATEMENT AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

The Dalton "Accumulated Proof" and "Extended Daily Balance" Bookkeeping Machine

The Dalton Super Model Adding-Calculating Machine

The Dalton Super Model "Cash Register" Machine

The Dalton Super Model 11-Bank and 13-Bank Adding-Calculating Machine

The new "CONTROLLED HEAT"

The Old Way

The woman's *side of the heating question*

For years, heating systems have been designed with no thought of the woman's problems; yet nine-tenths of the day it is the woman who must live with the heat.

In most systems, radiators are equipped with obstinate, back-straining valves that even a man can barely turn. No provision is made for accurately regulating the temperature in different rooms; so that the nursery can be kept warmer than the living room and the bedrooms cooler than the living room—a requirement that every *woman* knows is *vital*.

A heat designed for women

But there *is* a new way of heating which *does* consider the woman's side of it—Hoffman "Controlled Heat." On each radiator is a "control" valve. The lightest touch of your finger on this valve gives the exact amount of heat you want where you want it and when you want it. You can have any desired temperature in any room.

Economy, convenience

Men will be just as interested in the remarkable economy and simplicity of "Controlled Heat" as women are in its comfort and convenience.

In planning your new home, first investigate Hoffman "Controlled Heat."

If your present heating system is unsatisfactory, ask your Heating Contractor how much it will cost to transform it into "Controlled Heat."

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
In Canada, CRANE, LIMITED, *branches in principal cities*
NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

HOFFMAN
CONTROLLED HEAT

Mail This Coupon Today

The Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me the booklet, "Controlled Heat."

Continued from Page 101

"What? After the way he ran out on you?"

Rogers, you remember, was a sentimental sort of fellow. He had seen Merry in Live Oak.

"I told her I was keeping her piano for her," he said, "and I thought she was going to cry right there on the street. She looks thin, Mac, actually ill-fed."

And he leaned back in his chair—he was sitting at his desk—and looked at me.

"Glad to hear you're going to hire him," I said heartily, careful now not to say anything to hurt Bill's chance. "I think he's had his lesson. I saw him in Savannah and he seemed to be in a state of mind to appreciate a job."

Rogers smiled queerly; I remembered that—later.

"How is he—down and out?"

"Financially, yes."

"Morally?"

"How do you mean?"

"Lost his grip?"

"Who, Bill?" I said uncomfortably. "He's the best sawyer I know. he could lose a lot and still be better than most."

"I've got a good sawyer," said Rogers absently. "I'm going to try him out as mill foreman. But I don't know, Mac. I always thought his tremendous sureness of himself was what made him. Take that away and you may ruin him. He's a reflex animal; he doesn't think."

That was a little deep for me, but it hit so close to what I was thinking that I kept my mouth shut, determined not to hurt Bill's chance.

"He's a worthless hound," said Rogers harshly, gazing out the window. "Why is it that these irresponsible wasters always get the finest, steadiest women?" And he sighed. Rogers was a bachelor himself.

"You can search me," I said, and dropped the subject. I didn't like the idea of his hiring Bill just on Merry's account; I would have done it myself, but that was different. I knew all about myself and I didn't know so much about Rogers.

Naturally, though, I had other things to think about, and forgot; and that was how I came to put my foot in it finally. It was none of my business, I admit that. But selling saws is different from selling hardware or dry goods. Sawmill towns are little towns, and if the millmen aren't your friends you haven't any.

As I get it, Bill worked feverishly at first. The men liked him and he had the mill running like a watch. But his job as mill foreman, always moving around, gave his legs a rest, and he began to itch to get his hands on the levers again. Through? He was more than rubber-tired, that fellow; he was rubber-minded.

"This sawyer we got here," he told me, "he's all right, but nothin' extra. Makes me nervous to watch him. And Rogers won't let me saw—only a little relief sawin' now and then. You know anybody that wants a good sawyer?"

I groaned and beat the air, but he persisted, full of his old easy confidence and ready to go.

"I mean it. If you was to run across a real good place somewhere ——"

Then I turned loose all the hard words I had swallowed in Savannah. For I had seen Merry, home again in her house under the big trees, something more than happy. There was a new look in her eyes now, a sort of quiet glory in her face; you know how a woman blooms at such a time. Even a bachelor can read the signs if he's been around.

"Bill," I said, talking to him as a dear old uncle has a right to do, "there's only one thing that keeps me from climbing up and knocking your brains out—if you've got any. I'd hate to see your son born an orphan."

He grinned as if I'd been a cute fox terrier yapping at him.

"Oh, all right, Mac, all right! But you might run across somethin' good, goin' around."

"You've got something good right here. You can't jerk levers all your life. This is your chance to do something bigger."

We were standing at the top of the log deck, and his glance about the mill was humorous. It wasn't a big mill, only a decent, eight-foot, twelve-inch single band with a fair equipment behind it.

"Right now," I admitted, "you could make more money sawing. But your legs'll last a lot longer bossing other men than they will jerking levers. What's the matter with you, Bill?"

He tried honestly to explain.

"I don't know what it is, Mac. Time I been on a job a while I get restless; feel like I'll bust if I don't get a change. Can't keep my mind on my work, thinkin' about it. Oh, well," he said, giving it up, "I reckon I just got a loose foot, that's all."

"Loose foot!" I raged. "Both your feet are loose at the ankle and loose again at the knee! A hobo, that's what you are—a natural-born hobo: and if it wasn't for Merry I'd see you begging hand-outs and laugh in your face!"

"Woof! Woof!" said Bill, and I couldn't help it; I had to laugh. He was hopeless.

On my way back to the office I heard Merry's piano going, a gay, light-hearted little run of chords that somehow fitted with the steady, distant rumble of the mill, the green and blue of trees and sky. Men's work and women's homes. But it's heavy, heavy work, dragging a home after a man with a loose foot. The woman doesn't live that can stand it.

I told Rogers. I had to talk to somebody or blow up.

"Can't you put him to sawing—change his work some way? He's hankering for a change and he'll have it. I know the symptoms."

It must have been a couple of minutes that he sat there tilted back in his chair, gazing out the window—this quiet, thin fellow with the face of a gentle poet; a queer one to be in the sawmill game—gazing at those big trees with the late sunlight slanting through them, the gray, weather-beaten mill breathing up its regular jets of white vapor from the shotgun-feed exhaust. Then he looked at me, his lips compressed, and nodded.

"Yes, I can give him a change."

Grimly he said it; and it came to me that I was a blundering fool. He put out his hand for the requisition I had got from the filer—what saws were needed, you know—turned to it like a man not talking of what's in his mind. I had a notion what he meant, but I never thought he'd do it like he did.

Merry and Bill and I were sitting on their porch that evening after the mill blew off, as peaceful as you please; and here came Rogers marching up to the screen door.

"May I come in, Mrs. Allen?"

It was too dark to see his face. Bill greeted him genially; he liked Rogers. But Merry got quickly out of her chair.

"Please don't go, Mrs. Allen. This has happened often enough; you may as well hear it once."

And a feeling struck me—sitting there as helpless as a bump on a log—a feeling that she knew what he had come to say.

"Allen, you're fired."

Merry slowly sat down again. I remember the short, high note of a woman laughing in the commissary; a child shouting somewhere; the throbbing of the fire pump over in the mill; wind in the trees; the smell of smoke and the red glow of the burning slab pile, black-barred by vertical trunks—everything sharpened, somehow, by the sense of helplessness. Not mine; Merry's.

"I've tried to make something of you," said Rogers quietly. "I've tried to make you see that sawmilling is more than a job, more than cutting up trees for money. Tried to give you vision. I've showed you that no turpentine cup has ever scarred my trees to give fire a starting point. I've showed you that young trees are growing to take the place of the ones I cut. And all it meant to you was that I could make more money ——"

"All right," growled Bill. "You've fired me. Let it go at that."

"—— more money by cutting everything I came to. Skinning land that's good for nothing when it's skinned; sand, and dry sand at that, with no trees to bring rainfall. Then," said Rogers, gesturing dimly, "I tried something else. I tried to give you a pride in your job. Here are the woods; out there, everywhere, people need lumber. You're an expert millman ——"

"Much obliged," said Bill, and suddenly laughed and got up. "Say, you're all right, Rogers. You're a good little guy; you mean well. No hard feelings at all."

There was an almost jubilant note in his voice.

"But," said Rogers, his own voice going quieter and deadly cold, "outside of that you're a worthless hound. You haven't the nerve, the backbone of a jellyfish."

"Huh? Say that over again—slow!"

"Yes, I know you could smash me," said Rogers, his voice cutting like a whip, "if

you had the nerve. Mrs. Allen, I'm sorry, but this has got to be said "

"Go on," said Merry, choking.

Bill turned to peer at her, and back to Rogers—this hulking, good-humored fellow being skinned alive and not knowing what to do about it. I felt like shouting, "Bill, hit him or sit down! Don't you see what he's doing?"

"Not the backbone of a jellyfish," said Rogers. "A jellyfish can stick in one place till he gets some good of it, but not you! You haven't the simple manhood to hold on, work on after you're tired. You quit. You're a quitter. You're yellow through and through," said Rogers, facing him, making a fool of him before Merry. "I think that's all."

"Yeah," said Bill, "that'll be about all—from you. Feel kind of brave, don't you, when you know I can't hit a little guy?"

"Why not?" said Rogers. "Your wife's smaller than I am, and you don't care what you do to her."

Merry gasped then, and put out her hand; I caught it and it was cold as ice.

"The cashier will pay you a month's wages in lieu of notice," said Rogers, and went out.

I heard Bill's voice with that cheerful, almost jubilant note. The relief of freedom from irksome duty, the exhilaration of change; that was his first reaction always—like a kid let out of school.

"Don't you care, girl. Don't you care. We'll just ——"

Merry pitched quietly forward in her chair; would have fallen if we hadn't caught her. I remember the panic that took me at the feel of her limp body. She was too weak, too small to stand so much. I left Bill holding her and ran.

Overtaking Rogers I snapped at him, "I hope you're satisfied. She's fainted," hating that quiet, cold-nerved fellow, not for what he had done but for the way he had done it. He didn't answer.

The doctor's house was at the far end of the white quarters; it seemed a mile. He came to the door, a fat man with lather on his face and a razor in his hand. He listened with mild interest to my panting tale.

"Did she fall?"

"No."

"All right," he said. "I'll look in after a little when I get through shaving."

"But she's fainted, man! She's unconscious!"

"All right. You know," he said, beaming as though he'd arranged it that way himself, "Nature's a pretty wise old girl. You faint, and unless some helpful fool prevents you, you fall down; and the blood runs back to your head and you revive. Of course," he admitted, waving the razor, "falling isn't the best thing for a woman in her condition. But you might tell Allen to get her head down if she's still ——"

I ran. But Bill had already got her head down. She lay on her bed and she was talking as I bounded in, talking and crying.

"Not for my sake, boy. For yours, for yours! Oh, I'm so ashamed of myself, giving up this way! I don't want to be a burden to you!"

I wished for the feet of a cat as I backed out. I heard her breathing—tired, tired!

Bill's voice rumbled, pleading.

"I couldn't look myself in the face," he must have said.

"Can we—look our son in the face—if we haven't a home for his little head? Are you sure, Bill—are you sure you'll have a job when you've got to have it? I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

Her voice trailed helplessly into crying. I remember the small sound of it; sand dragging under my feet; the fire pump throbbing, throbbing, like the labor of a tired heart.

"Mac, is she all right?"

I remember I laughed. All right!

"Dangerous business," said Rogers gravely, "tampering with a man's self-respect"

"Dangerous," I said, "is a good, mild word! Anybody but Bill Allen would have killed you."

"I had to get under his skin, Mac. I had to. He'll hate me for it, but maybe he'll remember it."

"So will she," I said roughly—hating him.

"She asked me to do it, Mac. She made me promise ——"

"She—what?"

"Made me promise to fire him the minute he got restless. Why not? When he gets restless he quits. He's done it twenty times."

"A hundred," I admitted, dazed. "You mean to say ——"

"Beat him to it. Make him sick of it."

"But look here, if she asked for it, why did it hit her so hard?"

"It's just possible," said Rogers, "that her courage is greater than her strength."

"Great snakes!" I murmured. I felt like taking off my hat, only I wasn't wearing one. "Got him fired—to cure him of quitting?"

"She thought if he got the idea that jobs weren't so easy to get and hold —— But I don't know, Mac. It isn't doing any good."

"You mean she's done it before? These other times?"

"Three times."

"Four!" I said, remembering.

"No," said Rogers; "the last time, at Waycross, he really went to pieces. I had to nurse him like a baby to give him back his confidence And now ——"

The doctor went by, a dim waddling shape, his feet noiseless in the sand. Wind whispered in the trees. The fire pump throbbed and throbbed, muffled, steady, like a tired heart, never quitting.

"To a certain extent," said Rogers slowly, "it's good for a man to be afraid for his job. It braces him over the times when he feels like quitting, and we all have them."

And that's so, isn't it?

"But if you break his spirit—I don't know, Mac, I don't know. I went through with this because I promised. But it's no use. I don't know anything that would be. I'm afraid something vital was left out when they assembled him. Nothing will take the place of a sense of responsibility."

A big figure loomed out of the darkness, striding toward us. Bill Allen came stiffly to a halt, his head up.

"Mr. Rogers, I never begged a man in my life. But I'm beggin' you to take me back."

Silence, while the fire pump throbbed on.

"I'm beggin' you," said Bill, and his voice shook with a man's pride—breaking.

"Bill," said Rogers gently, "will you shake hands on that?"

Bill's son, as it happened, turned out to be a daughter, Roberta McCray Allen they called her—McCray, not Macrae. That's for me, Bob McCray, saw plugger. She's got curly hair like Merry and blue eyes like Bill, and she can almost talk now. Bill says she calls me Ugly Man, but I know better. That's as close as she can get to Uncle Mac.

As her godfather, it'll be up to me to take care of her if Bill falls down on the job. I don't think he will, but he might. The last time I saw him he had the offer of a superintendent's job from the Hayden Lumber Company, up in Georgia, a good deal bigger mill than Rogers'; and he was flirting with the idea of taking it.

I asked Rogers how Bill was getting along, and he laughed.

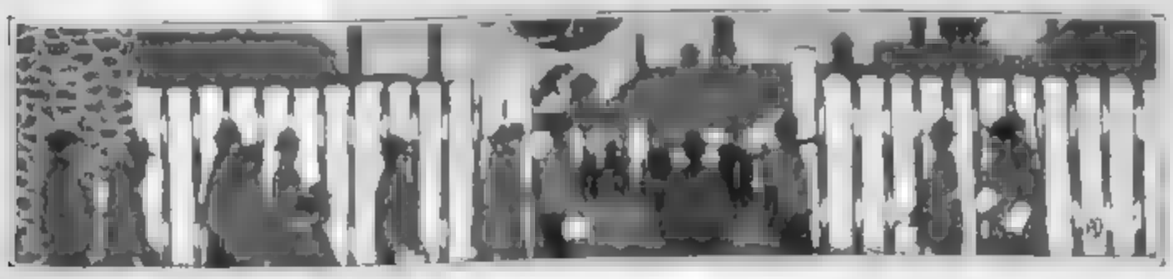
"He's getting money ahead," he told me, "and I'm worried. I won't feel safe till I get it away from him; tie him up so he can't squirm—make it Rogers & Allen."

But he was waiting to make sure. As I say, Bill was tempted by that Hayden offer.

"That's one mill I never worked in," he said wistfully; "a good one from all I hear. I'd sure like to take a whirl at it."

Then he puffed out his cheeks with a long gusty breath and shook his head.

"But Merry, she likes it here. And Rogers is the most helpless guy around a mill you ever saw. No, I just can't get loose," said this virtuous Bill, this solid man of family and affairs. "Honest, I don't know which is the most helpless, Rogers or Merry or the kid."



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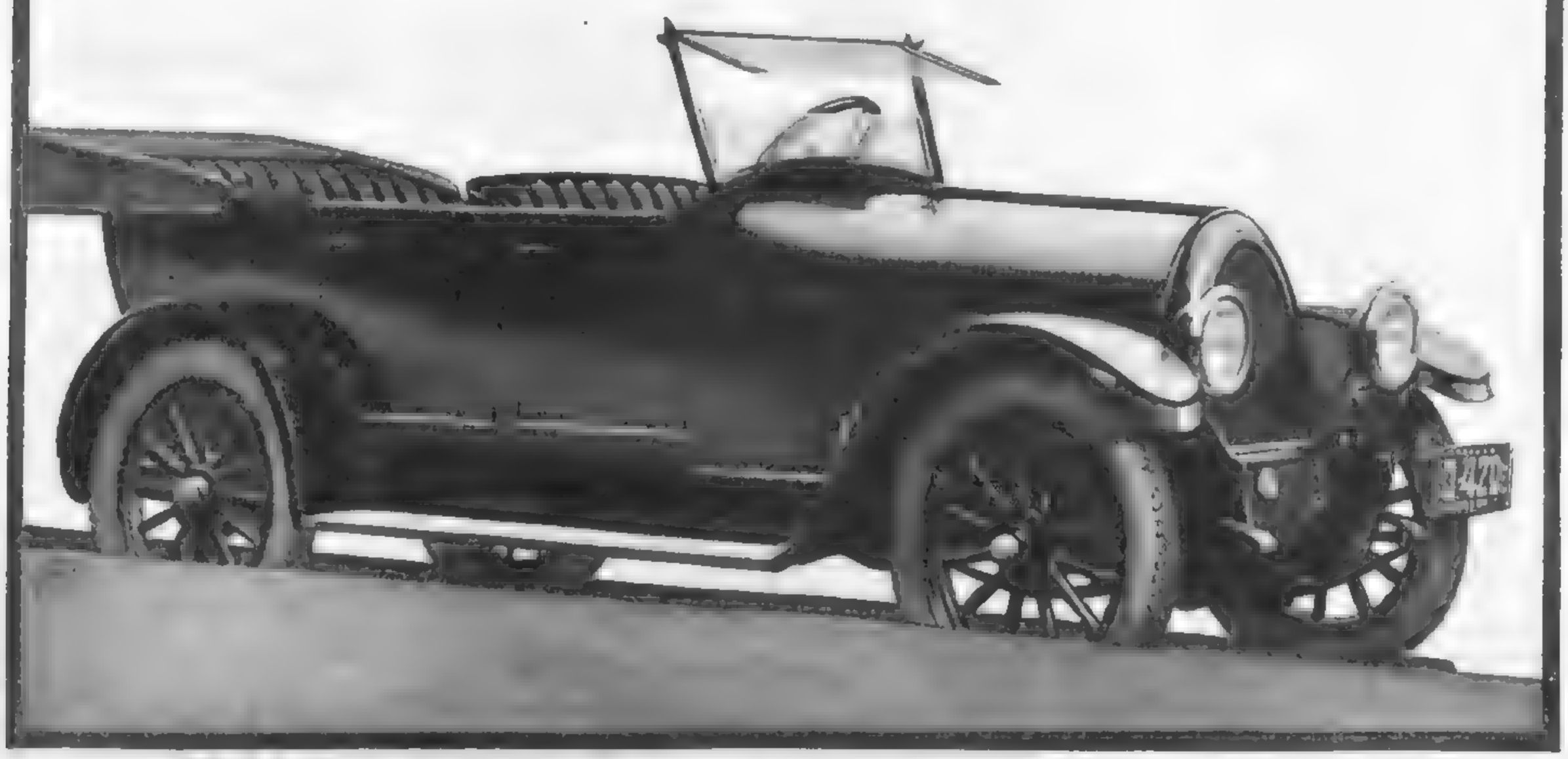

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THE ADDED INCH

(Continued from Page 25)

They went on to another room. In the doorway Mr. Lehner paused, indicating another phase of his business.

"This won't be so heart-rending to your artistic soul," he said. "These beads here are really good pearl beads. We import them from Paris, the filled beads that are almost like the real thing. You've heard of the Delta pearls, of course? Well, they have a patent on theirs, and our beads have none; but they have all the luster of the Delta pearls, and at night, for anyone except an expert, it is difficult to tell them from the real thing. They sell for from twenty-five to three hundred and fifty dollars a string, according to size and length."

Dan drew a string through his fingers, was surprised at the warm, almost living glow of the tinting. They were beautiful, and the girls who strung them worked carefully, discarding any bead less than perfect, setting them aside in a receptacle prepared for them. Each bead was counted, he noticed. He went back to Mr. Lehner's office with a face that was very thoughtful.

The older man knew the signs; he did not wait for comment but plunged at once into a statement of the matter as he saw it.

"Your beads," he said, "are far and away more beautiful than those pearls; I know that. But, you see, there's a sentiment about pearls; and there is something about them, I don't quite know what it is, that makes them becoming to almost all women somehow. Those girls back in the workrooms, now, they nearly all of them have bought a string of the pearls. They get them at cost; but even then they are expensive. But they know the value of a string when they wish to look their best; they leave the other beads severely alone."

He laughed, a twinkle in his eyes.

"All this is beside the point, however. To continue about your beads: They are what I want; but not being known as pearls are, nor being semiprecious stones, like jade or amethysts, say, the only way I can see of putting them on the market is by the wholesale method I showed you just now. I'd take a thousand gross from you every week and give you a contract for three years."

He sat back, watching. All he could see in the face of the young man before him was perplexity. He didn't look interested in the business proposition; he really hadn't paid any attention to it yet. What concerned him was the artistic angle; and yet, if William Lehner knew men at all, and he believed that he did, young Stafford had the makings of a business artist; someone far more valuable, in Lehner's opinion, than an artist only. He believed, rightly or wrongly, that all genius has a certain capacity for business. Not that he ranked young Stafford as a genius, exactly, but—he dismissed the train of thought hurriedly as he saw that Dan was about to speak.

"I don't see," he said, frowning, "how it would be possible to make my beads by machinery. You see, the process is really rather delicate." He illustrated vaguely by a turn of the wrist, holding an imaginary bead. "If you wait an instant too long or if you don't judge the merging of colors—a machine couldn't apply color from watching; a machine hasn't eyes."

It was evident he didn't expect a reply; he was formulating ideas only. But there was an alertness in his eyes, something questioning, that the other man welcomed. He did a thing, then, that was unusual for him—he put his cards on the table.

"See here, Stafford"—he leaned forward tensely, stating his case—"as I see it, and I have been in this game a long time and ought to know something about it, New York is your distributing center. Well, then, in New York there are three things you can do with your beads. You can figure out, in some way or another, this question of quantity production, solve it satisfactorily and sell them either to me or to some other dealer in novelties. That will net you something like—well, here are the figures; take them for yourself; make your own estimate.

"I am willing to take two thousand gross a week from you at, say, something like nine cents a dozen. Two thousand gross is twenty-four thousand dozen. On each dozen your contract will call also for one-third of a cent a dozen royalty." He caught up a pencil and figured rapidly on a pad. "In three years that would give you about three hundred and forty-nine thousand four hundred and forty dollars; not a sum to be thrown away lightly. And three years would not see the end of the popularity of this novelty, of course. Fashion might change from beads to buttons, from dingle-dangles to set squares of apparent severity; but your work could go into buttons as well as anything else; once you had three years' experience behind you. That's the way it goes in this trade.

"But supposing that you feel you can't figure things out that way—well, then, here's the other thing:

"Come here to New York and take a studio. I can give you some introductions and you can get your work known slowly. You'll be able to sell at a price that will pay you for working at it, and with ordinary business ability you should be able to make a fair living in time. Or—you can open a store in a fashionable neighborhood, close to the Avenue if you can't get on it, and work up sales by displaying your work or by getting someone already in the business of retailing to handle things for you."

Dan Stafford laughed, a grateful note in his voice that went a long way towards endearing him to the other man.

"You know," he said, "I'm really awfully grateful to you, Mr. Lehner, because how I should have found out all this I don't know, unless you had told me." His face turned to a sort of grim decisiveness that showed his chin squarely determined as he went on. "All the same, I don't know how it could ever be possible to produce the beads in quantity ——"

Again his voice trailed away in a maze of thought that was evidently upon the proposition that had been made to him.

"Think about it," said William Lehner. "I'll give you the address of a man who can help you work out that machine if anyone can. He's as straight as a string and a mighty clever chap. He makes about half the beads we sell, right now; or they are made in his factory, I mean. He's young, but he has a future; his name is Ferd McClellan." He wrote the address on a card. "Come back and see me in a few days; let me know what you decide. But remember—quantity production's your big bet."

Smiling, he walked with Dan to the elevator. Dan descended to the street level in a whirl of emotion. Whatever he had thought about the interview before it took place, it had been nothing like this. Not in his wildest dreams had he imagined that Lehner Brothers would be eager enough about his work to make him a proposition of this kind. In three years he'd be, if not a rich man, what he had always thought of as rich. And he had William Lehner's word that three years would be merely the beginning of the thing; it would become a big business in time.

But try as he would he could not visualize it. He could see himself sitting quietly in his studio, working at the beads, each one a thing of delight to him as it formed beneath his hands in a perfect sphere of color; but he could go no farther. To make them by machinery, sell them for nine cents a dozen—nine cents, not even a dime—it was an impossibility. His lips curled, remembering the cheap beads the girls were stringing upstairs. To turn out things like that—why, he'd as soon be a mechanic! He might just as well have kept on the old business at home, tried to make the success of it again that his father had made earlier! It wasn't as if he had left that, sold it out of the hands of the family, because he wished to make money. No, it had been because he had to satisfy something inside. You couldn't explain that to people. They'd merely stare and think you crazy; but it was as much a craving as hunger. He simply had to be occupied, somehow, in creating beautiful things, or trying to create them. The thrill came again as he remembered the expression in William Lehner's eyes. He was a judge, the hardest, keenest sort of judge in the world, the man who was willing to pay out hard-earned money to buy a product with which to make more money—and there was no doubt about it; he wanted the beads!

He walked south on the Avenue through the bluing haze of late afternoon. He was tremendously exalted somehow. His work was good. His thoughts were involved and hazy, but he hurried towards his hotel as if he could not get there fast enough. He wanted to be quiet, to think. The noise and speed and unexpected glimpses of beauty—in a face, a window, the angle of a building against the sky—disturbed him. He couldn't concentrate, fix his mind on business. It came to him as he entered his room, threw himself into a chair, that it was actually business he was up against. He—he'd had a business proposition made to him that was big enough to touch men who had been in business for a far longer time than he had.

He felt absurdly pleased with himself at the thought.

It was childish, he supposed, but he'd had such fun making his beads, working out the thing from that fast-glazing mass of clay and wax and color into his perfect conception, that he laughed aloud at the idea of payment. Why, he'd had his pay! He tumbled the beads out of the little box onto the table near the window. The light from the setting sun touched them to glorious bits of color for a few minutes, then died down, and dusk came. Dan couldn't tell one from another now. Somehow he wanted to; he turned on the light. But it wasn't the same; they were daylight beads. He had never known that clearly before.

Suddenly he realized that he was hungry. He'd been so excited about the idea of going to Lehner Brothers that he had eaten nothing at noon. He got up, washed his hands and hurried down to the dining room. As he stepped from the elevator several hours later to go to his room the floor clerk called to him softly from her desk.

"Mr. Stafford?"

He turned, stopping short in the catchy little tune he had been whistling softly, the one thing he had remembered from the theater he had hurried into after his dinner. He'd been thinking of his beads all the while; he couldn't have told the plot of the play he had seen, to save his life. He smiled to himself at the absurdity of it.

The girl at the desk was smiling too. She had eyes that he liked, with a fleeting light of laughter in them that she banished as she put on, like a garment, the manner of the other desk clerks. It wasn't, Dan knew, the manner that was natural to her. As she held out her hand he had a sudden desire to know what she was herself. He scarcely noticed her action, but his tongue stumbled hurriedly to the words in his mind.

"You are new here, aren't you? I am sure I never saw you before."

"I usually work at night," she told him briefly, and continued steadily the matter in hand. Dan felt snubbed in a perfectly polite and kindly way. Well, it served him right, he supposed.

"Is this yours, Mr. Stafford? Another guest found it on the floor outside your door."

"Why, yes, thank you!" He took the bead, slightly embarrassed; it seemed such a ridiculous thing for a man to have about him unless one understood. He didn't go—stood there near the desk, fidgeting from one foot to another.

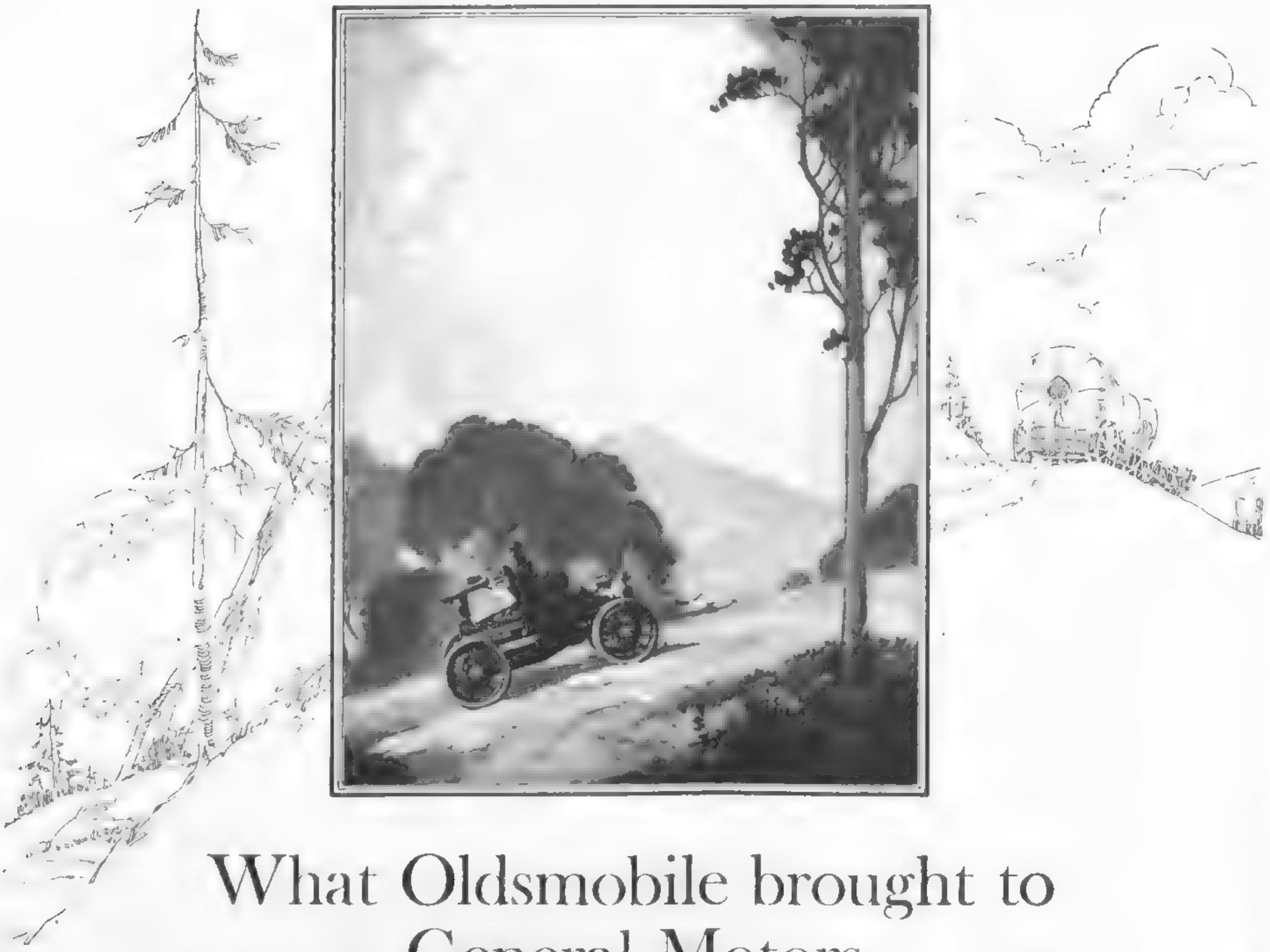
"It is very pretty," said the girl, with a note of admiration. "Is it possible—can you buy them—in the stores, I mean?"

"Not yet."

He considered the bead gravely. It would look exactly right on her black dress, the pendant for a narrow ribbon. Not at night though, but by day. He frowned, hating it that his beads were not beautiful at night. He'd always had a theory that the perfect thing of whatever kind was beautiful always, in any light, any surroundings. This

(Continued on Page 110)

It Was Ruined, of Course, But It Glittered in the Light From the Reading Lamp



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the convention. "Old Steady" arrived seven days later.

Transcontinental runs have long since become commonplace; but that first historical journey startled the nation into a new conception of what the motor car was destined to be and to do.

The whole motor industry took on fresh courage, and looked forward with a larger vision.

* * * * * *

Twenty-six years ago the first automobile factory in Michigan was erected; it was for the manufacture of Oldsmobiles.

Twenty-three years ago the principles of quantity production, on which the motor industry has been built, were worked out in that factory. Fourteen hundred Oldsmobiles were completed and sold that year, an unprecedented record.

The first two-cylinder car was an Oldsmobile.

The first cars to be exported in quantity were Oldsmobiles, carrying the reputation of American craftsmanship to the far corners of the world.

Thus Oldsmobile brought to General Motors the courage of the pioneer. And General Motors, adding its abundant resources of men, money, and engineering talent, has made certain that the achievements of the past will be projected into the future in even larger measure.

MOTORS

Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make these ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
which contribute to the merit of many other trustworthy cars

FISHER BODIES • REMY STARTING SYSTEMS • HARRISON RADIATORS • DELCO LIGHT AND POWER PLANTS • DELCO STARTING SYSTEMS
JAXON RIMS • FRIGIDAIRE • NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS • KLAXON WARNING SIGNALS • HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS • AC SPARK PLUGS

Have you ever thought of your home banker in *this* way?

ONCE in a while almost every man feels that he would like to have someone with whom he could talk frankly about his business. An outsider with a broad vision. Unprejudiced—and trustworthy.

Perhaps it has never occurred to you that your home banker is just such a man.

You know, of course, that he comes in contact with many different lines of activity. But has it ever occurred to you that, from his knowledge of other businesses, he may be able to give you just the idea that will help yours?

You will find the officers of your home bank just about the most *accessible* business men you know.

Make it a point to talk things over with your home banker regularly. Accepting deposits and lending money are only two of his functions. He can help you in many ways.

Not the least of his services is his ability to execute your banking business in New York.

THE FARMERS' LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY

16–22 WILLIAM STREET

NEW YORK

CHARTERED IN 1822

"FOR THE PURPOSE OF ACCOMMODATING THE CITIZENS OF THE STATE"

(Continued from Page 107)

did not work out, though, always; he'd found that. But it must with his beads. He stood there considering it, forgetful of his surroundings, remembering only the girl at the desk. His desire to see her as a girl, untrammeled by the exigencies of her work and the ideas that came and went about his beads involved, difficult—occupied different sections of his mind to the exclusion of all else. But as another elevator stopped at the floor, disgorging its load of gayly dressed women and easy, keen-faced men, he moved off towards his own room. The movement was subconscious in a way.

He wandered uneasily about his room. The beads were on the table, just as he had left them. The light from the reading lamp was focused full on them; but even so their beauty was less than in the sunlight. It vexed him unaccountably.

But an hour of intensive thought did not help him. He took out the tools he used in making them, some of the colors and his brushes, the amalgam he had packed so carefully in an air-tight jar. He couldn't work at it here; he hadn't the right heats to apply, or anything. Still, to look at the colors might help.

It did not. Presently he took them all up again and packed them back in his trunk. He'd never be satisfied until he could give his beads the luster of pearls under artificial light, the satin sheen they held by day.

Gradually, however, that thought was crowded out by another. He wanted more than he could say to know that girl out there on the floor desk. He'd never, somehow, met another girl just like her. She had something—something that called to him as definitely as a voice—something that—well, he couldn't put it into words, of course; things like that wouldn't go down in phrases.

But he couldn't just go out there and tell her so. The bald fact was that he wanted to know her. How did one go about saying things like that—saying them so that the little lady out there would understand, not be offended? Dan remembered how quietly he had been set in his place as a guest of the hotel before. He admired that, but he didn't want to run up against it again, naturally. There must be some common meeting ground, if only he could find it.

Suddenly he knew! The beads!

The only trouble was, he couldn't send her all of them; she wouldn't have taken them like that. The pendant, as he viewed it, was the thing he most wanted to give her; but the pendant had the appearance of a valuable gift; it wouldn't do. With much thought he selected one of the beads, a lovely thing of amber, rose and lavender, with golden ribbon flakes that glowed like liquid fire, wrapped it in tissue paper and slipped it into a little box. Beside it he put this letter:

> This bead is the only introduction I can furnish. Will you let it speak for me? I made it. It can tell you all about me, for it has lived with me for months. If you are satisfied with the story you hear, won't you let me have the privilege of taking you somewhere to dinner tomorrow?

He read it over carefully before he signed his name. It was absurd, but it was the truth too. That girl would understand it; he knew that. Smiling, he slipped out into the corridor, turned the corner until he viewed the floor desk.

Yes, she was there still. He could see her shining hair as she made entries in a book. If only he had known her name he need not have made this journey to her side to set the little package down. He hated to do it more than he'd hated doing anything for a long time. If he hadn't been in sight he'd have turned back now, for it all seemed so inexpressibly foolish. Yet a certain dogged persistency came to the surface of his mind; something that reminded him, "This is your only chance." He kept on until he reached the desk. The girl looked up inquiringly as he approached. Dan took the package and set it down before her.

"This is for you," he said quietly. "I beg of you to read it."

This last was in reply to the expression in her eyes. He was relieved to see it vanish at the tone of his voice. For an instant the fleeting expression of laughter came back; they looked at each other frankly, smiling. Then he turned on his heel and went back to his room.

For a long time there was silence. He'd expected, somehow, that she would call him up, and he stood expectantly near the phone, waiting. Then, unable to bear it any longer, he stole out into the corridor to peep at the desk.

A panic seized him as he viewed it, saw that she had gone and another woman taken her place. What if she had telephoned him during this brief absence? He pushed open the door of his room to find that the phone was ringing.

"This is Laura Bentley, Mr. Stafford. I have just read your letter."

He could feel the laughter coming over the wire, the sort of laughter he'd hoped to hear—sparkling, merry. And her name was Laura. He tried to say something and couldn't—not what he wished.

She went on quietly, the laughter held in check:

"This bead of yours is a lovely thing, and"—the slight hesitancy only gave the words to come fuller value—"it speaks only charming things of you. I am sure I may believe it. Where do you want to have dinner tomorrow evening?"

So she would come, then!

They said very little more, and soon Dan slipped between the sheets in the big bed. He had much to do before he took Laura Bentley out to dinner.

But when he hurried towards her the next evening he felt that he had accomplished nothing. In the back of his mind, although he had scarcely been conscious of it, had been the desire to do something about this problem of quantity production before he met this girl again. When the subject of the beads came up he'd wanted to be able to tell her about it, he now realized. Instead, he had nothing to tell, no fragment of encouragement that this matter could ever be settled as William Lehner had desired, and as he now, he knew, desired himself.

Miss Bentley was utterly lovely as she faced him at table. Dan did not know whether she would have been considered so by the world at large, but the laughing eyes under the smart little hat, the soft black hair, the upturned bow of the mouth—he broke off mentally in this silent inventory to note, as she threw back her furs, that she wore his bead slung on a slender chain of platinum.

"You see?" She indicated it by a sweep of one slender hand. "I wish you'd tell me all about them. Won't you? What they are made of, how you first began to design them—everything. You see, they are absolutely unique. You should have heard the things people have said about this one all day." Again she touched the bead suspended against the dark crêpe dress.

Dan noticed two things mentally: She had worn the bead that day, and—it did not shine. It was lost here in the artificial light. Laura should wear pearls. He was faintly troubled that he had made a thing so imperfect, since she wore it. As he answered her questions, talking on about the beads, telling her the things she wanted to know, his misery increased. It was not—he hadn't a word to say what he felt. But it amounted to this: Just so long as the beads were strange and gloomy under artificial light they were not what he'd wanted to make. He—he'd lost interest in them almost.

And yet—his mind swung to his visit to Ferd McClellan; to the keen, shrewd questions the short, abrupt, fiery young man had asked. He'd sat down there in the small boarded-in office, which was the only place Ferd McClellan could count on for privacy in his crowded factory, and made a bead. Naturally, he had taken the precaution to carry his materials and tools with him. And Ferd had sat beside him, watching with eyes that were hard from excitement. Every motion, every turn, each touch of color, each increasing application of heat—he had missed nothing until the bead lay before them, complete in every detail.

Ferd McClellan had wasted no time after that. He had taken Dan over each inch of his factory, showing, explaining, talking all the time in short, clipped sentences that wasted no effort. Dan had seen how the papier-mâché beads, colored and hardened by enamel, were molded and dipped and dried and pressed. The same red beads that he had seen the day before, made of wooden molds dipped in vats of red dye, occupied one large portion of the first floor. He saw the men blowing the glass for the pearl beads that McClellan supplied to the cheap stores; not the filled pearls that William Lehner had handled, but the cheap imitation even of these.

(Continued on Page 112)

THE · STORY · OF · TOBACCO

(Actual Size)
Robt. Burns
Invincibles
(foil-wrapped)
15c straight

Number Three of a series depicting "The Story of Tobacco"

WHAT cared the Cloud Blowers for bite or rasp in their peace tobacco? Would not the wigwam-dried leaf conjure up words of wisdom quite as great as leaf dried in any other way? Was not tobacco the weed sent by the Great Spirit to promote good-will and sober thought among men?

* * * *

But in the Havana tobacco that you enjoy today in Robt. Burns Cigars, the drying of the harvested leaf is an important step in the direction of the perfect cigar. The accumulated tobacco wisdom of centuries is employed to keep the flavor IN and to keep the rasp OUT.

The selected leaves are suspended by the stalk and allowed to dry slowly in huge sheds. Nature is allowed to do her work unhurried and unhampered. The finest leaf of the world's chosen tobacco country is thus made ready for the process of curing that may extend for months and years into the future.

* * * *

And so the best of care of the best of tobaccos has, year by year, developed a cigar of such marked individuality of flavor, that smokers everywhere who might select higher priced brands, *insist* upon Robt. Burns.

Have you tried one lately?

Nationally Distributed Sizes

STAPLES
10 cents straight
Box of 50—$4.75

PERFECTOS
2 for 25c
Box of 50—$6.00

INVINCIBLES
15 cents straight
(Foil wrapped)
Box of 25—$3.50

All Robt. Burns cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

The worst dirt is *in* your rug —not on it

This laboratory test was made by emptying the dirt, taken from a rug by the Royal, into a large glass jar of water. The fine, gritty embedded dirt sank. The light surface litter floated.

Why the ROYAL gets this dangerous embedded dirt
as well as surface litter

THE dirt you can see on your rugs is nothing in comparison with the large amount hidden in their depths.

And not only is there more of this embedded dirt, but it is the *worst* dirt.

It swarms with living disease germs, science proves. Stirred into the air by draughts, footfalls, thumps, etc., it becomes a positive menace, especially to children playing on the floor.

There is only one way you can remove this dangerous embedded dirt, and that is the Royal way.

With powerful air suction scientifically applied.

Along the entire 14-inch nozzle the powerful suction of the Royal Electric Cleaner is applied directly to the rug surface. This is done by two things, (1) the scientific nozzle design, (2) the patented Royal adjustment screw. The rug is lifted, the nap opened up, and the embedded dirt as well as surface litter, sucked into the bag.

No other cleaning method can clean so easily, quickly and thoroughly as the Royal.

Yet, powerful as it is, the Royal is absolutely harmless. It cleans by air alone. It is light in weight, easy to carry or roll around, will never tire you. The convenient trigger switch on the handle saves stooping to turn the current on or off. And so sturdily and simply is the Royal built that, with ordinary care, it will last a lifetime. Every part is guaranteed. It is practically trouble-proof.

With the convenient Royal attachments you can clean the whole house —upholstered furniture, drapes, hardwood and concrete floors, linoleum, walls, mattresses, automobile upholstering, etc.

Arrange with the Royal dealer in your vicinity to have a Royal Man clean a rug in your home, without obligation whatever. If you don't know the Royal dealer in your vicinity, write us and we will put you in touch with him.

DEALERS: The valuable Royal Franchise may be had in certain cities and towns. Write for information

RETAIL REPRESENTATIVES: There are numerous opportunities for men of ability in the capacity of Royal Men. Inquire of your local Royal dealer.

THE ROYAL MAN

The Royal Man is an expert in house cleaning and can show you many interesting labor-saving methods of cleaning

The P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, O.

Manufactured in Canada by
Continental Electric Co., Ltd
Toronto, Canada

Manufacturers of Royal Vibrators, Royal Hair Drier and Hair Cutters and the Royal Clothes Washer

He is courteous and considerate. You need never hesitate to ask him for a demonstration in your home

© 1923, The P. A. Geier Co., Cleveland, Ohio

ROYAL Electric Cleaner
Cleans By Air Alone!

(Continued from Page 110)

McClellan said that they sold by the million. He watched for a long time the machines that molded the beads, trying to see some way in which his own beads could be produced at this madcap pace. Then he went back to the office shack and stood and talked again to Ferd McClellan.

"I don't see any possible chance, do you?"

"No; but you never can tell. Maybe we'll hit on some scheme—I'll do all I can to dope it out, of course. If Lehner Brothers want 'em as bad as that—say, you've got something!"

He shook back the lock of hair that had fallen into his eyes and looked up at Dan questioningly.

"What you think yourself? Can you make it?"

"Quantity production?"

"Yep."

"Not a chance, I'm afraid. You see, the colors—a machine can't figure colors "

The way his voice had trailed off had shown he thought it hopeless.

"Well, I don't know 'bout that," Ferd had disagreed definitely. "Some machines can think, seems like, and the colors could be figured ——"

"No"—Dan had been just as decisive—"color isn't a thing you can figure; not color like this. You sense it from something that comes to you from out there."

He made a gesture towards the ether around them. Ferd McClellan watched with eyes that lost nothing, appraised each thought at its business value almost.

Yet he had left the factory with no idea that Ferd McClellan, much as he desired to do so, had any idea that the thing they both wanted could be accomplished. Quantity production, two thousand gross a week, with his handmade beads—the thing seemed impossible. As Dan told Miss Bentley about it all he suffered a sharp pang of regret. He'd never wanted money before, as money; to have sufficient for his very simple needs had been all that mattered. With the cynical surety of youth he had been convinced that he would never marry, so what was the need of storing up a fortune—even provided that he could make it? Besides, he had never believed that he was a money-maker, somehow. But now—now the thing was different. He wanted money—to buy Laura Bentley pearls, real pearls and all that went with them.

"But I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Stafford." She brought him back from the sighing view of this money he could not make to a definite statement of the contract outlined for him by William Lehner. She leaned forward across the narrow table, her eyes gravely lighted by eagerness, her little upturned mouth parted, showing the interest she felt. "Do you mean that you aren't going to make it—that you are throwing down a proposition like that?"

"Why, no," said Dan, startled by the wording of her question, "I'm not throwing it down; it's simply that the thing can't be done. I shall have to go on making them by hand, I suppose. I shan't be satisfied until they are as beautiful by night as they are by day."

She ignored the last half of his sentence, going straight to the point at issue.

"But of course it can be done; anything that can be thought of can be accomplished; it is simply a question of keeping on long enough, trying every method." Her voice was quicksilver in the decorous quiet of the celebrated dining room, her eyes a shining brilliancy of eagerness. "I—I know this, for myself; it is something I have proved; I am not just talking."

Dan stared at her, not speaking. Of course, what she said was altogether preposterous; but gosh! To hear her say it, and to say it that way, filled with fire and eagerness and the desire to help him! He waited for her to go on.

"You see, Mr. Stafford, my father was an artist. He was a darling. I wouldn't have changed him really; and yet from the time I grew old enough to notice I realized that we were poor because he simply couldn't think of himself as rich. He'd paint a picture and let others cheat him of the profits. He'd get an idea, and he simply had to work that idea out, no matter how long it took or how much in debt we were. Now that he is dead, his pictures fetch big prices, his name means something as an artist, and that could just as well have been accomplished during his lifetime if he had been able to see it. He just lacked the thing that is necessary in everything, everywhere—the ability to hang on in the face of failure. It's what I call the added inch, if you understand what I mean."

Well, Dan did, in a way; but he didn't see what it had to do with his case. He'd tried, and he simply didn't believe the thing could be figured. Ferd McClellan didn't either, and he ought to know; he'd been making beads all his life.

"But that's just it," Laura cried. "Don't you see, that is exactly where you fall down? You don't believe it can be done, and yet if it can even be thought of there is a way to do it."

She believed this, it was plain. She made this clear by the lovely shining of her eyes, the steady vibrancy of her voice. And somehow it seemed to mean a great deal to her that he had thrown away, as she put it, this wonderful chance. She had only just met him, in a way, and yet they seemed to be friends of such long standing that discussion of this business opportunity seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. Over and over again they went into every phase of the situation; a strange sort of conversation for a young man and woman on the highroad to romance; and yet, somehow, vital. Dan felt a trifle hurt that she could not see his side of the matter.

Perhaps as the evening drew to a close she knew this, for she said no more. But there was a pained look in her eyes as she bade him good-by in the hotel lobby, and Dan seized upon it desperately as a chance to detain her for an instant longer.

"Miss Bentley, why does it matter to you what I do?"

She turned to him almost passionately, though her movements were restrained.

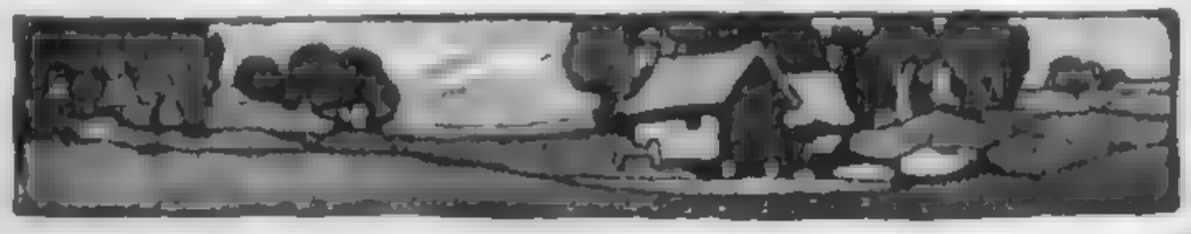
"I hate to see a young man begin to give up!"

That was all; she vanished into the elevator. Dan stood staring for an instant, his sensitive face flushed. He was hurt. The emphasis on the phrase "young man" showed that though it was reprehensible in a man who was old, for someone young there was no pardon. And yet Laura Bentley was the gentlest soul alive; he knew that without words. He strolled out of the lobby onto the street again to the cool darkness.

She thought he lacked pluck; that was it. He knew that he had to prove his possession of that quality before he could hope for her friendship; and yet—hadn't she been trying to prove that friendship to him tonight?

It was all a puzzle somehow. Dan strode on miserably through the semi-darkness until he came to the park. The purple shadows were deeper here, the lights dim and infrequent. He had been thinking about his beads so much that he seemed to have no thoughts left. He went over the subject again, carefully, inch by inch, as he had done at Ferd McClellan's factory, as he had done every hour almost, since that momentous interview with William Lehner. But nothing more came; he felt as if he were caught in a trap. The words that meant so much, "quantity production," seemed to mock him; he couldn't—there wasn't any way to do it, that was all.

He had a picture as he walked there in the dark of Laura's face above the head swinging on that slender chain. Such vivid beauty, such aliveness needed a corresponding radiancy in any jewel that adorned her. Yes, this was true even if it were an imitation jewel; a touch of color designed to give back the color of hair or eyes. Beads—they weren't barbaric things; they were color notes. But again he frowned in the intensity of his concentration on the subject. He wasn't thinking any more of quantity production, but he had to make his beads so that they would glint back colors and pattern in the glare of artificial light; that desire possessed him to the exclusion of everything except the dull ache that came at the thought of Laura Bentley.



Suddenly he had an idea. He hurried back to the Avenue and hailed a taxi; he could scarcely wait to get back to the hotel where he could try it out. Far into the night he worked, making and throwing away the imperfect beads that alone were possible in that room, unequipped with any of the devices he used to obtain sudden heat and intense cold, a definite step in the bead-making process he had evolved. He was not trying for beads but for the sheen he desired—that he must have.

The days went by at a sort of fever heat. Twice he saw Laura Bentley at the floor desk, stopped to speak to her. The last time he opened his mouth to tell her about his work on the beads, and closed it again. She wouldn't care; she didn't mind about that. She felt that he should concentrate on quantity production; a mere detail of beauty would not signify. So he told himself proudly.

For her part, Laura Bentley watched him with strange eyes. She admitted to herself that she had never met anyone who so interested her. But she couldn't permit him to sink back into the sort of man her dear father had been, if she had strength enough to rouse him out of the slough of inertia. It wasn't that dad hadn't worked, worked feverishly, day in and day out. But he'd lacked belief in himself as anything more than an artist, and it was the something beyond that had mattered—to his family. She'd liked Dan Stafford enough to do the almost unpardonable thing—take a hand in his affairs without being asked, conceal her personal interest under the guise of interest in his work. She'd wondered, even then, that he hadn't penetrated the disguise that had hidden something that was almost more than friendship; and she stood ready, though he did not know it and had not asked, to offer her sympathy and comprehension if he absolutely failed in this chance to turn an artistic success into a business triumph. For that, she knew, was what it might eventually be.

But in the meantime there was a look in his eyes, an expression of dominance about his whole carriage, that had not been there the night of their dinner together. Laura smiled to herself—and waited, pursuing the routine duties of the floor clerk with an ardor that was new. Her position boasted one advantage, she told herself—should Mr. Stafford check out of the hotel she would know it. It was the only consolation she had.

As for Dan, he did not know that she ever cast a thought in his direction. He worked and experimented, making frequent trips over to Ferd McClellan's factory, discussing with the fiery little man his problems about the beads. It was understood between them that the old idea of quantity production was waiting upon the solution of this other more pressing change. Yet not a day went by that Dan did not think of it until it became almost an anguish of unsatisfied effort.

He didn't feel that way about the satin sheen that must radiate softly from his beads at night. He would get that, if not today then tomorrow; if not tomorrow a year hence. He never faltered in this belief. His experiments were untiring.

But it had come to the time when he felt that he must make a change—either take cheaper rooms in the city or go back to Des Moines.

Right on the verge of this, while he was considering the advisability, almost the necessity, of being near Ferd McClellan, he chanced upon the discovery that gave him what he was seeking.

A bead rolled from his hands in the making and fell beneath the bed. Dan reached for it and sent it farther; and somehow, he never quite knew how, when he searched for it on the other side of the room he set his foot down upon it, sent it with hard pressure into the wood, kicked it away so that it went spinning over the boards to the wall. It was ruined, of course, but it glittered in the light from the reading lamp; not as he would have had it exactly, but enough to give him the key to the thing he was seeking. Hotfoot he made his way out to the factory.

"Well, now," said Ferd, figuring on a bit of paper, "a machine like that'll cost you something over two thousand. I could get it set up by Thursday night, I guess, seeing as you're in a rush. I get the idea—I wonder I never thought of that myself."

Ruminatively he licked the pencil, his eyes on Dan's face, waiting for the word.

Two thousand dollars! It was all that Dan Stafford had, as it happened. Alone, working at his beads, it would have kept him for some time. If he sank it all on this machine and then the machine did not work he'd have to do something else, something that would bring in at least money enough to live on. But—the memory of Laura's face came to him, the expression in her eyes when she had urged him to take a chance. It seemed to him that he couldn't say no; that he must order the machine, take the utmost chance that was possible for him right now.

"All right; go ahead, Ferd."

He spent the intervening days in making beads at feverish pressure. Not finishing them off, but getting them ready for the presses and the friction. Colors could not be added except in crude dabs, blobs of pigment that were like a nightmare by comparison with the finished product. But as he was doing this it came to him that he could work out a formula for this kind of thing, a foolproof card of color applications that the most inexperienced operator might apply. He'd never thought of that before, because it had not seemed possible with his beads as a handmade product.

On Wednesday evening he asked Laura Bentley to dine with him. It was the night before the machine was to be finished, the night that was the last, perhaps, that he would be able to entertain her. She knew by the expression of his face that something was pending, but she could not guess what it might be. But she wore her one pretty frock, was determinedly gay. They spent the first part of the evening in merry sallies; their laughter was frequent, yet between them both, brooding, was a deeper influence. Somehow Laura wanted to cry. She'd roused the fighting spirit in Dan Stafford, and it was hurting him; because of that her eyes smarted with tears.

But she'd been through too much to give up her side of the thing without effort; so it was that she brought up the subject of his beads. She wore, of course, the one he had given her, and at his request detached it and gave it to him to look at.

"It's not half so pretty as I thought when I sent it to you," he said, smiling. "I've another conception of the beads now."

"Yes?" She waited, but nothing came, so she went on, shyly almost: "I've been looking at beads everywhere since you talked to me about them; I never knew there were so many before. The stores are full of them, all kinds. Some of them are lovely and some so silly ——" They laughed at the word, but it was what she meant, she averred, her eyes shining in that strange way that seemed to reflect laughter and that stirred him to such unaccountable tendernesses. "There must be a thousand sorts at least. None of them are as beautiful as yours, Mr. Stafford."

"Not even the pearls?"

"Pearl beads?"

"I meant real pearls. Of course they ——"

She interrupted with a laugh.

"Pearls aren't beads; they are hopes that every woman has had sometime or other. Pearls?"

She said the word softly, questioning, away in some sweet world of her own that Dan could not enter, and there was an expression of longing on her charming, vivid face. Nothing else had touched Dan like that. He had a sense of almost physical revolt that he could not order for her, there and then, the loveliest string of pearls in the world. He couldn't, though, but maybe ——

A bell boy came through the room, reciting names in a singsong, listless way.

"Call for Mr. Brendon, Mr. Saleeby, Mr. Stafford, Mrs. Smith ——"

He placed a slip down before Dan, and Laura nodded and smiled her permission as he left her. It was seldom he had a telephone call, and he was annoyed that it came just at this time. His tone was brusque as he took the call in the box near the operator's desk.

"Hello!"

It was Ferd McClellan. The little man was talking so fast that for a minute Dan could not make out what he said. Then at one jump he got it—the machine, success! Ferd went on to explain that the parts they had been waiting for had come that evening, and they'd fitted them together and got the machine in running order an hour or so ago.

"Everyone's went home, Mr. Stafford, so I thought I'd try it out myself—say

(Continued on Page 116)

Things Women Notice

A well-groomed face is an asset to any man. Every shave with Williams' not only softens the beard quickly, but benefits the skin

Williams' Shaving Cream contains a certain ingredient of great benefit to the skin. You can feel its softness by rubbing a bit of Williams' between your fingers. This important ingredient makes its presence felt throughout the whole shaving process.

The thick, heavy Williams' lather, unusually smooth because of this ingredient, acts as an easy lubricant for your razor, giving you a quick, comfortable shave without pulling or drawing. After the shave, the skin is left glove-smooth and flexible.

You will find men who are particularly careful of their appearance shaving with Williams'. The more frequently you shave, the greater is your need of its helpful care.

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We should like to have you try Williams' Shaving Cream at our expense. So, if you will give us your name, we will send you free a "Get Acquainted" tube. Use the coupon below or send a postcard.

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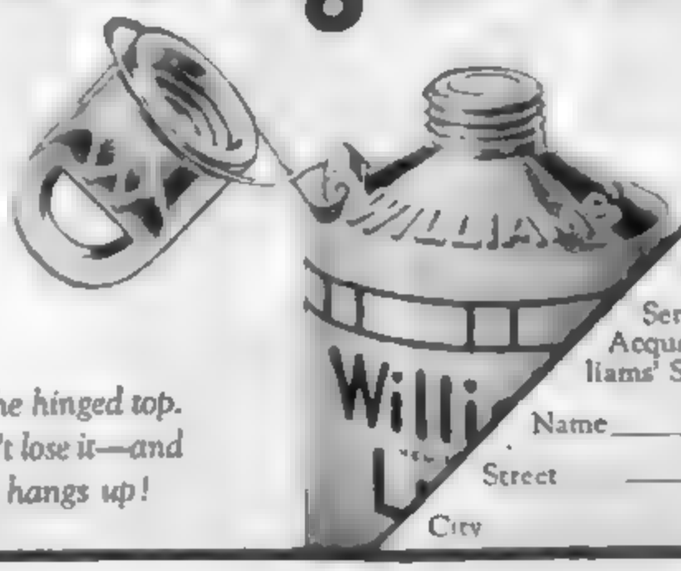

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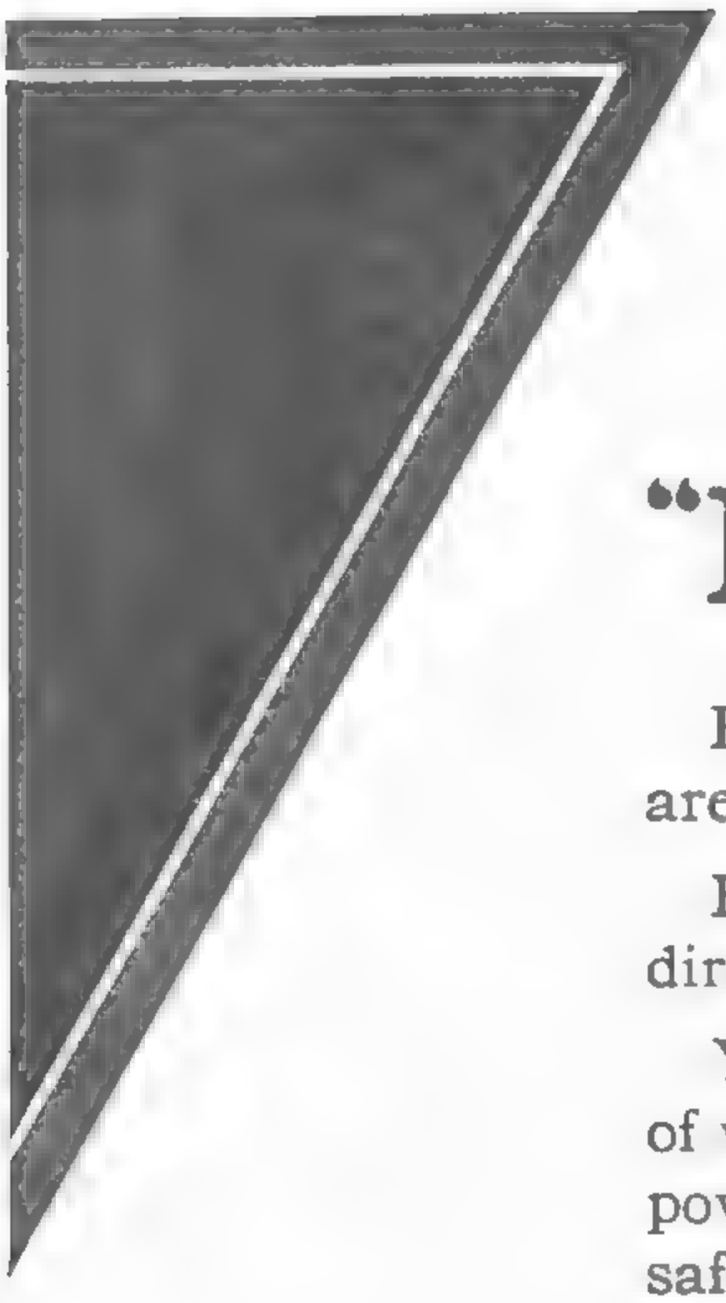

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How often one hears this "but", when motor-cars are the subject of discussion!

Have you observed, also, how often the "but" leads directly to one of the *working*-parts of the car?

You should seek utmost reliability in these parts, of which none are more important—to steering, to power transmission, to carrying the load, to human safety—than the axles.

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The name Timken is and has been for twenty years the car buyer's assurance of the greatest axle dependability. You can still verify that statement in the same way that we suggested, in this same publication, nine years ago:—

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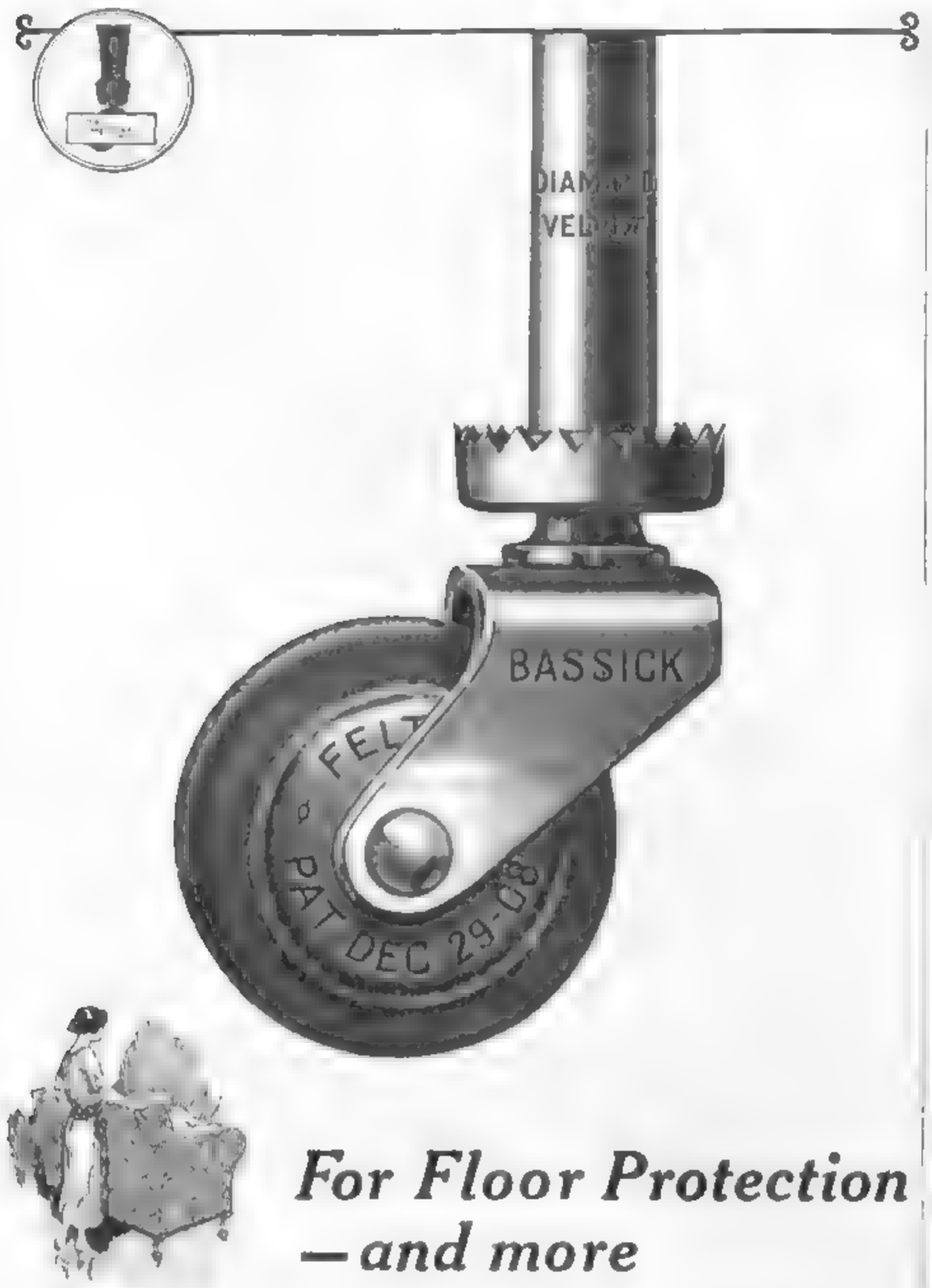

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Just pick out your heaviest piece of furniture —perhaps the davenport—get the right Bassick Casters (packed in the blue and yellow box) from your dealer, and put them on. You will be wonderfully pleased by the ease and smoothness with which the furniture moves. And you will save many dollars through the added life given to your floors and rugs.

Bassick Casters

THE BASSICK COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

For thirty years the leading makers of high-grade casters for the home, office, hospital, warehouse, and factory.

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(Continued from Page 113

nothing to you until tomorrow. Sometimes it happens a machine runs perfect without anything in, and then when you fix in the head amalgam or somepin—there's a stop. Didn't want to have trouble tomorrow; started it myself with those beads you fixed out here for me, different days."

He stopped, Dan heard him gulp.

"Yes, yes?" he said eagerly.

"Well, I put 'em in, three-four to once. Good! They went fine! I added a mite of oil, like you said. When they got in on the friction cases they spun so fast I stopped the machine; then I seen what it was—there weren't enough of 'em; the thing wanted feeding. I stuck 'em all in—twenty was all I'd got. Jehoshaphat, Mr. Stafford, you come right out and see them! There's a fortune in them, sir! I never saw beads like them in my life; and quantity production—say, quantity production to the limit. We can put up more machines, get running fast in two-three weeks. Say, you go round to Bill Lehner's house on West End Avenue and get that contract signed. Don't you wait until morning."

For an instant Dan could hardly speak. This fact of quantity production, falling out of a clear sky, as it were, amazed him. He hadn't been working for that, yet according to Ferd the machine did the work of finishing so fast and marvelously that it was the natural sequence of the thing he had been experimenting for. And Ferd knew machines; he'd make no mistake. Suddenly he found his voice.

"You're a good old scout, Ferd, and—and we'll talk it all over tomorrow. I can't go to Mr. Lehner's. The contract's all right anyhow; he wants the beads."

"Sure, he'll want them more," Dan heard a low mutter over the wire from Ferd.

"Say, can't you bring some of them here to me, Ferd? I have a guest to dinner, and I can't get away. Bring them over—there's a good chap."

"Take me forty minutes," said Ferd. "So long."

Dan went back to the dining room. He felt as if he walked on air. His whole self had changed. There was a buoyancy, a gayety in his eyes that had been lost earlier in the evening. He sat down, made desultory conversation for a few minutes, until at last Laura, laughing, threw up her hands.

"You've had some wonderful news. Aren't you going to share it?"

"Yes; but not here."

His tone was low, but the color flooded her face. She preceded him out to the lounge, passed through the gay throng and made her way to a little room that had been a writing room once. It was almost like being in a house that was not a hotel, Dan thought for a minute. Then he sank down on the corner of the davenport beside Laura and told his story.

She didn't say much -she couldn't somehow. That absurd desire to cry had come back, only this time it was tears of joy. Dan had risen and stood looking down at her with a half-humorous, half-ashamed expression.

"You know," he said, "I was awfully hurt at what you said about—about ——"

He didn't know how to put it, not to trouble her.

"The added inch—the ability to hang on in face of threatened failure?"

He nodded.

"Yes, I thought I'd done my utmost; it simply wasn't possible to do more; but it always is, I guess." His eyes were off somewhere away from her, on something that touched him deeply if they spoke truly. "Do you know, Laura," he said, using her name as simply and naturally as if he had always used it, "the thing that made me keep after it, even though I was only groping in a muddled kind of way?"

"No."

Her eyes asked the question her lips did not frame.

"It was you; I wanted to be able to buy you pearls, real pearls."

He didn't add anything to that, but they looked at each other, a deep, soul-satisfying look that had scarcely ended when Ferd McClellan hurried through the door.

The little man was absurdly out of place in the gilded and rococo room. He put his cap down on the table, threw back his shaggy overcoat and brought out a package which he handed to Dan with an air of triumph. But he couldn't wait for him to undo it; he took it from him and tore off the string. His eagerness was like that of a terrier anxious to show his master what a fine rat he has found. He turned the beads out onto the gilded table beneath the lamp.

"Oh!"

The exclamation was involuntary as it fell from Laura's lips. Ferd McClellan looked at her approvingly.

"Fine, ain't they?" he said to Dan.

Dan nodded; he couldn't speak, not just then. For the beads were not what he had anticipated; they were far more beautiful. The colors shone through a film of delicate bluish haze—the filmy haze of distance is comparable on a day when the sun shines and even the air seems sweeter than usual—and the pattern on each was intensified by this, in some inexplicable way, so that one saw it more clearly. As for the colors—Dan came back to them again with a memory of the lovely things of jade and coral and lapis lazuli he had seen in Lehner Brothers' show room on that first day. His beads were not semiprecious stones, but they were every bit as beautiful. He announced this to himself proudly, his head up. They might be sold wholesale for nine cents a dozen; they would become ordinary in time; but they were taking beauty, beauty in a really fine guise, into the lives of millions. And by doing that they'd give his Laura—pearls. With some such message, his eyes sought hers.

She was looking down; she did not see; but Ferd McClellan, the queer little man who had founded a fortune that night, did. He caught up his cap, buttoned his coat with a fine show of haste.

"Well, so long, Mr. Stafford; got to be getting back now. You won't mind if I take a coupla the beads, I guess? See you in the morning over to Bill Lehner's. He's all square, but I think you'd better have me along now. I can squeeze a better price out of him than you can. I ain't got no artistic pride. I'm strictly business."

"I think you're wonderful, Mr. McClellan," said Laura, "and I know Dan does."

She walked with him to the door of the little room, laughing and talking. Perhaps it was because she could not look at Dan, not just then. When Ferd had gone she came back to the center of the room and stood staring down at the beads. Dan took one step across the room, touched her hand gently.

"Just one minute before I say something else. You know, it was this sheen on the beads I wanted. I'd almost given up on quantity production. I wanted you to know that."

"It doesn't matter; you risked everything; you'd staked even your chance of losing me. You didn't know you couldn't do that ever. It wasn't your success that mattered; it was that you should try for it."

But he lost all that in the swimming sense of joy that came from her other words.

"Laura, you mean—you'd have loved me anyway? You see, you've admitted that you do."

Even in this moment that light of laughter flickered in her eyes, answering the joy in his.

"Yes," she nodded her shapely head wisely; "you knew it anyhow, my dear. It was from the first minute, I think. You don't know what a dear you looked, stepping off that elevator at my floor, whistling that silly tune."

She laughed, nestling in the snug circle of his arms, coming a little closer, like a homing bird that has reached its nest.

"Then why ——"

Dan broke off without finishing his sentence. After all, he couldn't talk much, not just then.

"Why did I bother about that—that added inch?"

Her little face, mischievous and alluring, tilted back to question him. The bead on her breast swung to and fro on the slender chain. There was a strange note in her voice, of laughter and of tears combined. It made Dan think of pearls. He caught his breath, held her tighter. His boyish face was stern in the intensity of his emotion. Laura saw it; more than ever she loved him so.

Yet lightly, with the instinct of women, she drew him back from the depths. Now was not the time, here in this hotel parlor. She touched his ear softly with her pretty hand.

"Bend down, Daniel, and I'll tell you the answer. I—I wanted you to have that added inch because I had to be sure that you were tall enough."

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him.

THE FULLNESS THEREOF

(Continued from Page 13)

As Welby passed one afternoon the sun lay lightly on her hair and brought into prominence, leaf-flecked as it was, her blue-stoned side combs against the green of the porch vines. He knew that of late years women did not wear such combs. But he had always liked them in a woman's smooth hair, perhaps because when he was a young fellow girls favored them. A young fellow—girls —— More than once, these five years, he had wondered if matters might have been different had he and Luella met when the two of them were young. Could they possibly have got along well enough together had they grown out of youth together and into middle age with their affections and their needs interset, like stones in a comb?

Luella must have been a pretty girl; perhaps a girl of even the clinging type, before time set upon her that capability which time has the power to set on an individual. Not that he really disliked Luella's capability, but ——

He had been honest enough to her about himself. He said he was a rolling stone. Missouri, Kansas, Texas, the West. Three years in Detroit, two in Chicago. He could work at three or four trades. City shops always palled on him in time though. He'd been raised on a farm in Ohio; his father was a renter—as if this last explained much. He liked to move around.

Or he'd liked it until the last year or two. He was forty-two. Folks all dead. Last year or two it had occurred to him he'd like to settle somewhere—with a nice woman, although he did not add this last.

Luella admitted that she was a little tired of teaching school. Saturday was welcome every week. But she couldn't work the place, of course. Some years she had been unable to get all the land put in on shares. This autumn she had almost decided to sell the horse. She had put off selling old Tom. The Beeways—her people—had raised him from a colt.

"We've lived here a long time," she said. "I guess the land has been pretty well worked out. But we've always got along on what it yielded; with what I made teaching I've even saved a good deal. Pa wasn't strong."

Welby liked a horse. He liked the feel of a nozzle in his hand. After a windstorm one day he fixed a hinge-blown door of the barn for Luella and old Tom. Another day he made a creaking gutter pipe tight.

"A place like this needs a man," said Luella.

She did not say it coquettishly or with the simper some women would have betrayed, but rather gravely, as stating a fact. The wind blew her hair a little. Welby Crouch's matter-of-fact pulse beat faster. He began to feel chivalrous with his desire. He would benefit while he sought for benefit for himself.

The afternoon he fixed the pipe she asked him to stay for supper. She had cold pressed meat and jellies, creamed string beans and apple cake with coffee. She had on a white apron. He wiped the dishes, and his solitary living had forever lost any vestige of charm. Lodging houses, city hotels, lunch rooms of small and large places—faugh!

She was matter-of-fact about marrying him. She seemed to have no doubts from the first, although she flushed a little as a young woman might. And in the beginning Luella Beeway must have been intended for the rôle of wife to some man. She slipped at once into character. She gave over teaching; she began to bake and mend for him; she fixed a place for his pipe. And the low-roofed kitchen, shaded in summer, warm in winter; the sitting room with its rocking-chairs and potted plants; the bedroom with its flowered covers for bed and bureau and washstand; the attic with her father's shotgun and fishing tackle and straw field hats; the land itself, sloping and comfortable of promise—all these apparently became his own in the easy passing of a month or so. He saw life to be pleasant. The years were set out before him like a basket of ripe fruit. Not some rare, foreign fruit, but good, common, yellow apples, say. It was with almost poignant content that he took possession; strolled over pasture and vegetable patch; put his clothes in the neat-initialed blue crash laundry bag which Luella kept in the closet at the foot of the narrow stairs leading to the attic; thrust away his old dilapidated satchel and trunk in a corner of the attic itself; watched Luella mend evenings across the round center table; woke mornings to the flicker of easy sunshine through the small-paned bedroom windows which Luella kept crystal clear with suds and ammonia.

He had married in time to help her pare the late peaches for preserving and decide upon the number of jars of tomato pickles. He settled—Luella deputized him—with the man, Lundberg, a malarial tobacco chewer, who had put in, on shares, the corn and late potatoes.

The corn was spindling, thin-grained; most of the potatoes showed blight. He shelled the one and sorted the other, making up his mind the while that next year would mean more of both for him and Luella. He fixed the barn roof and reshingled the house. He roofed and tarred the small chicken house; it needed attention badly. He pruned the small fruit on the place. He had six hundred dollars of his own saved, toward old age, so he bought a harrow and a small spraying machine. He raked up the dead leaves of plum, apple and maple trees.

"Save 'em," advised Cal Hockles, riding by. "You'll need 'em, man. Makes good mulch."

It was a homely, happy winter, that first. In January he pored over seed catalogues while Luella made him four white shirts. At Christmas he bought her a wrist watch and she bought him a new pipe in a blue velvet case. It did not draw well but he liked it. He smoked it when the neighbors came evenings. He had become acquainted with all Luella's neighbors and therefore a sharer in that interchange of comfortable curiosity and comment which is of the community necessitously, not of the individual. Roamers up and down the ways of the wide world miss that interchange, and wonder unconsciously sometimes what it is that their days lack.

It became of interest to Welby that Henry Falder, down the river road, was going in for red and black raspberries. "You can depend real well on raspberries in this state." That Cal Hockles was flirting with the notion of setting out twelve acres of asparagus, wasting great gobs of tobacco juice on the flirtation. "Takes time to get asparagus started, but say after three years ——" That the Jensens, of patient old-country willingness, were putting out eighty acres in Baldwins; and not the expensive nursery five-year-olds for which they had not the money, but the inexpensive one-year stock from which their children or their children's children would pick the most fruit.

Welby himself put in melons that first spring. Rocky Fords. Falder told him melons were a silver mine certain years. Welby spent two hundred dollars of his own savings for bone dust for the melons. But it happened to be a drought year, and moreover Southern producers oversupplied the Mid-Western market. Henry Falder said with some profanity, "If it ain't one thing it's another. I'll tell you something, Crouch: If you ever have a good crop of anything in this state don't expect a good price. If your crop's poor watch the man in the next county collect the high price."

It happened that that year the Jensen brothers had put in early potatoes between their rows of tiny trees, making single cultivation do for two products. Early potatoes caught a wild high market. The stolid Jensen faces were beaming as they rode past to town on high wagonloads and jabbered about ordering glass for next year's hotbed.

Welby put in potatoes the next year. Curiously enough the Jensens, distrusting luck twice, went in for melons that season. And though all who planted early potatoes had a good yield, the price set by the commission men was too low to gratify any truck raiser. The Jensens again were jubilant. Melons were high and scarce in other states.

There was general discontent the following year. With a late freeze and an early frost, May and September had joined derisive white crystallized hands. "Nutcracker," sighed Cal Hockles. "We don't often get it comin' and goin'."

It was that July, a hot unproductive month, that Welby became really thoughtful. It seemed that he was not a good guesser, like the stolid Jensens with their

(Continued on Page 119)

Those tortured feet demand more than rest

Remove the cause and save that strain your nerves must bear

You never realized, perhaps, how much those foot pains are wearing you down, how greedily they eat up your nervous energy. Yet physicians know that the constant irritation of foot troubles affects the well-being of the whole body.

If you suffer from tired, aching feet, bodily fatigue, rheumatic-like pains, weak ankles, and the resulting discomfort from run-over heels, corns, callouses, tender soles, cramped toes, the chances are that your arches are sagging under their load.

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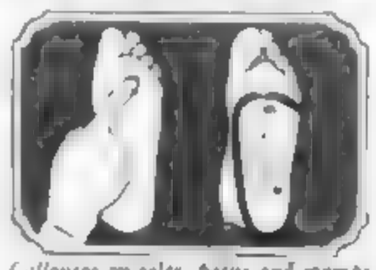
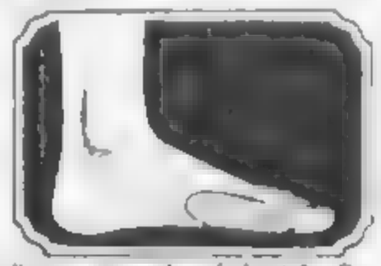
Go to the nearest Dr. Scholl dealer; let the trained expert there fit you with the appliance or remedy which your particular trouble needs. Enjoy once more the solid comfort of healthy, active feet.

Arch gently supported and body weight equally distributed by Dr. Scholl's Foot Eazer. Light and springy to wear. Eases feet, body and nerves.



Callouses on soles, pains and cramps in the ball of the foot? Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports—adjustable to any foot condition—will bring fast relief.



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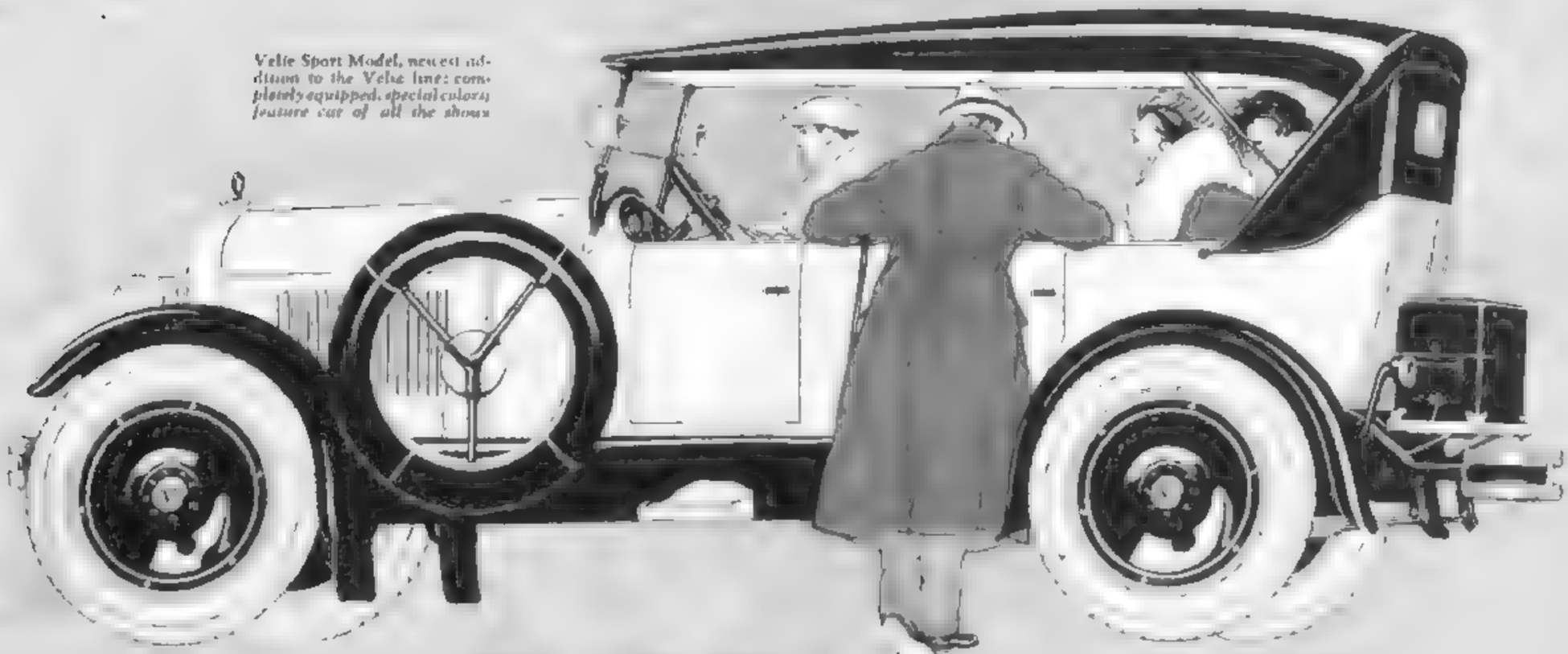


VELIE

VALUE

(Continued from Page 117)

long-later-broken acres; from some of their land the second-growth timber was not yet cleared. Welby had said to Luella even twelve months back, "They're better guessers than I am." She had gone on sewing in silence. Even then it had crossed his mind that although the two of them had their living, food in overplenty, from the place, they had not obtained the equivalent of the cash which Luella would have received for teaching school.

Welby looked back. He had not loafed. Each day, even through the winter months, had its labor. Thirty-five acres, no matter how unproductive, can keep one pair of hands employed the year round. But somehow it did not seem that he had paid his way—on a woman's land, not his own. He had expected to pay his way and hers. He had had his keep; Luella had not herself profited much by giving him house room and a chair at her table.

The land was old. It had sucked down fertilizer as a scrawny porker sucks up skimmed milk. That personal disadvantage the acres had in addition to the latitude. Cal Hockles explained that parts of the several counties thereabout slumped too low to combat their latitude.

Welby could not say just when it was that Luella began to seem not satisfied. Her long capable fingers, busy with mending or berry hulling or fruit canning, seemed by their incessant labor to convey a sort of reproach. Year by year she accepted without much comment the crop news. Once or twice she said slowly, "The land's old, I guess."

That last year, when the beans were a failure, she exclaimed in what seemed involuntary dismay, "None for canning. And we'll hardly afford to buy tinned. They'll be too high priced."

Luella herself did not care greatly for canned beans except for company. Welby did. But he felt at fault. He wondered how much in fault she held him. Somewhat sullenly he said to himself that he could not be expected to ward off three dry weeks at podding time.

That whole year was middling. "Middlin' weather, middlin' crops, middlin' prices. Drat those commission houses," remarked Cal Hockles. "Hed my life to live over, I'd marry a rich wife."

Welby brooded through that winter. The year ahead loomed threateningly. Suppose it, too, was disastrous? Through the snowbound months he brooded over what would be best to plant. For a husband, his humor was not healthy. He fancied that his place in Luella's heart and on her land had become precarious.

The fancy did not stay fixed. It went away at times; quiet December evenings when the snow was white and hard and the fires inside were red and Luella was solicitous that he wear a muffler while he did the chores; it vanished snapping mornings when dogs and rabbits scurried from open field to coverts.

It slunk from mind indeed at the first touch of spring—the day the preliminary lurch of the plow brought out the familiar smell of loosened brown soil. Dead bark of trees had taken on subtly the puissant swell of dominant life and on twig and stem stood out faint beautiful prickings of green.

Fancies can brood and breed in winter. But they must be overstout and pushing to withstand April in mid-America. Even Earth squashes any notion that she herself is an old thing. "Me old? Me?" demands an impetuous chit of a planet, getting into youthful and lacy green petticoats. "How foolish of you to think so. I'm really as young as pale, thin, sweet rising sap or the calyx on a white cherry bud."

"Smells sweeter'n heaven around here in April," remarked Cal Hockles, squirting a great gob of tobacco juice to avoid a branch of button bridal wreath. "But a body's most always madder'n hell by the middle of August."

Welby grinned agreement and sniffed appreciably at the air as he inspected his plants under glass. Middling as the previous year had been, he had managed to salvage one hundred and forty-five dollars from dill cucumbers and cider apples. His own savings had been eaten up some time back for fertilizer. He had never cared to figure up how much of her own Luella had spent in the house and for clothes for her and him. In November he had asked her, hesitantly, if she minded if he got glass and frames for hotbeds.

She had hesitated in reply.

"You see, Luella ——"

"The sitting-room stove is pretty old, Welby. I thought ——" She conceded reluctantly. "Of course a hotbed might pay."

"Look what the Jensens made last year!" he urged, downing pride. "And everybody says next year is bound to be decent—after this stretch of bad ones in succession."

"Ann Freeman says Eph has done real well with his asparagus," said Luella, not looking straight at him. "Suppose you try ——"

He thought that perhaps she did not know. "Why, if I set out asparagus plants it might be five years before any money came in. Even three-year-old asparagus isn't fit to cut."

"No," she agreed, rather vaguely. "It's a pity we didn't think two years or so ago of putting it in."

He drove to town that afternoon and bought the stove—sixty-five dollars, including new black pipe. But he ordered the glass for the hotbed, too; partly on time.

Luella accepted the stove soberly. With a serious face she watched him set it up, black and glossy, ornate with isinglass. Then she said, "I—I thought some of going back to teach this winter, Welby. I don't have much to do in the house. Your clothes are all mended for the year."

"No need for you to teach this winter," he interrupted. His face was a dull red as he spoke, and he pretended a new door needed attention on its stiff black bolts.

"Mary Mason is sick, they say, and someone's needed to take her school. And the season's been so poor."

"Maybe next year will make up for three poor ones." This stubbornly.

"Maybe."

He caught the note of doubt. He fancied that her belated interest in the hotbed was forced. She helped him with the frames and smashed her finger. He tied it up. It was strange, he reflected, his feeling toward this quiet, thoughtful woman. It hurt him to see the injury to the long capable white finger. But he was beginning to wish that he had never seen her.

The winter had passed not unpleasantly, like its predecessors. If in whatever intimacy lay between the two of them as man and woman something was lacking that should not have been lacking between man and wife, something that time should have brought, Welby tried to ignore the fact, and he fancied that Luella, too, was conscientious in keeping up her own fences of pretense. The hotbed stood ahead of the winter months, like a passionate promise of better days, and helped the time pass easily.

But now—now, this May morning, with the dew white and sparkling on every blade and twig, with a sun derisively smiling in the early sky, a bland callous-hearted sun to whom the doings of night were of no concern whatever ——

In silence he and Luella ate breakfast. Till eight o'clock he puttered around the barn. The sun was high then, and as blatantly bright as if it foolishly hoped that its heat could undo a part of the night's evil.

Around 8:30 he walked unnecessarily out to the evenly harrowed brown field. Little limp black things lay over it in even rows; quite black except that here and there on leaf or stem was a splotch of oozy dark green. His thousands of plants! Dead as last year's sand grass.

As he walked back toward the barn he glimpsed Luella's light skirt flash into sight from the kitchen door. Watching him?

He went into the barn and looked over his shelled corn. Hardly enough. But Cal Hockles would let him have seed on time. With his few acres there would be no spectacular return on a crop of corn. On the other hand, corn would hardly be an absolute failure. There would be fodder at least for old Tom and the cows. He would not consult Luella on the advisability of buying costlier seed—say, early potatoes, at present three dollars a bushel, of which he had none on hand.

However, he decided to get a few hundred cheap asparagus plants as soon as he had time to drive to a nursery. The land was Luella's—he would carry out her suggestion before he went away.

Cal Hockles drove by and yelled "I knew it was comin'!" The Freeman sisters, who had three acres across the way, came over, tearful and garrulous. "Every night till last night we pinned newspapers over our tomato beds!" Henry Falder strolled up to hold a brief neighborly post-mortem.

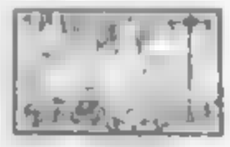
Do You Know?

That Five Billion One Hundred Million Dollars is now invested in the electric light and power industry;

That 1,750,000 individuals, mainly customers of the industry, own the securities representing this investment;

That through this customer ownership real "public ownership," as distinguished from political, or government, ownership, is rapidly becoming a fact;

That Twelve Million consumers in 14,000 communities in the United States are now enjoying electrical service;



That the extension of transmission systems and the physical interconnection of transmission systems have made electric light and power available to hundreds of thousands of farms, and that contemplated further extensions and interconnections will make this service ultimately available to millions of farms;

That more than $750,000,000 of new capital is required each year to complete new plants and additions and extensions to meet the constantly growing demand for service;

That new light and power projects, involving the outlay of Six Billion Dollars of new capital and the doubling of the present generating capacity of the industry, must be completed within the next ten years to keep pace with the estimated demand;

That the building of these huge steam-generating and hydro-electric plants, and the full utilization of available water powers, would save 600,000,000 tons of coal a year, release 1,000,000 freight cars for other than coal-hauling purposes, and save the labor of a million men;

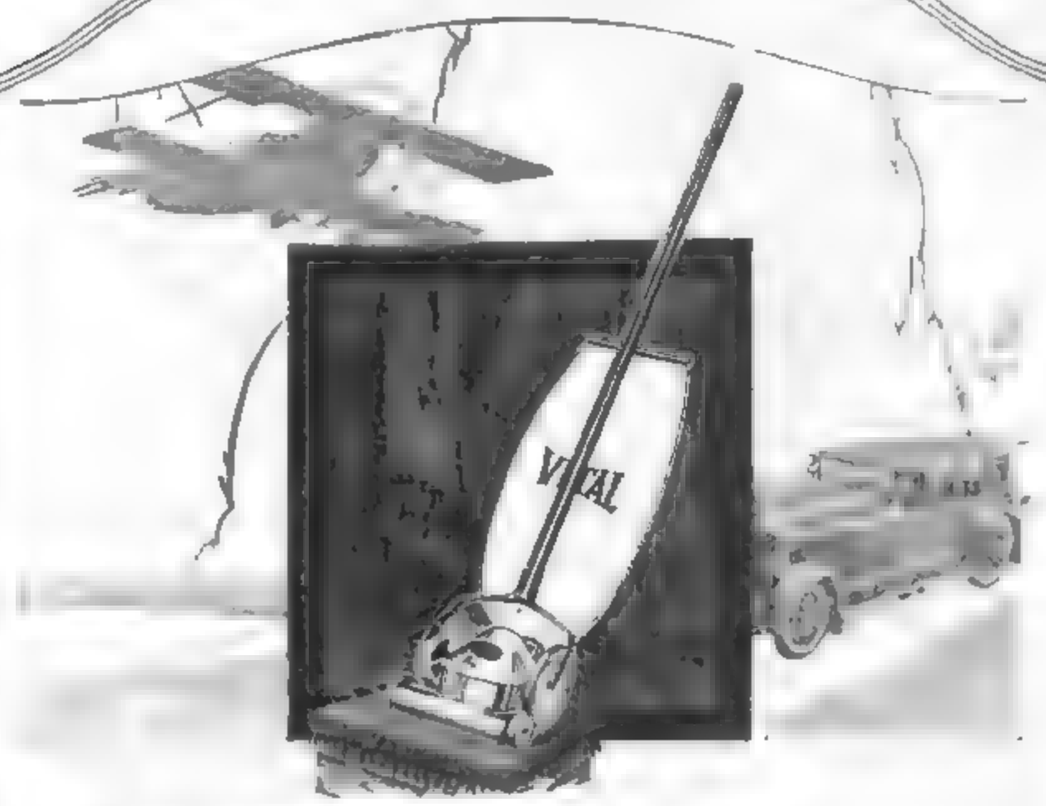
That the interest of individuals, of communities, of the public as a whole, and of the electric light and power companies, is identical—the most efficient electrification of the country at the earliest possible moment;

That the tremendous amount of money required for this purpose cannot be legislated into this industry, but must be attracted to it;

That under reasonable regulation the electric light and power companies are improving and extending their service day by day, thus maintaining the position of the United States as the leading electrical nation.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

The Original non-electric Vacuum Cleaner
"HONOR-BUILT"

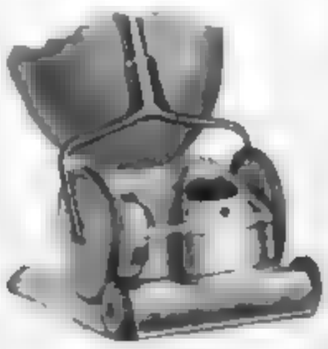


VITAL Is One of The Great Inventions

Vacuum Cleans—Without Electricity

Thousands of women vote the VITAL first place among great inventions. They know how (without electricity) the VITAL creates its own powerful suction with a big 6-inch fan that gets all the dirt. They know how VITAL'S wonderful brush revolves *gently*, and gets all the hair, lint and threads.

But still more important—as *any* woman knows—is the fact that this modern vacuum cleaner is always ready to use *instantly—anywhere.* Understand this—the VITAL is ready *without getting ready!* Think of the time and bother this automatic cleaner will *save you*—without electricity and without a cent of cost. For



First cost is the last cost with the Vital and first cost is surprisingly low.

You can see the perfection that seven years' refinement has built into the VITAL. It's as carefully made and smooth-running as the highest priced automobile.

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VITAL Branches are almost everywhere. Look for the name VITAL in your telephone directory—or write direct to us. A responsible, courteous member of the VITAL organization (know him by the "Honor-Built" button he wears) will clean your rugs for you and let you try the VITAL yourself—*all free in your own home*—with no obligation to buy.

DISTRIBUTORS:
Some valuable, exclusive territory is still available. The VITAL has opened a vast new market for quality non-electric vacuum cleaners. Ask us about it.

SALESMEN:
Every home is a prospect. Many hundreds of responsible men are making money with the nation-wide VITAL organization. Write for full information about sales and profits.

DEALERS:
Inquire about VITAL'S profitable franchise. It has new and better features. Our proposition is as good as our product.

FREE BOOK
"What Makes It Run?"
Without electricity
Without cost
Our free book tells

Send the coupon below

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

The VITAL AUTOMATIC VACUUM CLEANER

★ *Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute*

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Please send me your free booklet—*"What Makes It Run?"*—that tells how the VITAL cleans without cost.

Name _____

Address _____

"Crouch, when I woke this morning I cussed so hard I haven't got my breath back yet." Welby made what answer he could with stiff throat.

Stacked—the word came to a moody morbid mind. Falder had once used it good-humoredly to railing Lizzie Falder. "Woman, you don't understand farming's a gambling game!" Lizzie Falder had laughed, given over her argument for a new parlor rug, and tossed a pan of dishwater toward her husband, who dexterously dodged it.

Luella, of course, was not the kind of woman who rails or throws dishwater at a too unconcerned spouse. But Welby Crouch moodily wished that he might go to her and explain that in any game a man can't be blamed for losing when the cards are stacked.

Getting out his hand corn planter he took a distorted fancy and coddled it and embroidered it with embittered metaphor. The disadvantage at which he and some of his kind played! All their cards, earnest cards of patience and labor and hope and health, were laid exposed season after season, never one that could be put face down. Their Opponent, on the other hand, made His own rules and was not obliged to exhibit the deal of one minute ahead, did it not so please Him! Frost and drought, wind and rotting rain—all those He could shuffle forth, in turn, out of turn. And no one could say Him nay, or question His right or His turn to play.

No, it was not at all a fair game. So he decided bitterly, to the slow push of the plow as he prepared his acres for a second planting that month. Or at least it was not fair with an onlooker like Luella at one's back, one who peered critically over shoulder, watched every play, waiting like a judge for some stakes to be gathered in by the inferior player. Playing alone——

He drew a curious considering sigh. Alone, he said to himself, he wouldn't mind so much! For the game's own sake. A man might plow and plant equably enough, taking luck as it came, and count himself partly repaid with the colorful shuffles of the years themselves—their springs, their summers, their winters. There was no denying that the Opponent offered certain stakes of the pot, whether one lost or won. There were gratuities from him; the perfume of white, wild plum petals, the valiancy of a Bellflower blossom in an alien latitude, the smell of brown earth itself, the lushness of July foliage, the push upward eternal of seed leaves.

Gravely he conceded that there is something satisfying in land itself. Whatever it takes in sweat it gives back in a strange satisfaction of soul. Alone, or with Luella not critical, he could have taken what this one piece, outworked as it was, gave him and he would not have complained greatly. Like Cal Hockles! "Land in this neck of woods," said Cal tolerantly, cutting a quid, "is like a good-looking ornery old wife. You want to cuss her, but you don't exactly want to get rid of her. Except when you're maddest. And that don't last."

If this place were not Luella's and he merely a stayer-on!

It was true that never since she married him had Luella claimed ownership in actual words; or reminded him that he was not real possessor. But he brooded over what might be behind that quiet high forehead, those self-contained eyes—behind, while she baked bread for him and her, or mended his shirts, or put their winter's fruit in glass jars. Her unspoken thoughts—did they not fill the whole place, as thoughts can fill a room, can fill a house, can fill even the wide outdoors until one gasps with sullen resentment and must willy-nilly try to beat away something that is not to be beaten away because no one or all of five physical senses possess the power?

His age and Luella's—that was the dominating factor in the situation. Forty-seven years hamper a man—that and a body on which the years, the roaming to and fro, have told perceptibly.

The West still had its stretches. There was virgin land yet to be settled without much cash in hand, plowed, mastered, forced to yield profit. Given a different age, one was allowed a looser handful of cards. Say he was twenty-four or thereabouts and had younger arms and a stouter spine, and Luella was eighteen only, he might have compelled her to find life good enough! But new land takes younger muscle and ambition. Nearing fifty, one cringes before a long-drawn-out bout with prairie winds and snows. To look at a future there is needed a vista of time. Such vista is blurred, too, by a recurring touch of old sciatica.

However, he formed his plans while he dropped his corn—corn which only Luella would have benefit of. He was going away.

It would be a wrench. The world beyond this place held no especial niche for him. A job in some city shop; or wheat stacking for Kansas or Minnesota farmers with more and better land than he had been able to find right to till. He would not earn much; he would not be able to save much. But he would manage to save a few hundreds in eight or nine years. Luella would go back to her teaching. Although he had lived on her land he had too much pride to live, even in part, on her monthly wages; and he knew that whether he went or remained, she would insist on the teaching.

But in eight or nine years she might be tired enough and lonely enough to give him some sort of welcome back. She might divorce him, of course, and marry some other man. He hardly thought so. The reason for his belief was not complimentary. He smiled bitterly. More likely she would not trust a second provider after a first had failed her. Of course if she did

If she did he would not spend a last handful of years with her in this old place for which he had accumulated almost a jealous affection. That was all. And he had no other place in mind, no other tie.

He finished the corn and put in two hundred asparagus plants. He had no money for more. Luella watched him with a small uncertain smile. "Luck o' land," she half sighed; and explained that was her grandfather's resigned phrase.

While she was over at the Freemans' one afternoon he slipped up to the attic and dusted off the valise he had put there five years previously. That morning he had seen Luella cut out some goods; for shirt waists, two thin and one thick. To teach in that fall, of course. Well, in the fall he'd be gone. He'd wait till the corn was ready to shock. But he'd like to be in Detroit by mid-September, before the shops were filled with the end-of-year stragglers-in.

Spring slipped into summer, like a hussy into someone's arms. Summer flirted her yellow skirts about and blandly watched things grow. Welby Crouch plowed the corn and asparagus, got the small fruit in order as the season permitted, nailed up a few loose boards about the barn and outsheds and cleaned out the kitchen chimney.

He had not much to say to Luella and she had even less to say to him week afte. week. The atmosphere of an old homelike white house took on a curious unhealthy tensity. Sitting opposite her evenings, in the cool of the front porch, or the lamplighted comfort of the sitting room, where a high walnut clock ticked too loudly, he began to feel an unhealthy dislike of her. Sometimes he looked up suddenly and caught her furtively looking at him. She would drop her eyes in some confusion. It got on his nerves so that sometimes he sat for an hour with his own eyes held steadily down on his paper, or his pipe even, in order that he might not encounter hers.

August came and went; a strumpet overburdened with golden fruit and green branch. Luella began to make jelly—apple, plum, quince, green grape and blackberry. She exhibited every fall at the county fair and often got as much as thirty dollars in prizes. Welby came upon her one day with a dozen crystal-clear glasses in front of her, wine-colored, sun-colored, plum-colored, and a sheet of paper with the stub of a pencil in earnest hand.

He tiptoed up to the attic. Again, stolidly, he dusted the valise and set it open to receive socks, toothbrush, comb and underwear. He would pack surreptitiously. He wanted no long, reproachful exchange of farewell with her. He reflected stolidly that in this world many men were worse off than himself.

From the stairs came the fragrance of summer apples simmering. Luella always put a dash of wild grape juice in her apple jelly; for tang, she said. But Welby now reflected that it would be bitter spread for his bread this winter if he stayed.

It stood in clean, hot, clear glasses, row after row, when at length he came in for supper, having slipped downstairs and out to the barn while Luella stirred her kettles. Luella's face was flushed. She had been

(Continued on Page 123)

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Look for this mark when buying floor coverings. It is your guarantee of satisfaction or your money back.

(Continued from Page 120)

hurrying, it came to him, to get odd jobs done before the school year began two weeks hence. He smiled unpleasantly. There was no gambling blood in Luella!

He helped her carry the orderly colorful glasses down to the cellar the next morning. He packed his valise in the afternoon. The corn was ready for the knife.

In the late heat of the day he came in to help her carry more jelly down to the cellar. She had been making plum all day. It came to him, not helping a bitter mood, that of late she had avoided asking him to do small jobs for her. She had not hesitated those first two years to ask him.

The kitchen was clean and shaded by the time he had carried down the last tray. She was slicing cold meat and cake for supper. Almost with nausea, by contrast, he saw his suppers in the months to come: hot, fly-ridden lunch counters or greasy, cheap, city boarding-house table.

"I'm going to make peach in the morning," said Luella as if to make some sort of conversation between two persons who found any conversation difficult and constrained.

"Are you?" He did not look at her while he washed his hands. "Looks like rain."

Getting ready to leave, his senses had become sharpened and nothing much about the place had escaped him; Luella's movements in the house, hum of insect or rustle of twig outside the bedroom windows. He had an oddly sharp feeling that next year would hold no treacherous frost or drought; that luck would come his way. But next year would be too late. He would not be there. Whereupon Luella might with some reason believe that he had carried his bad luck with him and inflicted it upon her. Like a hoodoo to a ship.

In the morning he drove old Tom into town to be shod. Tom did not really need the attention for another two weeks. But he did not care to leave the small job for Luella. When he returned she was ladling hot peach jelly into wine-colored glasses. The kitchen was hot; her face was flushed. He was tempted to say good-by, but he decided not, and got a last clean pair of socks from the rack to take upstairs to the valise.

When he heard her fall he was ashamed of his first thought. If she was much hurt, scalded with the hot jelly, he need not go for a few weeks longer! He hurried downstairs, with this unworthy thought erased carefully from mind. Of course nothing of the sort had happened, he told himself in enforced penitence. She had dropped a pan or something.

And she was not much hurt, although it was herself, not a pan, that dropped. On a loose cellar step she had tripped coming up, and sprained her ankle. She was hobbling across the kitchen to a chair when he arrived to help her.

He got hot and cold water and bathed her ankle. It was not a bad sprain, she insisted, but added that he would have to get most of the supper.

But it was not a pleasant meal. Luella sat silent and constrained across the table. After the first flash of feeling that he was reprieved he had become sullenly aggrieved. Waiting on Luella, clearing the table, setting the plates and cups for breakfast—all this would have been ordinarily and prosaically pleasant enough had matters been different. As it was, constraint, like a gray death garment, lay over him and her.

After breakfast she set to work on a basket of peaches. "I'll just pare and stew them," she explained briefly. "They'd spoil waiting for me to get well."

He was for driving into town after a doctor, but she refused firmly. "I know enough about a sprain. It—it isn't swollen much."

He reflected bitterly that she needn't have given that last taunting hint. Money for a doctor's visit! But again his mood had veered. Reprieve! Only a few days, it was true. But for a few days he need not leave. It would not be decent of him to leave while she was disabled!

Painfully enough she twisted her chair nearer the table where sat pan and paring knife. He put the basket where she could reach it without effort. "I better help you pare?" he said awkwardly.

"Oh, no. I've got nothing else to do. You can get me a pail of fresh water and fix the fire. Then when the fruit's cooking you might come in from the barn and stir a while."

The constraint of her voice chilled him. Still, that involuntary feeling of reprieve stayed with him while he flipped a hollyhock seed pod from high stalk to the wide yard. Next year he would not see those hollyhocks in bloom. Well, he did not wish that Luella by any chance would be permanently a cripple. Only a reprieve. And perhaps in ten days or so, when the reprieve had ended, he would not mind so much. There would be, at least, a pleasanter recollection of Luella to take away with him, as company for solitary years to come. Somberly enough he reflected that he need not have come to this pass had he taken thought in his youth. The cards that are tossed to youth—to be handled so carelessly, so ineptly by youth! One need ask no odds if one had but that first deal again.

He waved a forlorn enough hand to Cal Hockles driving past with a load of dill cucumbers. He might not see Cal again for a long time. Cal, however, did not notice minute differences in hand waves.

Sight of Cal reminded Welby that he had borrowed and not returned Henry Falder's last month's Truck Hints. He decided to help fill the morning by taking it across the field.

And so because it happened that a stewing, sizzling kettle of fruit was overnoisy at the moment, he entered the kitchen in time to see what—what he saw.

One peach, big, pink-kissed, had rolled across the room. On two apparently unpainful ankles Luella was walking naturally enough to regain it. Even then he did not understand. His own thoughts had dulled his perception. He stared unthinkingly at her. But it was Luella herself who with a cry and a suddenly scarlet face betrayed herself. She cried out and then flung up an apron to hide her face.

"Why—Luella!" His exclamation was puzzled. "Surely not ——"

"Oh!"

Luella began to cry. And thereupon one man learned more about women than he had ever been permitted to know. Quiet-eyed, self-controlled woman of forty that this one was, she began to cry with passion, her whole form shaking convulsively.

"I don't care! You were going away! And I didn't know how else to keep you!"

"Keep me!"

"Yes!" It was a passion-heavy sob.

"Keep me here!" He was puzzled; he was dumfounded

"I haven't any pride, Welby. I don't care!" Behind her apron, held with tight curled hands, her voice came broken but demant: "I've always been afraid, year by year, you'd go when you found the place wouldn't make much money. And the other day when you packed your valise ——"

"Why, Luella! How did you know I packed my valise?"

With a break to include scorn as well as passion came her quick voice: "Did you think I didn't see you slipping up to the attic? Do you think I couldn't tell the day last spring you dusted it off? Oh Welby"—she suddenly, apron still to her face, collapsed in a chair and laid her head down on the fruit-smeared table—"oh, Welby, couldn't you manage not to mind without making a lot of money? We make our living; we always make that much. In cities there's lots of people who don't get even a living out of life, no matter how hard they work! I thought at first that you'd not care because the land is pretty old and about worked out—and then when I watched you growing more and more set on making a lot of money, and taking it so hard when there was a dry summer or a freeze ——"

Welby was slow of mind, perhaps. He crossed the room somewhat uncertainly and put his arms about the shaking, sobbing woman.

"Luella, do you mean you pretended to sprain your ankle because ——"

Almost inaudibly: "Ye-es. I did."

Of a sudden, color and joy raced across a future. They raced so fast that a man rubbed his eyes with one hand, although he kept the other, with its gaunt weather-beaten knuckles, tight on her left shoulder.

"Luella! Well, I'll be flabber——"

"And you spent all your own savings," she was sobbing.

"Luella! Luella Crouch!"

"Luck o' land, some of the old men call it. And there are people who can do without much money in bank when it's spring and the green is coming out like lace; and they don't mind much in the fall when the leaves are red ——"

Welby forcibly pulled her apron from his wife's tear-streaming face.

"Luella," he said irrelevantly, in unsteady accents, "I take it back! You'd make a fine poker player. To begin with, you've got the face."

"I've got a feeling next year's going to be different," she said beseechingly. "No frost—and anyway the hotbed is already made. You could try melons once more, couldn't you?"

"I had in mind to."

"You'll stay!"

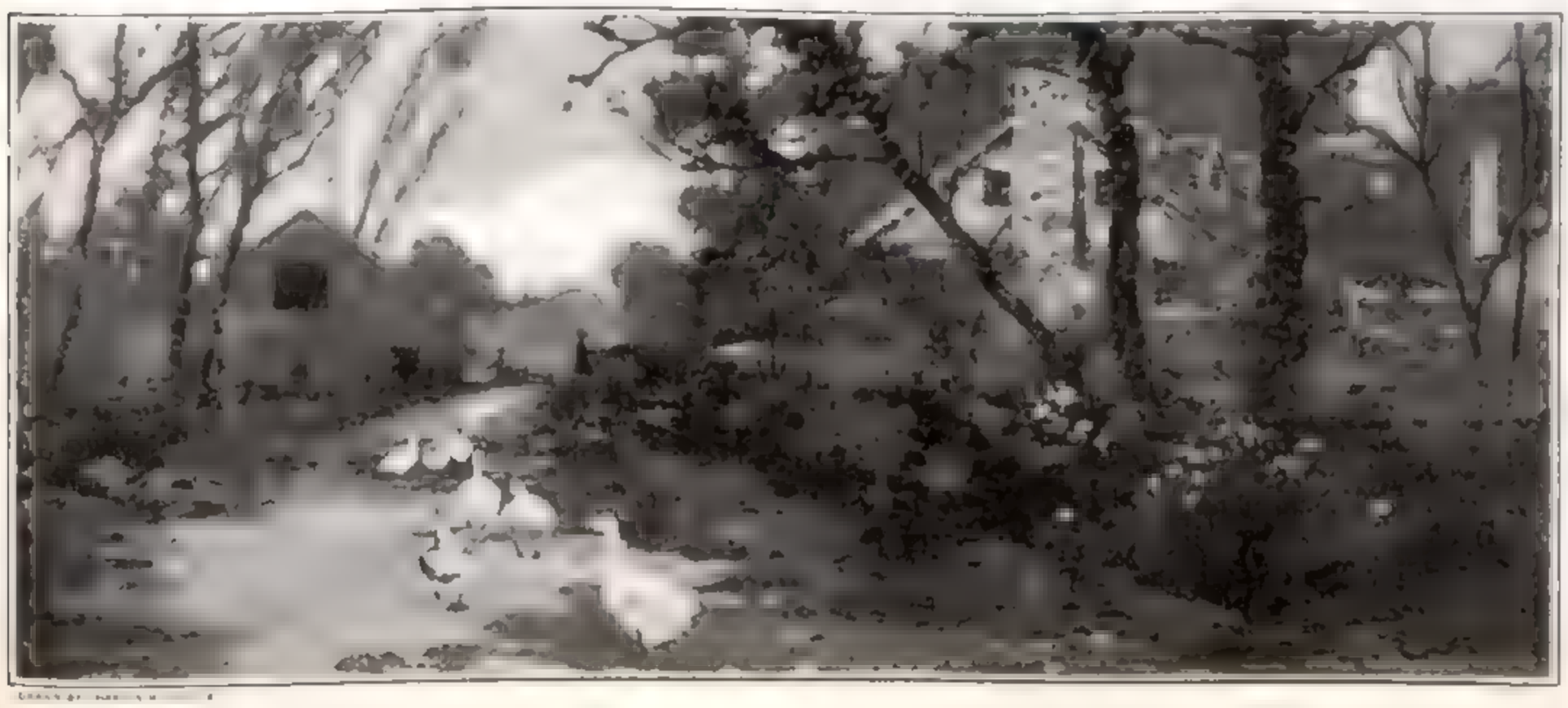
"I'd have to be trundled away in a wheelbarrow now, honey!"

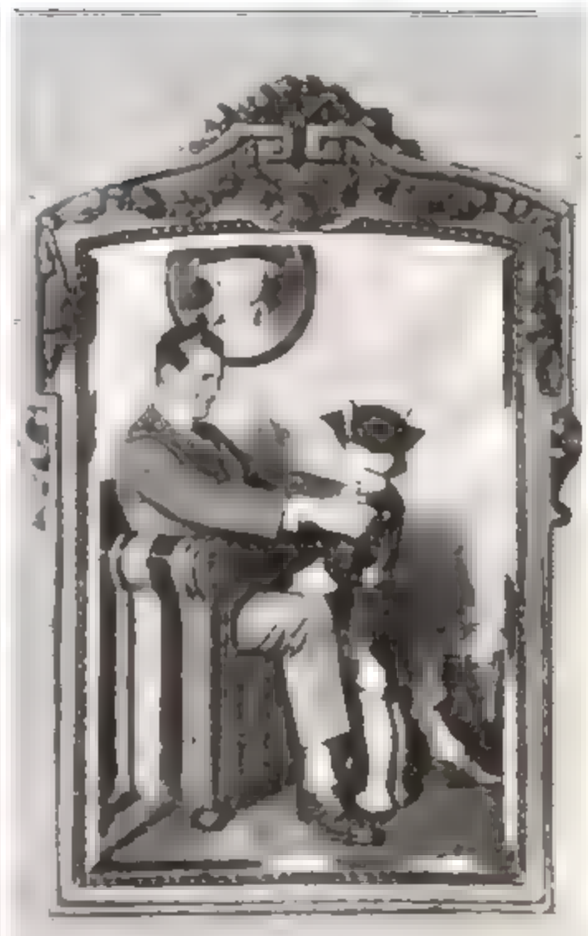
Over a face that had known forty years, came a flush pink as a bellflower petal.

Luella pulled away from his arms and ran out of the kitchen. He heard her on the stairs in the attic. She returned with his valise.

"It'll make the fire for supper," she said, and put it in the stove.

With unseeing eyes Welby watched it burn. "You needn't have bothered, Luella, to do that!"





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Just twice the music as before! Two selections in place of one! An inexpensive way to quickly acquire a distinguished musical library. Start by obtaining three or four of these records from the new release each month.

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MY DEALER'S NAME_____

THE MEN I HAVE MET IN BUSINESS

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reasonably safe never entered any of their heads, so far as I can see—and that was before the great gunman epoch, too, when most city streets were as safe or safer than the average safe-deposit box is today. I'll bet that old song Seeing Nellie Home was written by some such uncle as mine. But they don't sing it any more, you know—not unless they have been drinking; and when they have been drinking, why, they can be sentimental about almost any family nuisance so long as it is safely among the missing

When I had to go out and earn a living for myself I came to the business world with something of my family's attitude toward the men who were to be my employers. This was inevitable. For my background of sheltered women—sheltered, at least, from everything but the drudgery of housework—was the background of my entire generation. We were brought up to fear men, fool them, marry them and wring a living out of them. That was considered perfectly proper and conventional. Then all of a sudden we found ourselves going to work for them—I mean, and being paid for it.

Well, anyway, I started to work at the mature age of fifteen, with an entirely wrong angle toward men, very little self-confidence and twenty-five cents in actual cash money. And in this perilous condition, which will be all too familiar to every movie fan, the very first thing I encountered was a man. Yes, sir, I went into a millinery shop, looking for a job on the supposition that Mlle. Fanchonette, Inc., would hire me if I could make her see reason, and it turned out that Mlle. Inc. wore pants.

Well, to be sure, he was nothing to be really frightened at. I remember he wore a pink celluloid thimble on the middle finger of his right hand throughout the interview, and the only passes he made at me were with this, while describing a new style of velvet hat he had just imported from Paris. Our conversation was informal and friendly and it shortly turned out we had a passion in common. This was a deeply rooted craving for shaded ostrich plumes; we both thought them just too sweet. We enthused, we burbled over them for several moments, M. Inc.'s face wearing the rapt expression of the fanatic and dreamer.

Mr. B Proves Harmless

Then I mentioned wages and he cooled right down. It was rather a shock to me, this sudden change of manner on his part, just as I had begun to feel we girls would get along so well together. But when it came to money, dear old Inc. was just as impersonal as if I hadn't cared a snap about shaded plumes.

"You seem to have taste," he pronounced judicially, "and I'm willing to try you at, let us say, ten dollars a week. Now go on upstairs and show our Miss B what you can do."

Apparently Miss B thought I could pick out bastings very nicely, and yet it was a shock to find myself doing it. After the boss' manner of greeting me, after our nice little chat about the sartorial habits of the ostrich, why, I had thought he would slip me something rather better. But for all his cordiality, it seemed Fanchonette believed in making the girls deliver the goods. It appeared that the office boy and I started about even. And as far as delivering the goods went—well, he and I both went at that with hearty good will and our car fare, whenever there were any to be delivered.

The next—or shall we say the first—he boss I encountered was the manager of a corporation, when for several months I was one of twenty-five hundred young women employes, all of whom were more or less directly under one man's supervision. It was practically impossible for any of the girls to put themselves forward through conspicuous ability, owing to the fact that we merely ran machines. The supervisory jobs were few. Yet every girl in that building came into close contact with Mr. B, our chief; and when I look back upon the intimate things that man knew about most of us my hair stands on end—or would if that were possible. Personally, I have always thought Mr. Shakspere used either a good deal of poetic license or a lost-to-posterity brand of hair tonic when he pulled the famous line. Anyhow, judging from his press pictures, he didn't speak from personal experience.

Well, as I was saying, Mr. B knew more about us girls than

When a Manuscript Has Been Rejected I Have, Myself, Upon Mature Examination, Seen the Fault in It

our own fathers did, and he got it first-hand too. If one of us felt ill, or slacked on her job, or was successively late, or cross, or dyed her hair, or showed up with a diamond on her engagement finger, or a diamond on some other finger where big diamonds had no legitimate place, Mr. B knew it and had her into the sanctum forthwith. I don't wish to convey that Mr. B was prying. He was simply keenly conscious that the efficiency of his entire organization was dependent upon his understanding of the human units in it, and was aware that women are women, even in big corporation plants.

During the term of my employment there that man must have had hundreds upon hundreds of close talks with his operators. Most of these talks were necessarily of an extremely intimate nature, and the great majority of the girls concerned were both young and attractive, some of them beautiful. There were a number of welfare associations connected with this corporation, and it was part of Mr. B's business to attend social functions, to dance with the girls and see to the general conduct of those affairs. His handful of male assistants were expected to help at such times in glad-handing things along. My observation was that the men dreaded the social side of the organization and looked upon it from a purely business standpoint, whereas the girls were eager for the parties and in many cases sought to further their jobs by the use of personal charm. But never once did I even hear it rumored that Mr. B or any of his associates had attempted to take advantage of the invitations which were not infrequently thrust at them. The girls who made such efforts inevitably had their trouble for their pains. Perhaps this restraint on the men's part was due to an overdose of opportunity, but I don't think so. I lay it to that amazing new thing, the impersonal, sexless ground which men and women are beginning to recognize as the basis of all social activities—intellectual understanding. And I must admit that to date I have found business men in a fuller possession of it than business women. We girls are still too often confusing personal relationship with personal ambition, and trying to interweave the two.

Men of Large Caliber

The next of these dangerous creatures, the male employer, to be encountered by our heroine was the junior partner in a wholesale manufacturing concern. Mr. R at once took a violent interest in certain personal things about me—my hair; how it was waved; my manicure and my hats; above all my hats, for we were in a line closely connected with the millinery trade. He even took a violent interest in my make-up, the use of which he encouraged. But it was all stage management, because he wanted, as he put it, his saleswomen to look classy but not speedy. He watched my appearance as minutely as if he were a window dresser with a wax manikin; but though he censored my lip stick, he never attempted to sample it; and though he knew to a cent what my hats were costing, he never offered to pay for them.

Nor, by the way, did the buyers. Only once in this section of my career did I encounter the fresh buyer of fiction-made tradition, and he would have been fresh under any other circumstances for the simple reason that he was that kind of man.

This was my last job. For some little while I had been working at my present profession of writing, and it was now about to make me free of employers and to change my business relationship with men from that of the girl to be hired or fired to that of the producer of an original commodity who had to be bargained with. I had an article to sell which was in increasingly great demand, and so I was in a position to meet my customers on equal terms. This fact soon brought me into contact with men of a larger caliber; men who were big, personally and commercially speaking. And I want to say right now that I have found these two attributes to be pretty universally synonymous.

Aunty will be thrilled to know that among these men were theatrical producers and moving-picture magnates, and the lesser fry which surround the topside people in such lines. I have actually come in close contact with many of the big figures among them, and I do know for a fact how Little Annie Ashtray got her job, and what puts over these big deals and salaries you read about. And—yes, aunty, I am going to tell.

What is less promising, but nevertheless a somewhat alluring mystery to the general public, is the confession that I have met through my business connection a lot of capitalists, editors, politicians and government officials. I've been on parties where senators, bankers and foreign diplomats abounded, and got invited, primarily, because of my work. And getting to know these men, I have inevitably come to discover something of how they do business with women.

Let us begin with the most widely advertised arch villain of the business world, the theatrical producer. During the past six years I have come in contact with at least a dozen of them, and in every case my experience has been about the same. There is a certain performance expected of the theatrical manager, and so, half unconsciously,

(Continued on Page 129)

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(Continued from Page 126)

on the occasion of our interview, we usually prepare to go through with it.

First of all, I dress up for him. Why, when he daily sees a horde of women to whom beautiful dressing is a part of their profession, I should expect to impress him by my costume is more than I can explain, but I always try to. Of course, in anticipation of all business interviews I dress just as attractively as I know how, for men are unquestionably influenced by what a woman wears, although most of them do not know what she has on. In fact I believe men are far more strongly influenced by good clothing on either sex than women are.

Well, be that as it is, when I am about to set forth for an interview with a man in the theatrical world I dog up my very dog-gone doggiest. The nth degree of the latest style is none too extreme for this purpose. I have got to look like a million dollars in order to get past the office boy, anyhow, and I confess that I count on his telling the chief that the wren outside is not so poor. All this is merely the accepted formula for getting in behind the door with the no-admittance sign on it. Even the office boy knows this, and I have no doubt that his recommendation to see me is tempered by what I say to him.

As a rule I try to say something strikingly original to the office boy. Who I am, the value of my name, is absolutely nothing in his life, or very likely in the manager's. I have to break in on my exterior and sell my goods after office boy and manager both have been through the motions of being completely floored by my radiant beauty—see? Not that either of them considers me radiantly beautiful, but they expect me to want to be considered so. It's all a part of the theatrical tradition.

The Theatrical Book of Etiquette

Then there is the manager's attitude toward me. He is expected to be a "bold bad man" and he feels obligated to live up to it; but he is a busy man, and so he has to make it snappy. The chances are that he will greet me cordially and firmly just as he would any male visitor, and between almost incessant telephone calls will at once get down to the business on hand. I have a proposition. Briefly I set it before him. As briefly and concisely he replies. Sometimes he calls me girlie in a perfunctory way, whether he has seen me before or not; but he sticks strictly to the main point of the deal involved. Quickly we settle on our understanding of the proposition—figures, terms, and so on—for, of course, somebody else, another synthetic beauty like as not, is waiting admission. And then I get up to leave. Here is where the dirty work starts. With a gesture so automatic that he would can any actor for trying it, he guides my progress to the door as if about to lay hands upon me. At the door he stops me, puts his hand on the knob to delay my exit, and frequently pulls a line like this:

"Say, you're the kind of a girl I like—my kind of a girl. We are going to get along fine. I'll call you up sometime and take you to dinner."

In six years I have heard that identical line sixty times. It is a cheap patter of an accepted pattern—it is a formula. The thing ends right there, for the busy theatrical manager has done his duty and vamped me; the grand old traditions of the stage have been maintained. He doesn't call up, ten to one we don't get along fine, and I'm not the kind of a girl he likes. He doesn't even remember, on my next visit, that he said the same thing before; nor do I remind him of the fact. But we both understand the game and go through it smilingly. It is written in the Theatrical Book of Etiquette, that's all; and meanwhile our contracts are signed or not, the work goes on in its ordinary course, for the conventions have been satisfied and the producer has lived up to tradition.

Occasionally, outside of the theater, I meet a male professional vamp in a powerful business position; but his vamping will be done to strictly business ends. He has no designs on me beyond talking me out of the best of the deal, and when I run up against one of these charming hypnotists I can guess it right away, and the old fur and claws begin to get active. When a man with whom I am having a business interview starts by offering me a cigarette, telling me the latest joke and inquiring what I think of the political situation, I at once commence to concentrate on the terms of my contract. And I need to, for his follow-up usually is, "Oh, by the way, I suppose we ought to go through the formality of drawing up some sort of a contract," and then offering me, most casually, about half what I am willing to take. He is trying to dazzle me, and once or twice he has got away with it, for it is always my instinctive assumption that I am being offered a fair proposition. Of course, I have to kid him back. We use gloves, but we have brass knuckles inside of them. These gay boys who joke such a lot are generally pretty hard-boiled when it comes right down to terms, and it is usually more difficult to get real money out of them than from the meanest man with a reputation for close dealing. For your notorious tightwad is always prepared to bargain, whereas the jolly soul first mentioned is forever hoping to kid you out of a square deal.

Despite the fact that I have sung their praises elsewhere, editors deserve a little niche in this story all to themselves. I like them. They have created me, and if I'm on the map it's their fault. As an author, I have one peculiarity. I think the editors are fair; that they always buy good stuff when they can get it; that the great literature occasionally alleged to be smothered by them because it is too good gets that way because it has one thing the matter with it—it's no good. If it had real merit they would have bought it. When one of my editors buys a piece from me I know it's a good piece, and invariably when a manuscript has been rejected I have, myself, upon mature examination, seen the fault in it and agreed with the verdict. For fair dealing editors are unsurpassed by any other class of business men. Once in a while they make a mistake in literary judgment, but very rarely. They are human, you know. That's one of their greatest business assets.

Being a woman is no protection from business methods, although in our beginnings we women are pretty generally inclined to believe it will be. We have heard a lot about masculine chivalry; that is to say, the girls of my generation did; and we just naturally anticipate that men will be chivalrous with us in their business dealings. Well, they are not. They are, the very best of them, something different from chivalrous, something far more wholesome; they are businesslike. And when they treat us in a genuinely businesslike manner it does us more real good than all the armor-plume-and-sword attitudes in the world.

Enthusiastic Even in Rejections

This is a very difficult truth for a woman to learn: That she must accept a genuine business responsibility in order to reap a business reward, and that if she's not smart enough to take care of herself no one is going to do it for her. It's facing the difference between working in a home, where if she falls down on her job she can cry her way out of the consequences, and the office, where if she falls down she is fired.

Yet in spite of all this, practically every self-supporting woman I have ever met, including myself, has a sort of sneaking self-pity from which she never wholly recovers; and she looks to the men who hire her or give her contracts as though for succor. It is a help-me-else-I-perish attitude, and the funny part of it is that most men feel that in giving her the job they are throwing out a life line, no matter what fine work they are receiving in return for a carefully considered wage. It is my observation that this emotional undercurrent exists practically everywhere in the business and professional world.

Let us now move on to the movie magnate and his dark designs upon Little Annie. It so happens that I have been intimately associated with the pictures. Also, I have come to know very intimately a great number of picture actresses, and, oh boy! when they are telling you, believe me, they tell! But the curious fact is that in moving pictures you can't get by except on merit.

Well, no, perhaps that's not accurate. A girl can get by, but she keeps on getting—she doesn't land. If a picture producer plays a favorite, thinking she's a nice girl and he'd like to see her get along, that's exactly what happens—she gets along, and a long, long way—out! For nobody does very good work when he doesn't have to, and women are hardly an exception to this rule. Miss Ashtray's enormous success was not made because she spent her time vamping managers or rejecting managers, but merely because she learned her job.

Not being an actress myself—that is to say, no more of an actress than the average woman—I necessarily get the above at secondhand. But it's at close range—sort of secondhand-in-glove, as you might say. However, in my dealings with the production end of pictures I have found the men with the purchasing power exceedingly friendly, full of optimism and enthusiasm, and remarkably short of memory. With them, as with the theatrical manager, there seems to be a sort of professional line which must be pulled on women. But in the picture producer's case it is usually a windy statement concerning the tremendous possibilities of the deal involved—the gigantic rosy future the proposition has, the millions of dollars it is practically certain to clean up. And this line goes with rejections as well as with acceptances.

"Well, I'm certain you have a big thing there," says the producer, easing me out. "It ought to clean up, and it sure looks like a knock-out. Personally, I'm very enthusiastic about it, but I simply can't make the rest of the office see it my way—and you know how closely we work together here."

He's telling it! And if the concern is closing a deal with you the patter will be like this:

"Well, I'm certain you have a big thing there. It ought to clean up, and it sure looks like a knock-out. Personally, I'm very enthusiastic about it, but I had a lot of trouble making the rest of the office see it my way. You know how closely we work together here."

Getting Results Regardless

When a woman runs up against men who are occupied by more usual businesses, such as bankers, brokers, manufacturers, and the like, she automatically runs up against a widely acknowledged and accepted set of business rules. Most men, it seems to me, are as conservative about observing the ancient formulas of business as they are about linen collars, straw hats and baseball scores. There are certain things which are done, and others which are not. I don't mean in ethics; I mean in practical procedure.

Now, we women in business are not like that. We discover the old-established rules of the game, of course, upon entering the world of remunerative work; but we will never admit that these rules are unchangeable. In point of fact, one of the chief reasons for the sudden overwhelming success which women have made is their willingness to experiment, to do business in a different way.

A woman says, "Why can't it be done?" The man replies, "But business simply isn't done that way." Nine times out of ten the woman says "Stuff and nonsense," and goes and does it, anyhow.

For example, I have seen women, again including myself, become established in a business or profession, not on the proverbial shoestring, which men before her have succeeded in tying up firmly, but on a thread—a hair! Women will go into business on a hundred dollars and a strong desire, where a man for the same enterprise would require a thousand dollars and a guaranty. And the reason we girls are not afraid to do it on an almost invisible margin is that for generations we have been skimping in the home—making a little go an incredibly long way, using substitute tools and obsolete equipment, and still making a pretty good home of it. Whereas men, as a rule, have to have the right things to work with or they are at a loss. I know; I have handed average specimens the hammer, nails, picture wire, and then the picture. Finally the picture would get hung properly, after involving the use of a stepladder, yardstick and a lot of sympathetic attention. Then, on the other hand, I have had to get a picture hung when there wasn't a man around the house; or any nails or hammer or picture wire or stepladder, not to mention sympathetic attention. So I have used a tack, stood on the parlor sofa, driven the tack into the wall at a guess with the heel of my slipper, punched a hole in the paper at the back of the picture and hung it onto the tack by the ledge under the top of the frame; and the picture looked just as well and stayed up just as well as if it had been done properly.

That's what I mean about women and the common rules of business. Men are

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forever telling us you can't do it but a certain way, and we are forever finding out they are mistaken. If a thing is honest and has got to be done, it can be done, whether it's possible to do it or not. That is feminine logic, but it works, and in modern business life we are constantly using the heels of our slippers with considerable success.

This conventional business outlook on the part of the men with whom I have to deal is sometimes a source of irritation to me. I get a vision of something big but a good way ahead of present circumstances, and because I haven't the proper lingo I can't get it over to their understanding. Because my mind leaps ahead to the accomplished fact, setting the end first and then looking to the use of my sheer determination and belief as the principal motive power by which to reach that end, I often run into snags with my banker, my lawyer or my broker—or my senator, for that matter. Yet many a deal I have so far accomplished has been conceived in just that way, and often put through in spite of business traditions rather than because of them.

It seems to me that until women came into the business world the psychic element was greatly lacking. Today it has a scientific standing there, as witness the psychologists, efficiency experts and personnel managers, all of whom have come to have a regular part in big business. I don't say we women brought all that with us, but I do know that a great part of its steady growth is due to the comparatively new habit of getting to know those people, which is of purely feminine origin.

When a business woman is contemplating a new connection, her first instinct is to go to see them, to get acquainted with that crowd. She wants to know intensely personal things about them: what they like; what they wear; how they talk; and, if possible, how they live. Then she is in a position to exercise a little judgment. She has acquired a considerable foresight about what their demands will be, because she knows approximately how they intend to use their profits. This may seem like a gross exaggeration, but it is not. In varying degrees of consciousness, that is the way most women go about determining a large part of their business life. It is exactly the same principle which makes us go running over to the new neighbors with a cup of sugar and come back with their lawn mower. It's sociable and it's profitable; it not infrequently leads to a permanent connection. And the men are beginning to find this out.

Strengthening Office Bonds

More and more do I discover this human quality among the men with whom my work is done. It is, after all, because I am a woman that their interest extends a little beyond the immediate business on hand. Often I deliberately introduce this outside element. The office boy may occasionally stay home to go to his grandmother's funerals, but I bring my grandmother's funerals right down to the office with me, and everybody has got to be interested or I'll know why. And in getting the office interested, our other bonds are strengthened, and they care more about my work—they have something to check me up on, something by which to connect me with life in general.

Men may say that's all bosh; that they don't give a hoot about poor old grandma, and that women ought to learn to keep that sort of thing out of business. Not so. The average male's pretense that discussion of personal affairs is a hindrance to good business is stuff and nonsense. But his insistence upon the statement is a mighty wholesome influence for us girls, and teaches us a reasonable self-restraint. Between our passion for intimacy and men's love of orderly progression, a new code of business procedure ought to come into being, a modern code which will perhaps in time revolutionize and stabilize the entire business world.

When I first went out into the well-known cruel marts of trade to seek a livelihood I took with me a certain catechism, or profession of faith, culled from what I had been led to suppose were the masculine ideals governing business. I don't quite know where I picked the line up or how I came to piece it together, but somehow or other I got it firmly in my mind that men had these rules, and that if I failed to live up to them I simply would have no standing; in fact would probably not be able to do any business at all.

The first of these self-found laws was brevity. I thought that all business men talked to the point at once, and in such concise terms that their meaning was immediately made clear without wasting anybody's time. I'm wiser now, thank you, but I still try to do it. I find the practice gets me a long, long way with the men who do it themselves, and hands a pleasant surprise to the rest of 'em.

Keeping to One's Faith

Second on the list came the habit of being on time for business appointments. I had heard such a lot of jokes about women keeping men waiting that I resolved this was one crack nobody should ever get on me. From that day to this I have kept my promise, and as a rule get to my appointments a minute or two ahead of the hour agreed on. Then usually I spend the next twenty minutes waiting for him to show up, or to get through dictating his letters, or telephoning, or cleaning up some bit of business which might in all conscience have been got out of the way before my arrival. Whether men, still under the shadow of that old jest, assume that because I am female I will be tardy, I don't know, and I don't care. But I would love to know why a man always seems to feel it all right to keep me waiting, provided I can see that he is furiously busy the while.

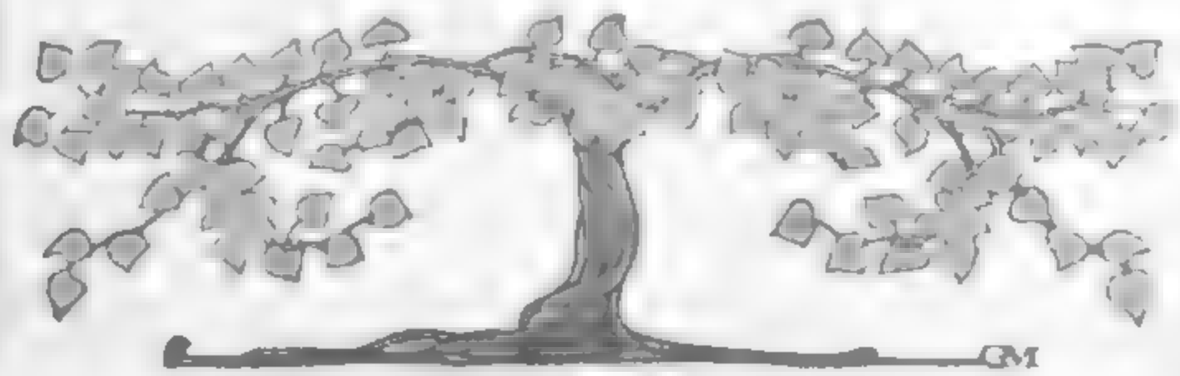
Next was the pledge to make no promises I could not fulfill, and to fulfill all promises which I made. I have kept this one, too, and kept a certain reserve of nervous energy along with it. But the recognition of this idea among men has not been quite so universal as I had supposed it would be. Not infrequently have I been glibly promised a self-evident impossibility for the sake of immediate peace; and some of the promises, when kept, have turned out to have been pretty technical in interpretation.

Number Four Rule is about delivering at the promised time. Barring illness, I do it to the dot. Then there was and is that old gag about maintaining a high standard of production. This is an American ideal to which I was raised, and which I fully expected to encounter when I got out and mixed into the big money. Well, I guess I'll let you write your own title to that; you know as well as I do how much you usually get for your money nowadays.

Personally, I endeavor to maintain my standard, such as it is, by the simple method of destroying seconds, even when I have a market for them.

It takes courage, but it pays in the end—pays both in self-respect and in good shekels. And I don't see why this should not hold for dry goods and all other commodities just as well as for literature.

Last but not, and so on, I determined to demand the kind of deal that I gave, and to give my best. I assumed that this was what all American business men did. This belief led me into high resolves and gave me an enormous courage. I took the code they announced as theirs and went out into the world carrying it like a banner. Of course, some disappointments have been inevitable; but as I look back over the last nineteen years I am amazed at their infrequency. I believed that on the whole American business men accepted these basic terms even as I did, and I have not been disappointed.



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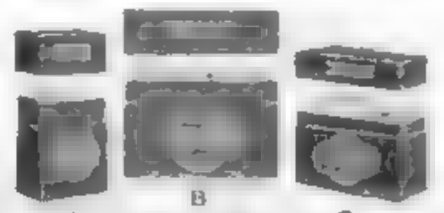

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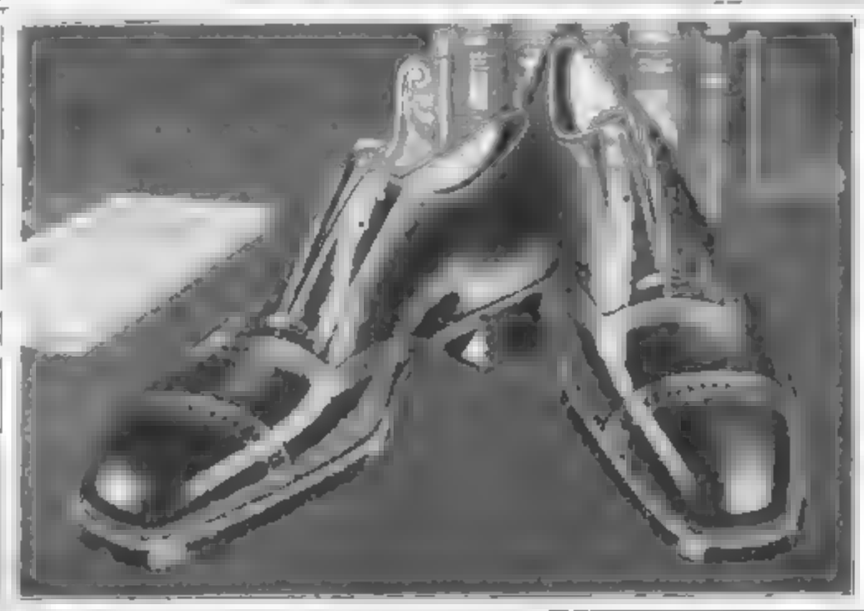

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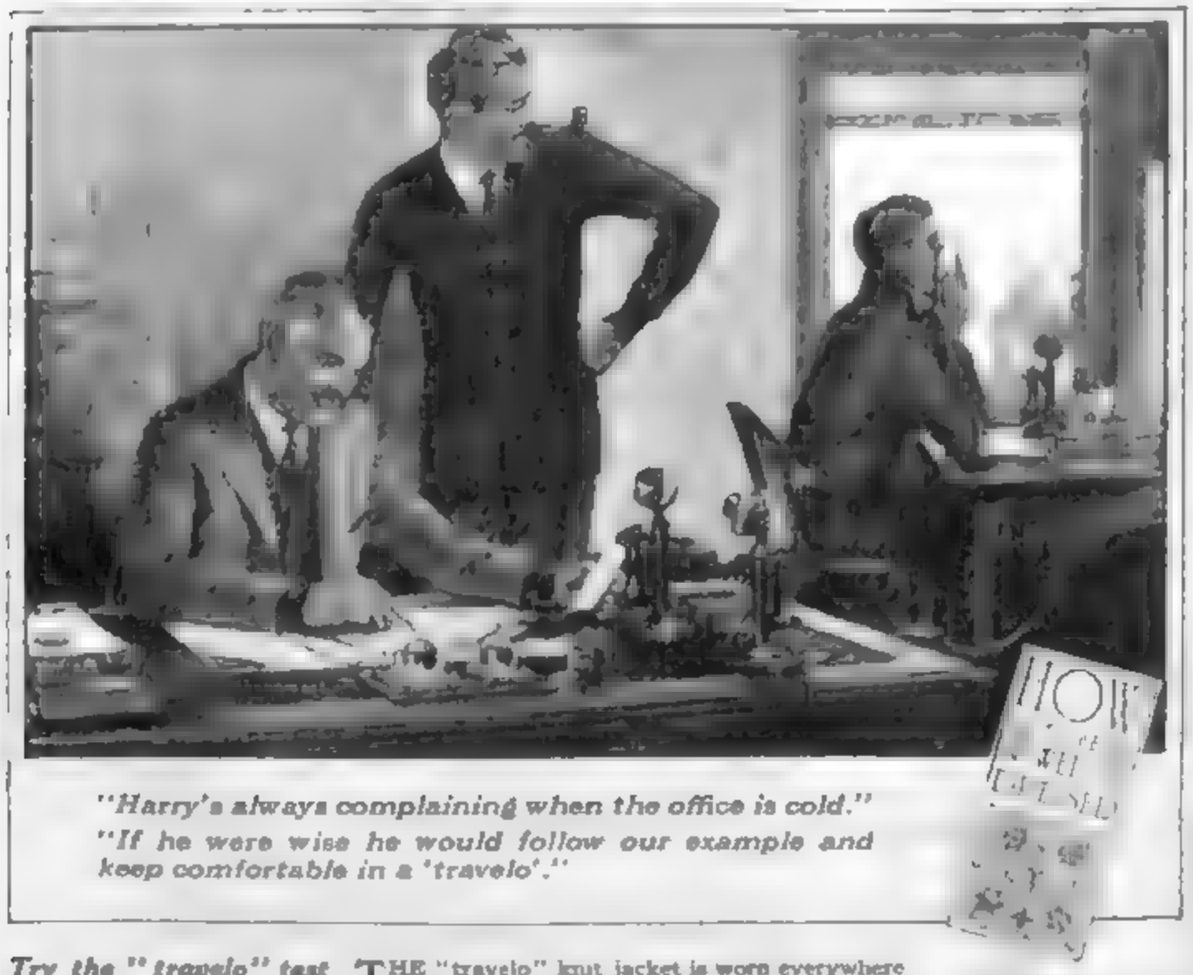

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KNIT JACKETS

TRADE MARK

ON THE JOB

(Continued from Page 27)

fast as her hand could move. No pondering. No hesitation. She was as rapid as chain lightning and as airy as a spring breeze. Manifestly, some little speedometer! But how would she score on accuracy? I determined to see. She looked up once to mutter rather scornfully. "Silly baby stuff!" And it was evident she was insulted at having to bend her lofty intellect to such a base use.

The boy was different. Slower, for one thing. Lanky, big-eared, sharp-jawed, pimpled, an overgrown hobbledehoy, all gangling arms and legs, he nevertheless attracted by a certain shy eagerness, a certain cool steadiness of eye. He sat slouched low in his desk, his legs coiled around his chair, jaw thrust out, and although he had been expressly warned not to lose time reading through all the questions but to begin at once on the first, nevertheless he ran through all the pages to see what kind of general proposition he was up against anyhow. Thus at the very outset he showed independence and intellectual curiosity. Then he turned back to the first page and read the opening sentence: "Speed counts, but accuracy counts more than speed." This caused him to dig out his watch, which he laid upon the desk. This done, he bent once more to the desk, and with brows drawn he studied the instructions with the fixed attention of a burglar picking a lock. And this is what he read:

Test one: In the following definitions, place a small cross, like this, x, before those which you think are good ones.

A. Definition of a stool:
1. A piece of household furniture.
2. A piece of furniture on which to sit.
3. A stool has no back.
4. A movable seat with no back, intended for one person.
5. A stool is not very comfortable.

Followed similar definitions of the words "house" and "train," and the verb "to write."

"Huh!" muttered the boy scornfully as he noted the definitions which did not define. I timed him. He checked off what seemed to him the best definitions of the four words in less than ten seconds. But, on the other hand, it had taken him a full minute to get into his head the idea of what was wanted. He went on, cautious, reading through the instructions as often as four or five times, pouching his underlip, squeezing it in nervous fingers—then pouncing like a hawk. His caution was losing him speed, but glancing over his shoulder I saw that he was hitting the bull's-eye every time.

He finished the second test and turned the page to the third. It read: "Write the opposites of the words in this column, as shown in the first three words. Good—bad; day—night; up—down." The remaining words for which he must find opposites were: Clean, few, alike, deep, hiss, encourage, coarse, melt, double, dwarf, plural, to benefit, future, extravagant, opaque, convex, heterodox. Here again, though the warning was printed in italics, "If you cannot think of the right word in about three seconds, go ahead to the next," he paused a long time over the word "hiss," frowning, eyes narrowed, dreaming off. I decided then that he was a country boy and was thinking of snakes.

Selecting the White-Collar Girl

He finished up the others, then returned to "hiss," tugging ferociously at his lip as he vainly strove to visualize the opposite of what a snake did when it reared its head and uttered that menacing sibilant sound. I saw him forming it noiselessly behind his teeth. Did a snake gurgle like a baby to express pleasure, or wag its tail like a dog? At length, after a final fruitless reverie, he starred it and wrote down firmly in the footnotes: "There is no exact opposite." Over this single word he had lost nearly two precious minutes, but on the other hand he had displayed tenacity and discrimination, and shown that he held truth of more value than gaining a high mark. He was a lad of integrity, intelligence, will.

Leaving him wrestling with the next set of instructions I went over to talk with the examiner, a woman who had been in the employ of the company fifteen years.

"How long have you been using these tests?" I inquired.

"Several years—and we're perfecting them all the time. The old ones were so long they took the applicants three hours. Now they can finish easily in one. The fast ones in less."

"And you don't consider the tests complicated, difficult to understand? For example: Take a foreign-born married woman, or even an American girl born of such parents, where they still hang on to their old-country language in the home. Those women might have brain capacity, but I doubt whether they'd understand what you were talking about."

"We don't want that type!" she exclaimed. "We want them Americanized. These tests are formed to shut out the slow, stodgy, stupid and defective brains. They're no good to us. We're no good to them." She laughed and added: "The other day we had a married-woman applicant. She had worked for us years ago, married, had reverses, and come back to us for a job. I handed her the set of questions. She puzzled over it for a while, then gave up. 'My land,' she said, 'I don't know what it's all about! You're getting too smart for me!' The world had moved on, and she had not kept pace. She belonged not with the clerical group but with the unskilled factory workers. On that plane she had something to sell. But these tests are easy enough—if applicants will only put their minds on the job."

"And if they have no minds to put?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "That's what the tests aim to show. We employ here over five thousand women in various clerical departments and we require a high-grade girl in both mental capacity and character. We prefer to catch them inexperienced and train them ourselves; and naturally we take pains to choose those who will stick. Otherwise we'd have a tremendous labor-turnover problem on our hands. And these tests do not require exceptional ability. They're based on the average mental capacity of a grammar-school graduate, and it only takes a grade of 60 per cent to pass."

The Old Tests and the New

"It's a far cry from the old educational tests," I said. "How did they go? 'Bound the state of Kansas and describe its climate. What are the chief occupations of its people? Their chief forms of amusement? Who was Buffalo Bill?' That was pure poll-parrot memory; but with these examinations it takes a real mind and powers of concentration to get by. Do you consider certain of the tests more important than others?"

"Oh, yes. For example"—she turned over the pages to Test Number Six—"this is considered rather important. It counts fifteen credits, and a good many fall down on it."

The instructions for this test read: "Put on the blank space preceding each Arabian proverb the number of the English proverb to which it corresponds in meaning, as indicated in the sample at 4. Both speed and accuracy are important." The English sample, Number Four, read, "Sail when the wind blows"; its Arabian equivalent being, "Strike while the iron is hot." Followed in two columns twenty other proverbs to pair off according to meaning.

"Now that test," said the examiner, "requires both concentration and brains."

"I should say so!" I murmured. I began to see a big mental gulf between the factory worker and the white-collar girl. I had already discovered there was a social gulf that the factory girls called the office girls stuck up, and the office girls called the factory girls rough and unrefined, and refused to play tennis with them or attend the same dancing classes; but here was a breach of brains.

"Now here's another test," continued the examiner. "It looks easy, but you'd be surprised to see how the applicants fail."

The instructions for this test read: "Draw a line under every X, B, W, C in the list below. Work as fast as you can, but mark under every X, B, W, C." Followed eight lines of capital letters in a heterogeneous jumble. I remarked that it was difficult to see how anybody could fall down on that.

"Well—they do—and this is why: They choose one of two alternatives. They either go laboriously through the eight lines marking all the X's, then all the B's, and so on—in which case they lose a lot of time.

Or they try to do it all at once, carrying the X, B, W, C in their heads. But that's harder than you imagine. For the first thing you know one or two of those letters have fallen right out of your mind, and you find yourself marking only two or three."

At this juncture the dashing young lady of chain-lightning speed approached and laid her paper on the table. The examiner glanced at the clock and set down the time. It was well within the hour.

"Did you find the test hard?" I inquired as she returned to her seat.

"Gracious, no! Easy-baby." She laughed tolerantly. "Say, I kinda thought they was kidding me. All that silly-billy stuff!"

"But didn't you have trouble picking out the pairs of proverbs with the same meaning?" I persisted. "I consider that one hard."

She arched her eyebrows with ironical condescension to indicate that she could not hold herself responsible for my mental deficiencies, and murmured, "Gee! I thought it was all as easy as falling downstairs. Honest, it was so easy it made me kinda ashamed." She seated herself, and became absorbed once more in her mirror and lipstick.

"Please mark her paper," I begged the examiner. "She's either a wizard or a most consummate little fraud—and for the life of me I can't tell which."

The examiner ran through the test. It was as full of gross inaccuracies as a target after field practice is sieved full of holes. Her final score was forty-five.

"She failed then?" I demanded.

"Decidedly. Skims along the top of things and never stops to think. Plenty of speed but no bottom. No real brains." She paused to glance down at the other paper, containing the girl's formal application and her age. "Seventeen," she mused. She bent lower, then straightened herself and whispered grimly, "Poor little kid! She's lied about her age. Well, I'll let Mr. Smith attend to that."

She handed the paper, with a murmured word, to the next clerk in charge, and directed the girl to follow. I lingered long enough to watch her receive the official quietus. Mr. Smith, a bluff young man with a shrewd blue eye, motioned her to a chair by his table, glanced through her test, lifted his brows, and, hardened no doubt by his secret knowledge of her terrific female perfidy in misstating her age, smiled at her rather sardonically. She smiled confidently back. Whatever her thoughts, she was keeping a stiff upper lip. It was Greek meeting Greek. Brusquely he broke the bad news. She flushed, bit in her nether lip sharply; her whole face trembled; a single large crystal tear rolled down. She sat staring at him mutely, scorning to wipe it away.

"And besides," he continued coolly, "I believe you falsified your age. You're not yet seventeen. Come across now. How old are you anyhow?"

An Unsuccessful Applicant

Thus admonished she faltered, broke down, and confessed to the hideous crime of adding two whole years to her age. She was just fifteen. But she hated school; she wanted to go to work; she had read their advertisement in the paper—and she was here.

"Well, you go back to school some more," he advised cruelly. "This is no kindergarten." And as she passed out, smiling rather wistfully at me, the hard-boiled clerk muttered grimly, "A girl like that would try to get by with murder. My stars, what raw nerve!"

But it was not raw nerve. It was raw youth—which is not quite synonymous—taking a flyer into the unknown.

The clerk picked up the examination paper of the next comer—the lad who declared there was no opposite of "hiss." I glanced down at the score. It stood ninety-four on accuracy and eighty on speed.

"Were you thinking of a snake?" I inquired as he eased himself down awkwardly into the chair.

"No, ma'am. But my grandmother keeps some geese. They hiss when they're mad. The only opposite I could think of is when they flirt their tails and arch their necks before they sail off on the pond. They love that, you know—but how can you put that into one word?"

"Were you ever in a movie theater during the war when they flashed German troops on the screen? What did the audience do?"

"Gosh!" he cried softly, his eyes shining. "I get you! Ss-ss! Like a thousand geese!"

"And afterward, when they'd flash on a column of marching doughboys?"

"Clap! Yell! Whistle! Bring down the house! Applaud! Gee, but I'm some dumb-bell!"

"I think the professor who made out that particular test was the real dumb-bell. He used the secondary meaning of that word—which isn't quite fair. He's probably some city guy who never saw a live goose in his life."

Downstairs, in the imposing marble entrance hall, I found the girl who had failed, unburdening her woes to the starter, a magnificent giant in livery with the shoulders of a Dempsey, who bellowed "Going up! Going up! Express on your left! Local right here!" for eight hours every day.

"I should worry, girlie!" he consoled her, watching with admiration as she dexterously powdered her little white nose through her veil. "You're a knock-out, anyhow! Somebody's sweet gumdrop. And say—I couldn't pass one of them there mental tests, myself, not if I was to be hung. And look at me! Three times as big as you, and never no trouble earning my three squares a day. Say, kid, you just let me give you the low-down on them mental tests. They're doped out by—who do you guess? Why, by these here college-perfessor lads that you read jokes about in the funny sheet! Yeah! That's the truth. And who are them birds anyhow? I'll tell you—they're nuts. Gone lulu. Nuts—that's them. And it takes a nut to get wise to a nut—see? You and me ain't nuts, and so we ain't got any stand-in with them dodoes. Going up! Going up!"

Brains and the Machine

He was right in one respect: He couldn't pass a mental test to save his big thick neck. And that was why, at fifty, he was still earning his living by bawling out "Going up! Going up!" for eight hours every day. He didn't need brains for his job. All he needed was lungs.

Yes, it's a step up from factory life, this white-collar world. Different values. Different units of measurement. Different wares to sell. Sheer brawn, youth, quickness no longer count all. It needs something else to get by. And that something is gray matter. Brains. Not much to begin with. But some. And it's thrown into the balance and weighed, like so much sugar or rice or cheese. This is the chief difference between the white-collar world and the world on the plane below—the factory world, the unskilled manual workers' world.

Not that there is much difference in mental capacity between certain factory girls and certain office girls who come into the Federal Employment Bureau seeking a job. Some of the office girls are slow of vision, dull of brain; some of the factory girls are thwarted, smoldering flames. But the fact is, as I pointed out in a previous article on the factory girl, that in our modern industrial life, in the vast majority of unskilled or semiskilled processes in the producing departments of the factory or mill, which draw the great bulk of the women workers, more than 90 per cent of the brain power resides not in the worker but in the automatic machine. The machine is the brain; and the woman worker tends to become simply the human attachment to the machine, with two or three semiautomatic motions to repeat endlessly throughout the monotonous hours. Mental capacity, and of a very fine order, she may indeed possess; but it is not wanted on the job. It doesn't render her a whit more valuable. It may render her less so. It may, and often does, place her at a distinct disadvantage, for, being repressed, it tends to render her nervous, irritable, discouraged or melancholy—all of which interfere with her speed.

"Suppose," I said to a forewoman who was showing me over her floor, upon which were employed some fifty women on these automatic repetitional jobs, "suppose this sort of work gets on a girl's nerves? What do you do?"

"We let her get out," came the decisive reply. "We even advise her to go. A high-strung girl of A 1 intelligence is not what we want here. She can do better—and so can we."

In some of the mills I found morons at work, and the superintendent reported that they did pretty well. One particular

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moron lady, it is true, had spells when she broke loose from her emotional moorings and tried to massacre everybody in sight. At these times the superintendent called her into his office, scolded her like a Dutch uncle and threatened to send her home. But aside from this trifling idiosyncrasy, he reported that she did very well.

In order to obtain a clearer picture of these various groups of women workers and their relative importance in the stupendous industrial pattern which dominates our machine-driven nights and days, let us visualize for a moment a typical industrial community. It is a real, actual community, located on the map; but for purposes of disguise I shall call it Toilburgh. It is frankly, forlornly ugly, this flourishing little town. Conceive for yourself a drab straggling network of atrocious down-at-the-heel streets crisscrossing a sluggish little river whose slimy borders harbor sodden pussywillows, crazy ramshackle old dwellings, refuse dumps and an occasional dead feline. Somewhat back from this river lie the mills, massive stone or brick buildings often occupying an entire block and shut off from the street by high walls, broken by an occasional door bearing the legend "Strictly no admittance. Main Entrance on K Street." A few big fellows - directors, managers and department heads—live back on the rise of low hills behind the town, but our business is not with them.

Toilburgh is small but industrially important, a key town in fact, and it contains industries conspicuous as extensive employers of women. These industries are big woolen and worsted and cotton-handkerchief mills. The census schedules of 1920 give this town a population of 63,000 souls. Of these, 10,000 are women breadwinners—not far from half the total adult woman population; 46 per cent, to be exact. Conceive now, with the aid of these few figures and facts, of the town of Toilburgh as a solid pyramid of souls. With a few smart fellows—precious few—away up at the peak and hanging on to that dizzy altitude with tooth and toe and claw, while down below at the broad and solid base swarm the little unskilled fellows right in the thick of the mêlée; and they, also, under close observation, are fiercely clawing their way toward the peak. They are pretty much of a muchness in this, the fellow on top and the fellow downstairs.

Married-Women Workers

Now split this solid pyramid of immortal souls from thin upper spire to solid base, so that we may get a cross section of the workers and see what they are up to, both above and below. For the purposes of this particular study I shall confine myself to the women. Roughly speaking, 10,000, or 46 per cent of the adult women of Toilburgh, are breadwinners. They work for money, and four-fifths earn it outside the home. One-half of these women are or have been married; nearly three-fourths of the married or once-married women breadwinners are mothers; and more than one-half of the mothers are working outside of the home. Of these mothers working thus outside the home, over one-half have children under five years of age. The woolen industries are the conspicuous employers of these older married mothers. These are the figures issued in 1922 by the United States Labor Department for the town of Toilburgh.

And where did they park their babies while they worked? Ask the young toughs and gunmen who infest our courts. Some of the mothers worked by day; a not inconsiderable number worked by night in mills, and did the housework and tended the children by day. A significant fact which challenges attention in glancing at this cross section of workers is that over one-fifth of these mothers worked at night, caring for the children in the intervals of indispensable rest snatched during the day. Sometimes they worked five nights in the mill, using the two other days to catch up—I use their own courageous phrase—on the housework. Sometimes they worked from six P. M. until two or three A. M., and were thus enabled to turn in for a cat nap before it was time to rise, cook breakfast, and get the children off to school. The cross section shows that over one-fifth of these breadwinning mothers, when they went to work, left their children virtually without care or oversight in the home.

"Who takes care of your children?" one of these mothers was asked.

"God, I suppose!" came the moody reply. But such an optimistic supposition is unwarranted by the facts.

And did these unskilled married women receive a living wage, of which we are hearing so much these days? A fat chance! The majority got what is called a family wage, or a supplementary wage—which means that when all the breadwinners in the family chip in and pool their gains the family just manages to stagger along. And it is on this low basis of the family wage that the weekly stipend of the raw unskilled married-woman worker is too often fixed. She thus becomes a scab in industry, cheapening the entire labor market, yet unable to help herself. It should be said in conclusion that in Toilburgh most of these unskilled breadwinning mothers were foreign, and a heavy proportion—90 per cent—were women whose husbands were also employed.

So much for the married-woman worker. What this entire business, boiled down, amounts to is this: These foreign-born married women arrive upon our shores, shackled body and soul by the age-old tradition which obtains among the European peasantry, not to mention the noble upper classes, of woman as a combination beast of burden and breeder of men. Arrived here, these married foreign women still carry on those lovely overseas ideals; they continue to bear children and to work their fingers to the bone.

Imported Old-World Traditions

In one woolen-mill town a superintendent told me it was no uncommon occurrence to find the wife and children at work in the mills while father loafed at home, rushed the growler at the nearest bootlegging barber shop, and when the noon whistle blew toddled forth with a pail of grub for the old woman and the kids. Here is the noble foreign ideal in its finest flowering. It was this essential difference in ideals between America and Europe which made the former ambassador to England, the late Walter Hines Page, exclaim in one of his letters: "I wouldn't give Long Island for the whole of this rotten, yellow-dog old continent of Europe! . . . Praise God for the Atlantic Ocean! It is the geographical foundation of our liberties."

And it is this rotten, yellow-dog Old-World tradition, foisted upon American industry, which accounts for the low status of a very large percentage of these foreign married-women workers. They're here; they can be exploited; they are. It goes without saying that a certain class of manufacturers would like to import more of this particular group of women. They're dirt-cheap; they slave for a pittance; and they have no labor ideals. But this is not true of their children. Not true of the American-born daughters of foreign parents. That's where tradition plays out!

And now let's take a squint at nationalities in this prosperous town of Toilburgh. Well, to begin with, it has a large foreign population. Of course it has! Like all other flourishing industrial towns. Listen to these impressive figures: More than 41 per cent of the entire population of Toilburgh, male and female, are foreign born. That does not include the children born here; those we style technically Americans. Thus the 41 per cent represent only those who were actually born in other lands. Among the 10,000 women breadwinners the percentage of foreign born is still larger—nearly 60 per cent. Few of these women have been in America less than five years; and two-thirds have been here over ten years. And yet 40 per cent of all these women cannot speak a word of English! In Toilburgh the Poles predominate, forming more than one-quarter of the entire 10,000 working women. Next come the Hungarians, about 10 per cent, and smaller groups of Italians, Russian Jews, Czecho-Slovakians and Austrians. As an interesting side light, a glance at these predominating nationalities reveals that none of them belongs to those Nordic race groups which are supposed to amalgamate most readily with American habits of thought, government and ideals.

Passing from nationality to occupation, let us take a glimpse at the cross section to see through what industries and occupations the total number of women breadwinners is distributed. As I said, Toilburgh is an important industrial center, a key town, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find over half—52 per cent—of the

Continued on Page 136

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(Continued from Page 134)

women breadwinners employed in the producing departments of its factories. That is to say, 52 per cent are factory hands. Office service claims the second largest group. Over 11 per cent of the women are employed as stenographers, typists, clerks, bookkeepers, and in other clerical jobs. These figures mean that in Toilburgh—which is but a symbol of all industrial towns—for every clerical job open to a woman there are five factory jobs. It means, moreover, that only the brightest, the girls with most character, stamina and brains, are going to make the grade and be able to hang on when a broad tidal wave of business depression sweeps the land.

Next, after the clerical workers, comes the managerial and professorial group of women breadwinners—5 per cent, in all. Small? Significantly so when we remember that it is the ultrafeminists of this small group who are trying to put over blanket legislation which will insure the well-being of that big 52 per cent of women who toil in factory and mill. In Toilburgh, out of that small 5 per cent, 3.7 per cent are school-teachers; 1 per cent are librarians, journalists, and so on; and only .2 per cent are business managers and executives. To this important side light on business I shall later return. It should be added, to complete the picture, that over 26 per cent of the women go out to domestic service or take in lodgers, and these round out the 100 per cent.

If I have lingered over the cross section of this typical industrial community, which may be duplicated in its salient aspects by thousands of others throughout the land, it is because it is only by putting such a cross section under the microscope and observing the actual throbbing facts as they live and move and have their being under our eye that we can achieve any kind of clear or valid notion of what our women breadwinners are doing, and what they—and the nation—are up against.

The Marginal Girls

With this brief survey, then, of the entire field of action, as it displays itself in a typical industrial town—with the factories nailing 52.4 per cent of our women workers and hollering for more, with the clerical occupations claiming a scant 11.4 per cent, while the high-priced managerial and executive positions require but a meager .2 per cent, it seems transparently clear that if a girl intends to climb up out of that great general ruck of the unskilled 52 per cent into the higher altitude where dwell the 11 per cent she must be able to meet competition. She must have something to sell, something beyond mere youth and physical fitness. She must possess at least a modicum of brains. She should have as a minimum the equivalent of a grammar-school education and be able to pass the modern mental tests with a grade of at least 60 per cent. These, it will be seen, are not excessively high hurdles, and yet hurdles they are, and they must be jumped. More and more, companies which are heavy employers of clerical workers are using these tests to shut out the stupid, the slow, the mentally untrained or unfit. They are bound to shut them out somehow, or be confronted with a labor-turnover problem with a consequent expenditure and lowering of morale of such appalling magnitude as would cause the embattled directors to emit a yell of pain that would pierce the highest heavens and startle bright old Sirius, the Dog Star, on his watch. The tests are fast becoming a modern necessity. And every day and in every way they are becoming more and more perfect.

On the upper or sunny side of this dead line which separates the office from the factory world you will find a great ruck of workers whom I am going to designate as the marginal girls. These have passed the tests and are in the clerical world—but they still remain precariously perched on its outer rim. In prosperous times they manage to hang on by the skin of their teeth, but at the slightest business flurry or panic they are the first ones to be laid off. They come shaking down like old leaves before the first stiff rattle of the blast. These fall into three groups—the mentally unfit, the slack, spineless ones, and the badly trained. Deprived of their positions they besiege the employment bureaus for new jobs.

"I want something in the office, please. Oh, anything clerical. . . . Factory? No, I shouldn't care for that. It'd be a step down. You see, I worked in a plant once, and it was kinda rough. The girls weren't refined. My mother wouldn't want me to take a place like that."

And so they return morning after morning, these poor little marginals; transitionals who are neither fish, flesh nor fowl; denizens neither of the industrial nor yet of the white-collar world.

The director of the employment bureau shakes her head. "Business is rather slack now," she reports. "That's why you've been laid off. No clerical work but how about a factory job? Plenty of those."

At first the girls refuse. They hate that first step down. Then if business tightens still harder until only the inner core of organizations are kept, back they inevitably slip into the factory world.

Often they are mental incapables. Sometimes, however, it happens that they are bright brainy girls, but undertrained. Six months of night study at a business college, slapped on top of—well, practically nothing at all, like D'Artagnan, who, when pickings were poor, wore his fighting rig over his bare skin or with just a dicky for show. These girls on the surface seem armed cap-a-pie to do warfare in the clerical world; but test them: they show neither accuracy nor speed.

Wanderlust Lizzies

"Look here," said the director to one of these girls who had failed lamentably in a speed test, "what you need is more training. You're smart enough, but you can't compete with those girls who are just as smart as you are, and well trained besides. Now I'm going to lay the cards face up on the table and show you what you're up against. There's always a surplus of office girls, even when business is good. They're a glut on the market. More girls than there are places to fill. So what happens? The high-grade, well-trained girls get the jobs, and the rest of them, the poorly trained ones like you ——"

"——get it in the neck. I know that," said the girl somberly. "That's where I've been getting it for the last coupla months. I guess I must have a kind of rubber neck, or there'd be crape on the door before now."

"Well," suggested the director, "this is my advice: You take a factory job. And then go to night school. For a whole year. Steady. That's rather tough, isn't it—to ask you to work all day and then to study every night?"

"It's what I done—did," she corrected herself, "before. But I had to break off."

"Well, this time you put it through. I'll find you an easy factory job that won't take too much out of you. And whenever you can pass these speed tests I'll guarantee to find you a good clerical position. Is it a bargain?"

The girl nodded her head. She had ambition, endurance, brains.

But some of these little marginals have none of these banner gifts of the gods. Some are near-morons. They've gone as high as their mental capabilities permit. Filing, addressing envelopes, checking up the pay roll is about their top pitch. Some of them, again, have brains, but lack stamina, character, drive. They don't care a fig if they're fired. In fact, they rather enjoy a run-in with the boss and breezing in and out of offices on the hunt for the elusive job. They are the Wanderlust Lizzies, the shifters. They are clever, but they have a roving foot.

But enough of these marginals. What about the well-trained young woman with plenty of brains and punch, who instead of falling below the requirements is actually too big for her place? For it must be admitted that the business world contains a great many blind-alley jobs, routine positions that lead nowhere either in advancement or in pay. For a bright ambitious girl to be pocketed in one of these cul-de-sacs is a real hardship. What can she do? Well, first off, she can use her tongue. If she is really top-hole on her job she might ask the head of her section to shift her elsewhere. This may or may not succeed. The odds are, it will not.

The boss higher up to whom she applies may have troubles of his own; he may be hard-boiled, embittered, have domestic troubles or unrealized ambitions of his own. He may say to her, as a manager said to me when I questioned him on this point: "Good Lord, no! If I should help one girl to find a better place I'd have all the rest of them down on me in no time to do the same for them. No, a girl's got to

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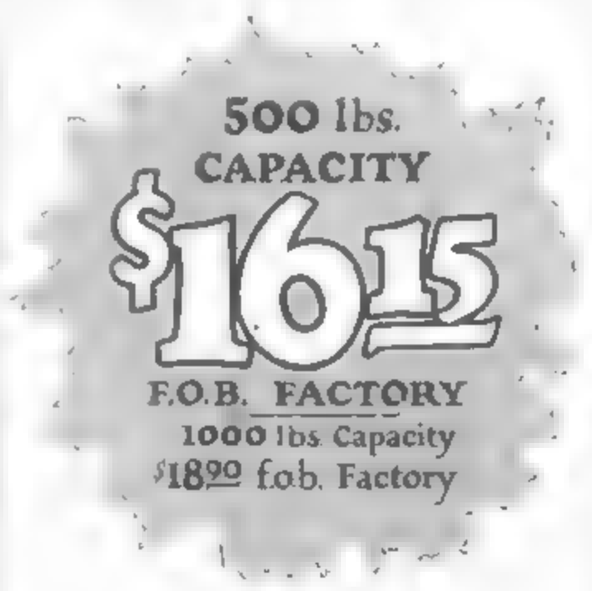

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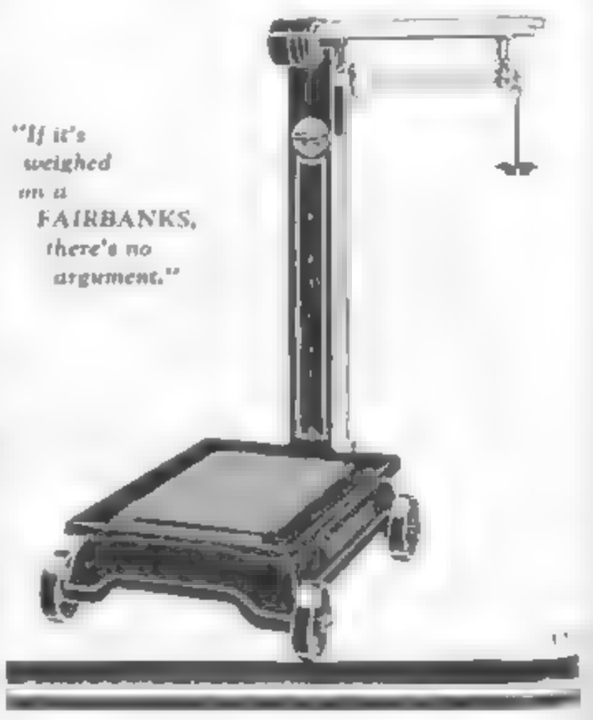

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paddle her own canoe. She might even be worth more to me on account of her superiority than some other girl in the same position, but if I raised her wages I'd be establishing a precedent; I'd have to pay that salary to all the others who came after her, who were only average girls. And the position itself may not be worth that to the firm. It's easier for her to leave.

"I wouldn't even tell that girl she was worth more to me on account of her superior intelligence. Why? Because the first thing she'd do would be to confide to her chum—of course under absolute oath of secrecy—that I considered her the brightest girl on the place but I didn't dare pay her more on account of the other girls; and then there'd be little red hell to pay. There's a lot of human nature in this world. The really superior girl who's pocketed herself in a picayune job must just jockey herself out as best she can. All business is pioneering, in a way; and if a woman has a pioneering spirit she'll chop her way out of a tight place. If she's placid and easy-going she's liable to stay stuck and grow dead from the neck up. It's all up to the individual, to her intelligence, enthusiasm, punch. They say the meek shall inherit the earth, and I believe it; for I've been watching these meek fellows, male and female, and I observe their faces are usually ground down to the earth they've inherited, stamped into the mire under the feet of some lively, hustling little go-getter who is making a bee line for something he sees off on the sky line that he's mentally nailed down for his own."

This is a hard doctrine—but life seems to bear it out. It's a case of to him that hath shall be given. It took considerable pioneering enterprise to settle this country, fight off the Indians, the British, the Spanish and the French, dodge the cyclones, and go into business on our own as an independent government instead of tailing along as the dumping ground of European criminals and blacklegs.

But even if a bright girl exhibits a pioneering punch and pluck, is that a sure guaranty that she will arrive at the top? Alas, it is not. It is only in fairy tales, Pollyanna best sellers and on the silver screen that virtue is infallibly rewarded with the victor's laurel crown. In real life the tune goes otherwise. The noble hero is laughing on the wrong side of his mouth more than half the time. Sometimes his mouth achieves a permanent twist thereby.

When Men and Women Compete

It must be admitted that in the modern industrial world as it is constituted today the percentage of women who have attained important executive or policy-forming positions is extremely small. In the typical industrial town mentioned above, the cross section of the women workers revealed that only .2 per cent were employed in managerial or executive jobs. Undoubtedly this is low, and the cross section of a great industrial city such as New York or Chicago would show a higher percentage. But not much. The people who organize the departments and keep them up to date, who improve machinery and create new designs, who extend the sales, the planners and the drivers of an organization—these key people are men. They are not women.

Why? There are half a dozen answers, with a drop of truth in them all. Partly, no doubt, because many women in the business world refuse to pay the price; they detest the daily treadmill of impersonal concentrated effort and the intense absorption required. They drop out or marry.

But that is not the complete picture. The fact is, the number of these high positions of power and responsibility is limited; for this limited number there are always numerous applicants, half a dozen men, perhaps one woman. And men, rightly or wrongly, fairly or unfairly, usually prefer to vote a member of their own sex into the coveted place. And what's more, they will probably continue these highly reprehensible—from a purely abstract-justice point of view—preferential practices until, in particular concrete cases, exceptionally able business women force them to mend their ways. That some women do possess keen business brains, and can lead as well as follow, has been proved up to the hilt by the innumerable cases in which, when suddenly thrust into power by the death of husband or male relative, they have managed great industrial enterprises with signal success.

There is no sex in business, just as there is no sex in politics or education or law or medicine or art or making a loaf of bread. But women will have to prove themselves in this field just as they did in higher education or in suffrage. Once more into the breach, dear friends! Eyes front! Banners up! "Ladies"—I quote from memory—"are you ready for the command to march? Hep! Hep! Hep! No, I didn't give the word to start! I just asked if you were ready. Back to your places, girls! Now, ladies, once again. Hep! Hep! Start off with your right foot first. Oh—is it your left foot? Very good. Start off with your left foot, ladies. And remember—no waving to your men friends on the sidelines. No, not one least little teeny-weeny wave. Again—are you ready, ladies? Ready there, all down the line? Fine! Eyes front! Banners up! Hep! Hep! Forward march!" That was good old suffrage. And we did it. We'll do it in business too.

In a certain big corporation in which they sell service of various kinds to business firms women are used to prepare the way for the sale and afterwards as followers up, but the sale itself is usually clinched by a man. In one particular case, upon her own demand, a woman was given an entire district to swing the whole thing by herself. In her second month she made such a high record that she outdistanced all the men. One of them asked her to dinner.

"You know," he began at once, "your record is so much higher than mine this month that I'm sore as a crab. I wouldn't mind so much being beat by a man. But a woman—gosh! That sticks in my craw."

"What could I do about it?" she asked me, relating the episode.

Trying to Fill Two Jobs

"Nothing. It wasn't your funeral. Though I think he showed sporting blood in having it out with you, instead of talking behind your back. Is he a poor salesman?"

"No—he's a crackajack. He has a line of selling talk that would coax the leaves off the trees. But he's up against a stiff proposition in his district." She tailed off into a technical explanation.

A certain amount of such antagonism is bound to exist wherever men—or men and women—compete in the same business field; where it cannot be avoided it simply must be endured.

"But women—and especially married women—should not be competing at all in these fields!" exploded the first vice president of a certain company to me. "A woman can't punch a time clock every day and still take care of her family obligations. It can't be done. And if she has children so much the worse all around. I may be old-fashioned ——"

"You are! Perfectly mid-Victorian."

"Well, thank God I am!"

It is at this juncture that the whole question of marriage and children comes up for judgment, and that it is a prickly one is evidenced by the fact that it still rages as the topic of burning discussions in even radical clubs, and with about an equal number of votes cast each way. There is this distinction, however—that the ones who haven't tried it affirm loudly you can; and the ones who have swear you can't!

But laying aside all such emotional controversy, let us look at the fact picture as it actually emerges in industrial life. Glancing once more at the cross section of the typical manufacturing town of Toilburgh, the figures show that almost three-quarters of the office employes and seven-tenths of all the saleswomen are under twenty-five years of age. Telephone girls are usually between sixteen and twenty-five. That is to say, the vast majority are in the premarital age.

Let me describe briefly how the cycle runs—the cycle of women's years as applied to industrial life. Let us divide the cycle into three segments. First of all, there is the premarital segment, up to twenty-five or thereabouts. By that time the girl has been in business, punching the aforementioned time clock with brutal regularity for four or five or six years. Her noble state of independence, practiced both early and late, in fair weather and foul, has begun to wither and stale. Likewise her latchkey, her shipshape little bachelor quarters of which she wrote home so proudly, and the electric grill. Oh, she can stand the gaff; of course she can; she's an A 1 little business lady, the pride of her boss—but so far as the romance of it is concerned, the bloom is off the peach, and the pristine perfection of that fruit is even badly blemished in spots.

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Then she marries. That checks her automatically out of Segment Number One and into Segment Number Two. She may decide to continue with her job. The majority don't; the minority do. Let's pass the minority for the moment and pass on to Segment Three. This is composed largely of mature women on the shady side of forty, single, divorced or married but with children grown up and out of the home. And it is this third group of women who seek and often find high places in the business world. They are through or beyond the child-rearing state. To say they should stick in their homes is absurd; they either have no homes to stick in or their children have flown out of the nest. And there is scarcely any kind of job on the face of this earth that these mature women are not successfully getting away with, for they have life experience, brains and poise. It is these two classes, the very young and the fully mature, who recruit a good four-fifths of the modern business women's world.

To return to the minority of young married women, who wish to have homes and husbands and children, and still hang on to their inalienable right to punch a time clock every day. There is no manner of doubt that such women have elected a tough job. For employers' time clocks and babies can never be made to agree; both are insistent and brutal in their demands; and the young wife who must oscillate between the two and satisfy both is like the victim whom the Indians used to tie between two wild mustangs and then start one north and the other south. Sisyphus, who was condemned in Hades to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone which regularly rolled back, has nothing on such a girl. Of course she can farm her babies out or have a nurse in; but this requires planning, perfect coördination of all the parts, irreproachable employers, irreproachable domestic service, irreproachable kids. But where will you find such impeccable perfection in an imperfect world? It blue-prints all right in theory, but it goes to smash in fact. The baby gets the croup or nurse is found dr—er—intoxicated, and the beautiful schedule is shot to pieces on the spot.

I don't say it can't be done. It can. It has been. It will be. But the young woman who attempts it should have a constitution of iron, a temper of gold, nerves of steel and of imagination not one scintilla.

A Cheerless Lookout

The case, of course, is quite different in certain of the professions and arts, or when a woman is in business with her husband or for herself and has no master to serve. There she has some leeway in the matter of hours, can stay at home when it is necessary, or concentrate her business appointments into certain set periods predetermined by herself. But such leeway does not obtain in most business offices in which women are employed. Women are expected to be on time, to be physically alive and alert, to perform their duties with concentrated attention and zest, and to be on hand eight or nine hours a day, six days in a week, and every week for fifty weeks in a year, and keep right on, year in and year out, so long as they hold down that job. Failure along any one of these lines soon shows up in their monthly ratings, and a continuous low rating means an eventual discharge. It's a cheerless lookout any way you turn the cards. I repeat, I don't say it can't be done. It can. It has been. It will be.

Upon this particular phase of the subject the business experience of a personnel manager of a company which employs over five thousand women in twenty-nine different clerical positions, with pay ranging from twelve dollars a week to five thousand a year, is interesting.

"It's something like this with us," he said. "We take the girls green and train them ourselves. We have our own standards, and we seem to get better results that way. They begin about seventeen, and work up. How fast they climb depends mainly on themselves. Each one of the twenty-nine positions has its minimum and its maximum wage; a girl works right through the successive grades of one job before she is promoted to something higher. About two hundred leave us each year between June and September to get married, and a few more string along throughout the year. Naturally, the higher jobs are won by older women. Most of the girls leave before they have climbed very high; the great majority marry and drop out."

The Bride in Business

"And do you have any set rule about letting the married ones return?"

"We have no set rules" he replied with a smile. "We decide each case on its individual merits. Some girls ask to stay on, and very often I consent. But this is what usually happens; I've watched it again and again. The girls get married, go on a week-end honeymoon, and return on the job. But presently they begin to slack. They think less and less of the work inside the office and more and more of their homes. Their work is ragged, their absences mount, their ratings drop. And when they drop too low we are forced to let them go. Talking does no good. I don't blame them. It's a conflict of interests. It's—life.

"Last winter my wife and I came into town for the winter months and took an apartment down on Ninth Street on the fringe of Greenwich Village. The house was full of brides. My wife named it the Bride House. All brides. Young brides. And of course grooms. From attic to basement that house fairly buzzed with brides. Four floors, two apartments to a floor. And they all worked. Brides and grooms, they were out of the house by eight o'clock each day, and came trooping back at night. Such wild jazz goings-on you never saw in your born days! Dancing. Phonographs. The young men pulled down, I should judge, around thirty-five dollars a week, the girls a trifle less. The apartments, non-housekeeping, with an electric grill hid in a bureau drawer, cost a hundred dollars a month. That meant more than a third of their joint salaries gone for rent alone. How could they do it?

"Mostly they dined out at some Italian joint. And not a child among the whole bunch! No family life. No children. Nothing. And that's the modern generation. My body and soul, what a life! What are we coming to?"

But I suspect that most of the lodgers in that Bride House are not permanent but transient guests. They come, they linger a few gay months, and they flit. And other brides take their place. So the place is always full. But not with the same brides! For some morning Nature, that gruff old cop, shakes the girl bride rudely and exclaims "Hey! Wake up there, you loafer!" And the next month, somewhat soberly, they seek out a cheap flat in the Bronx with a real kitchen and a nursery and a sand pile in the backyard.

Santa Catalina Mountains, Coronado National Forest, Arizona

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presents
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE"
A Symphony of Life in the High and Low Places

From the story by Curtis Benton
Directed by Edwin Carewe

THE divine gift of Music that brought glory to a little orphan girl—the wondrous power of Love and Goodness by which she transformed the world about her.

A romance weaving through scenes that hold you breathless—yet sparkling with humor. It checks the rising tears with laughter and leaves a glow in the heart.

THE spell of this picture is like the witching melody that little orphan Rose charmed from her violin Crowded with dramatic contrasts was the path by which Rose came from the asylum to reign as a queen in the palaces of luxury and to know her great love.

For Fate led her to dwell for a while like an angel of light in the shadows where "Bull" Morgan ruled an underworld of violence and evil

Till the spell of her music and her goodness wrought the miracle in the hardened lives about her, and Jimmy made a great sacrifice that her eyes might be blessed with sight.

Watch for Announcements of Following Theatres

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Allentown, Pa.	Colonial	Columbus, Ohio	Colonial	Jacksonville, Fla.	Arcade	New York City, N.Y.	Strand	St. Paul, Minn	Capitol
Baltimore, Md.	Revolt	Dayton, Ohio	Strand	Jersey City, N. J.	National	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Cataract	Salt Lake City, Utah	American
Bayonne, N. J.	Strand	Dallas, Texas	Melba	Kansas City, Kans.	Electric	Norfolk, Va.	Wells	San Antonio, Texas	Rialto
Billings, Mont.	Babcock	Denver, Colo.	America	Kansas City, Mo.	Newman	Oakland, Cal.	T & D	San Francisco, Calif.	Tivoli
Birmingham, Ala.	Trianon	Des Moines, Ia.	Des Moines	Knoxville, Tenn.	Riviera	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Empress	Savannah, Ga.	Odeon
Boston, Mass.	Olympia	Detroit, Mich	Capitol	Los Angeles, Cal	Kinema	Omaha, Nebr.	Strand	Schenectady, N.Y.	Strand
Buffalo, N.Y.	Olympic or Lafayette Sq.	Duluth, Minn.	New Garrick	Louisville, Ky.	Mary Anderson	Paterson, N. J.	Garden	Scranton, Pa.	Strand
Butte, Mont	Rialto	El Paso, Texas	Elliaray	Lynn, Mass.	Olympia	Peoria, Ill.	Regent	Seattle, Wash.	Coliseum
Canton, Ohio	Alhambra	Erie, Pa.	Strand	McKeesport, Pa.	Victor	Philadelphia, Pa	Madison	Sioux City, Ia.	Princess
Camden, N. J.	Lyric	Evansville, Ind.	Victory	Memphis, Tenn.	Majestic	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Stanley	Syracuse, N.Y.	Strand
Charlotte, N. C.	Broadway	Fall River, Mass.	Rialto	Milwaukee, Wisc.	Strand	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Grand Opera House	Tacoma, Wash.	Rialto
Chicago, Ill.	Chicago	Flint, Mich.	Regent	Minneapolis, Minn.	State	Portland, Ore.	Liberty	Trenton, N. J.	State St.
Chicago, Ill	Rivera	Fort Wayne, Ind	Orpheum	Nashville, Tenn.	Crescent	Providence, R.I.	Modern	Troy, N.Y.	Strand
Chicago, Ill.	Tivoli	Fort Worth, Texas	Egypt	Newark, N.J.	Branford	Providence, R.I.	Strand	Tulsa, Okla.	Strand
Cincinnati, Ohio	Walnut	Great Falls, Mont.	Liberty	New Bedford, Mass.	Olympia	Reading, Pa.	Capitol	Washington, D.C.	Metropolitan
		Harrisburg, Pa.	Colonial	New Haven, Conn.	Olympia	Richmond, Va.	Broadway	Wichita, Kansas	Palace
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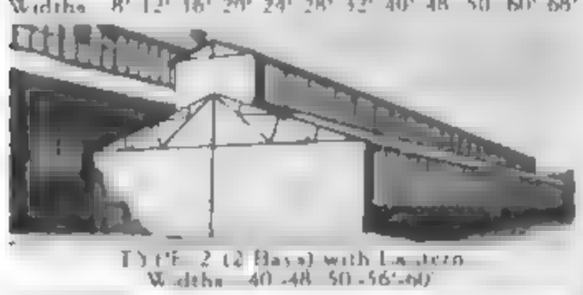
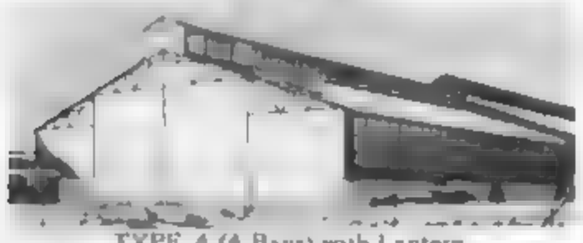
TYPE 1 (Clear Span)
Widths 8' 12' 16' 20' 24' 28' 32' 40' 48' 50' 60' 68'



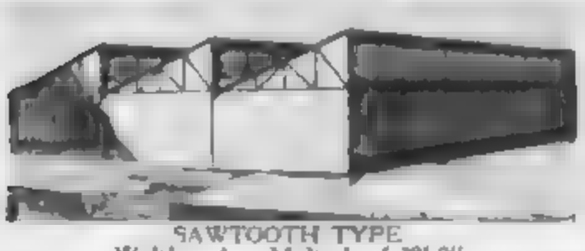
TYPE 2 (2 Bays) with Lantern
Widths 40'-48' 50'-56'-60'

TYPE 3 (3 Bays)
Widths 56' 60' 64' 68' 72' 76' 80' 84'-88' 96'-98' 106' 108' 116'



TYPE 4 (4 Bays) with Lantern
Widths 80'-100'-112' (4 Bays @ 20'-25' or 28')

TYPE 3M (Monitor)
Widths 60' 64'-68'-72' 76' 80' 84' 88' 90' 96' 98' 100' 106' 108' 116'



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THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

and Apaches were always at war, and the Utes, it was charged, were discreetly influenced for the worst by Mormons. The Jicarilla Apaches were gathered east of the Rio Grande; there were four thousand Apaches, of the Mimbre and Mogollone tribes, along the Gila, but the Mescaleros were more nomad. The Mohuache Utes were west of the border river; the Pueblos were eternally peaceful—at one time, when they seemed at the point of a culminating resentment, a decimating smallpox stopped all possibility of revolt; the Navajos were the most threatening to a white and commercial civilization. There were, in addition, the four tribes of the Pawnees: the Republics, the Loups, the Noisy Pawnees and the Ricaras, a distant connection. The tattooed Wacoes held to the Red River, the Comanches and Snakes occupied the head-waters of the Brazos and the Colorado; the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and Kiowas lingered by the lower Arkansas.

Satana, White Bear, was a Kiowa; he wore a major general's full uniform, given him by General Hancock; and he traveled in an ambulance with a team of mules. The floor of his lodge was carpeted, his dinner table was ornamented with patterns in brass tacks and dinner announced by a blast on a French horn. Satank, too, was a war chief of the Kiowas; he was a specialist in ingenious personal atrocities; and he was at once so cunning and savage that it became necessary to shoot him in the wagon that was to carry him into the exile of the Dry Tortugas. Big Tree was a third; but they were all inferior to Kicking Bird, who managed to fill the East with a sentimental interest in the purity of his motives and acts. However, he had a glimmering of intelligence, for he became convinced that a state of peace with Washington—where he had been on an impressive visit—was necessary to the mere survival of the nations of Indians; and he permitted Thomas Batty, a Quaker, to live and teach in his village; but later, when a chief named Lone Wolf settled an envious gaze on the Quaker's hair, Kicking Bird was forced to hurry Batty to Fort Sill. Finally, upon the banishments to far islands and sentences to Texas prisons, the Kiowas rebelled against the patience of Kicking Bird, and, after many efforts to murder him, he was poisoned by a Mexican cook.

Refinements of Torture

During the period of the Spanish risk—it became, actually, an Indian risk—Indians killed nearly three hundred white men, women and children, and wasted, burned and destroyed a million dollars in properties. They were, more than anything else, destructive; they loved excitement; and what they preferred above all was that running off the livestock of a caravan; then they could get some fresh meat and horses and fill the remaining horses and cattle with arrows, shoot them at point-blank range with old firelock fuses. The Jicarillas were drunken pottery turners; the Utes were the best armed of all the local tribes, they were superior in war and hunting. But their war-making was peculiar, and highly reasonable, in that they insisted on every circumstance favorable to themselves. Failing this they wouldn't fight! For attack they preferred the passage of the late moon; and it was their pleasure to happen on some detached woodchoppers, a lonely messenger or a small party of wagons in a narrow cañon. Occasions like those gave their sense of humor and ingenuity full play: if they were in a hurry the murdering would be swift, the scalps secured without ceremony; but when the situation was safe they lingered over preliminaries and refinements. It was their ambition to lay bare terror and uncover pain, and their inventive faculties were endless; there would be mere premonitory touches of steel and flame, little whisperings of torment, the feathery edge of agony, an eternity of hours before the blackened end.

The Indian regarded this as normal, an end to be avoided, of course, but, faced with the inevitable, they accepted it in the image of men of stone. The objections, the tenderness, of the white race, seemed to them wholly unreasonable; the cries and expostulations they must have regarded as no less comic than contemptible. Vanity, both in conduct and appearance, was the mark of a proper masculine carriage; the men rather than the women painted, they eradicated every hair from their beards and eyelashes and eyebrows, and, slitting their ears to hold pendants, hung beads to the weight of half a pound from each. For the rest they wore breech clouts, moccasins and leggins of strouding, and a rug; they wove their hair with gum and paint, trinkets and feathers; and, at war, coated their faces with charcoal. The bows they carried were three and four feet long, made of elastic wood, elks' horns, or, more infrequently, of buffalo ribs, but bone was inferior to the *bois d'arc* wrapped and lined with sinew. They carried, as well, lances, the inevitable scalping knives—in the Southwest there were no tomahawks—and shields of elk hide painted with the signs of the enemies they had killed.

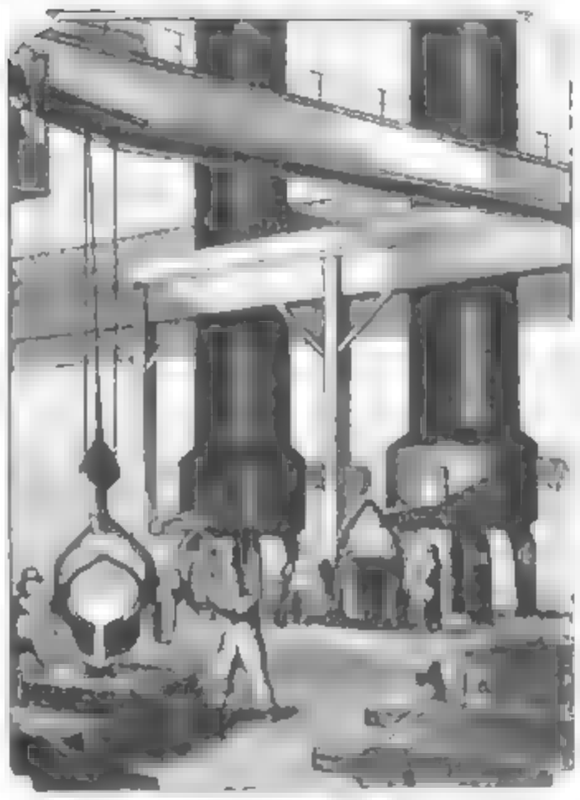
The Old Wagon Routes

At peace in their villages the shields, and sheafs of pipestems wrapped in red and blue cloths, were hung on tripods before the lodges of buffalo hide rubbed soft with the brains of that indispensable animal—a buffalo liver dipped in gall they considered the greatest of delicacies—and there, to a little drum and a squeaking pipe, they indulged in dances of a most humorous obscenity; there they were domestic. Solemnly they slapped their naked and solemn sons and bore with their daughters, and varied the smoking of their formal and informal pipes by the food with which they literally stuffed themselves. In their philosophy and existence, in their fate, there was no tomorrow.

These activities and pastimes of the Indian, Shos-shones and Brulés, Loups and Mohuaches, the traders into Santa Fé regarded as unnatural to the point of depravity; and the contentions between the caravans and raiding war parties in feathers grew to the dimensions of desperate battles where United States troops were engaged. Here the Indians were at a hopeless disadvantage, and tribe by tribe, notable chief after chief, came submissive to the stagnation of stated reservations: in 1860 the Apache reservation was surveyed on the upper Gila and soon after the Mescaleros were brought into the Bosque Redondo.

Beyond, the prairies reached to the piñons of the beginning mountains, a great land that all, once, belonged to the Shos-shones; the Bayou Salada was rich with game; the magical springs of the Fontaine qui Bouille were filled with votive bands of wampum and beads, red cloths and knives, the surrounding trees hung with offerings of moccasins and deerskins. The early caravans, before they turned to the plains and the Cimarron River, went a hundred miles farther along the Arkansas than those that followed; they passed the Willow Bar of the Cimarron and the Rabbit-Ear Mounds beyond; and, still a hundred and forty miles from Santa Fé, they were met by the customs' agents under military escort. There was an alternate branch by the north bank of the Arkansas to Bent's Fort, where it swung south across the Picketiwire River; beyond the Raton Mountains it entered the Dry Trail near Las Vegas, conquered the Glorietas and reached Santa Fé from the southeast. The later wagon trains drove up through the Raton Pass: at the top of Raton Peak they halted, looking out on the far valley of the Rio las Animas Perdidas, with the Spanish Mountains ahead and Pike's Peak a silver cone on the north sky.

The places of rest on that slow journey, before the wheat fields and corn of Santa Fé came into sight, were necessarily many and familiar: the Great Bend of the Arkansas and the Walnut Valley, Pawnee Rock and the high mesas of the Gallinas and Mora, the Little Arkansas and Cow Creek; the trout of the Rio Pecos, under the Glorieta Range, were famous; Choteau's Island was a miracle of deep green grass. In addition to these there were false ponds—a sparkling illusion of the prairies; there were visions and mirages, strange distortions, in the crystal clarity of the atmosphere; and men dying of thirst, baked with the sandy heat of the Llano Estacado, saw in the northwest the snow of the eastern Rocky Mountains.



Huge Tubes of Molten Iron!

They're Cupola Furnaces, to be found in all gray iron foundries. Tons of pig iron, scrap and coke are dumped in, about half-way up, then a terrific temperature is produced by air blast, after which the golden-like metal pours out at the bottom.

Cupolas have to be lined with fire brick. And my, how good that fire brick must be, to stand such wear and tear, such withering heat. Small wonder that so many foundries, all over the country, use nothing but famous LACLEDE Fire Brick.

Highest Quality for 79 Years

Good LACLEDE brand is particularly successful in withstanding the wear and tear of that three-foot belt known as the *melting zone*. Here it meets the very highest temperatures; meets the severe fluxing action of the molten iron; meets the "slam bang" of mechanical wear. And resists them all. Good, dependable LACLEDE Fire Brick!

Foundries also use LACLEDE Fire Clay, for laying up brick, for lining small ladles, and for mixing with the moulding sand. They line their large ladles with LACLEDE Fire Brick. In fact, whatever they need in Fire Clay products, they simply specify "LACLEDE," for they know such a practice results in maximum economy.

LACLEDE Fire Brick is also used extensively by Malleable Iron, Brass, Aluminum, Steel, Semi-Steel and Electric Steel Foundries. And in thousands of other industries, of every size and description, in fact, wherever fire brick is used, there you will find good old LACLEDE.

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For the most helpful letters describing your use of Sherwin-Williams Products.

The object of this contest is to get actual true stories that can be used in our advertisements to prove the beauty, economy, convenience, long life, or increased value resulting from the use of Sherwin-Williams paints, varnishes, stains, enamels, or other products.

Less credit will be given to the wording or literary style of the letters than to the information they contain. You must be able to prove the statements you make, and evidence in the form of photographs, dates, the names and addresses of people familiar with the facts on which the letters are based, etc., will be very helpful in winning these prizes.

Millions of home owners must realize the need for painting with "The Right Finish for Each Surface" because they have bought and used Sherwin-Williams Products. We, too, believe that Sherwin-Williams House Paint, for instance, covers more square feet per gallon, lasts longer, and is therefore more economical. We also believe that Mar-Not Floor Varnish is a superior product because it is made especially to be walked on, etc.

But in order to *prove* these things and more, we want your letters telling of your actual experiences so that we may have our own beliefs confirmed. You have probably used Sherwin-Williams Products. Write us your letter. Take your time. Gather your facts and evidence, and make your statements as carefully and exactly as if you were on the witness stand. This contest is limited to persons who have bought and used Sherwin-Williams Products prior to January 22, 1923.

The contest closes May 15th, 1923. Results will be published as soon as possible after the closing date. No letters or photographs will be returned. It is understood that all matter submitted in this contest becomes the property of the Sherwin-Williams Co. and may be used in advertising matter.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

The right finish for each surface

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Advertising Manager

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
601 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

Passenger coaches, elaborately painted and water-tight—to be turned, at need, into ferryboats—were sent over the Santa Fé Trail; they were guarded by eight men, armed to discharge a hundred and thirty-six shots without reloading; the coaches carried eleven passengers with forty pounds of luggage each, and the fare was two hundred and fifty dollars. This, in reality, marked the ending of another decade; it was a herald of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway; and the first sign of the passage I was to make, in luxurious security, from west to east. I had driven in an automobile over part of the Old Trail, between Albuquerque and Santa Fé, past Bernahillo, through the deep cut beyond Algodones, and up the difficult wall of La Bajada; and on the mesa, barren of everything but greasewood and the gray scrub of mesquite, the brittle blades of soap plant, I had a sudden impression of the bitter toil of those other passages with oxen in the 1830's.

There was a ruin, the faint trace, of an old station, with the circle of the corral still visible; from it, at the foot of a mountain, the mesa reached sear to the Rio Grande and to other mountains, colored a dry rose; but the horizon, there, was always mountainous, colored violet and dusty purple, pale blue or indigo, or white, flashing remotely with the morning. The evening settled bluely, the air grew cold under an emerald sky against which the distant ranges were dark before they vanished. The loneliness, the purity, were immeasurable. No conceivable human life, I thought, could ever settle there; the mesa would never become loud with mills or paved with cities; and for this I was glad. There was in the air, immaculate and thin, a quickness of the spirit safe from the fumes of vitiating developments. Once this region was a trial of fortitude and understanding and luck, it was a desert lying between vision and attainment; but that, now, was over; it had grown to be no more than an incident of travel, hardly more than a waste lying between the coasts of America.

A man of Pennsylvania, from the maple-shadowed ways of Carlisle, had projected the railroad of this notable improvement; Cyrus Holliday gave it his persistent support through a period when any conception of a generally extended system of railways was regarded as wholly fantastic. Holliday had removed to Lawrence, where he became part of a free-state Kansas, and assisted in fortifying the town. Later, moving west to what became Topeka, in 1855 he saw the Territorial Assembly charter five railroads. One, the St. Joseph and Topeka, like the early Atchison, was designed to run from the Missouri to the capital. He wrote the charter of the Atchison and Topeka in '59, and it was incorporated that year with a capital stock of a million and a half dollars.

Here I was returning to the beginning of my journey, to the early building of steam railways gathered in Kansas City; and I recalled how, at that place, where in effect the Santa Fé Trail began, my interest and imagination had turned to the older city in New Mexico. I had looked, in Kansas City, back into the past; and now, beside Santa Fé, I was gazing out of the past at the present, at, in a way, the future; the trail lying like an enchanted road between those two worlds, ruts in the sand or railed with steel, had not yet lost the power, the significance, of its charm.

The Picturesque Past

The first schedule of movement over the tracks of what grew into the Santa Fé lines was announced for a Monday in the June of 1869; the train ran from Topeka to Carbondale, seventeen miles, where it connected with stages for Burlingame and Emporia. By 1872 it had been constructed across Kansas; south of the Union Pacific line it captured the cattle shipments of the Panhandle; it was extended by the Pueblo and Arkansas Valley Railroad in 1875; four years later it drove through the summit of the Raton; and Wooten, who had digged the original toll road over which the Santa Fé Trail marched, worked in his old age with the graders of a new era.

A great deal of this invaded my thoughts in the ancient pueblo of Isleta, where, at any distance, the low dwellings of adobe could not be distinguished from the pale brown land out of which they had been built. The heat of the sun fell in a blinding and inescapable flood, but it was hotter in the contracted interiors. I spoke to an old Indian with his legs wrapped in white cloths, his wife had spread on the stone floor a number of loaves of bread ready for baking; small holy prints in vivid color were on the clay walls and beneath them were folded the rugs that made their bed. The priest of the pueblo, French and burdened with age—the Spaniards had long since disappeared—talked for a little in a room cooler than the rest. There was some mahogany furniture, Victorian in form, chairs with haircloth, an insecure dark wardrobe, and, again, sacred pictures. The open corridor on the succession of his rooms, its rafters and posts painted blue and hung with vines, echoed with the soft notes of pigeons and the flutter of their wings. The shadow cast on the plaza by the antiquity of the church façade seemed never to have moved.

Here, at least, there had been no change; the bullock carts, the ladders on walls without openings, the conical ovens, were prehistoric; and the somnolence of Isleta, as though time had passed it by, killed all activity and thought. It was, in reality, worse than the most destructive change; and I realized more clearly than ever before that the past belonged to the past; it was fortunate that what had gone could never again be exactly re-created. I had regretted the passage, the loss, of the Santa Fé caravans of 1830; they were more picturesque, finer in accomplishment and courage, than the limited trains annihilating time and space; but, while I might wish myself back in that gone day, it was folly trying to hold to the past, for where old forms lingered they assumed the stagnation, the death in life, of the pueblo.

The Need for Freedom

However, at the first I had looked for a survival of spirit rather than of body; but a national spirit couldn't survive in ignorance of what had given it being and what molded and influenced it. What, at last, I found was a break between what had gone and that which now existed: the men buried for a hundred years in the mesa, with rocks piled over them against the wolves, saw no more into the present than the living men of today penetrated to their own past. But this, too, I supposed, was healthy, or at least necessary, since the sheer business of living had grown so difficult. All schemes of improvement, of instruction, were helpless against the hidden tides that swept men and nations on and about. It was possible, but not probable, that America would come to an understanding of its fibre and strength before that strength and fibre were utterly destroyed; it might be that it would change its dominating restless vision in which cunning and possession had equal parts for the calmness and power of integrity; it might exchange a sham living, a mean partisan spirit, for actuality and a dignified national bearing. It wasn't necessary to conceive an America eternally at the head of the world, forever master; nations, like stars, had their courses. Spain had been as mighty as Rome; but the decline of the United States in a century was appallingly swift

That, in this inexcusably short space, it had declined I saw beyond question in the West, for in the West moments, unchanging scenes, of its vigorous greatness, still remained, such as the trace of the Santa Fé Trail, the leveled corral, between La Bajada and the Rio Grande. History, there, belonged to the land, the people were creations of the land, of those high plains and of no other; and the region of New Mexico, all its memories, were saturated with a unique and heroic tradition. It was not, in essence, a mercantile tradition, in spite of the fact that trade had moved the caravans; it was not avaricious, for the material rewards were not large; but it was always adventurous, simple and high-tempered.

It was all that and, in addition, America then was possessed by a passionate need for freedom—the families that moved in wagons out over the prairies were not primarily in search of riches, they were obscurely stirred by a need for a more open, a freer and better living; the men were in vigorous rebellion against any domination of their inherent principles; at the beginning they instinctively turned away from cities that were already like stocks upon their arms and legs. The young men deliberately preferred danger to

The freshness and charm of youth

What more engaging than women who, far into middle life, still retain the radiance, the freshness and the charm of their youth?

Why are such women the rare exception rather than the rule?

Simply because of the prevalence of wrong eating habits!

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Yeast Foam Tablets are whole, selected, dried yeast. Easy to take; they keep and they don't cause gas.

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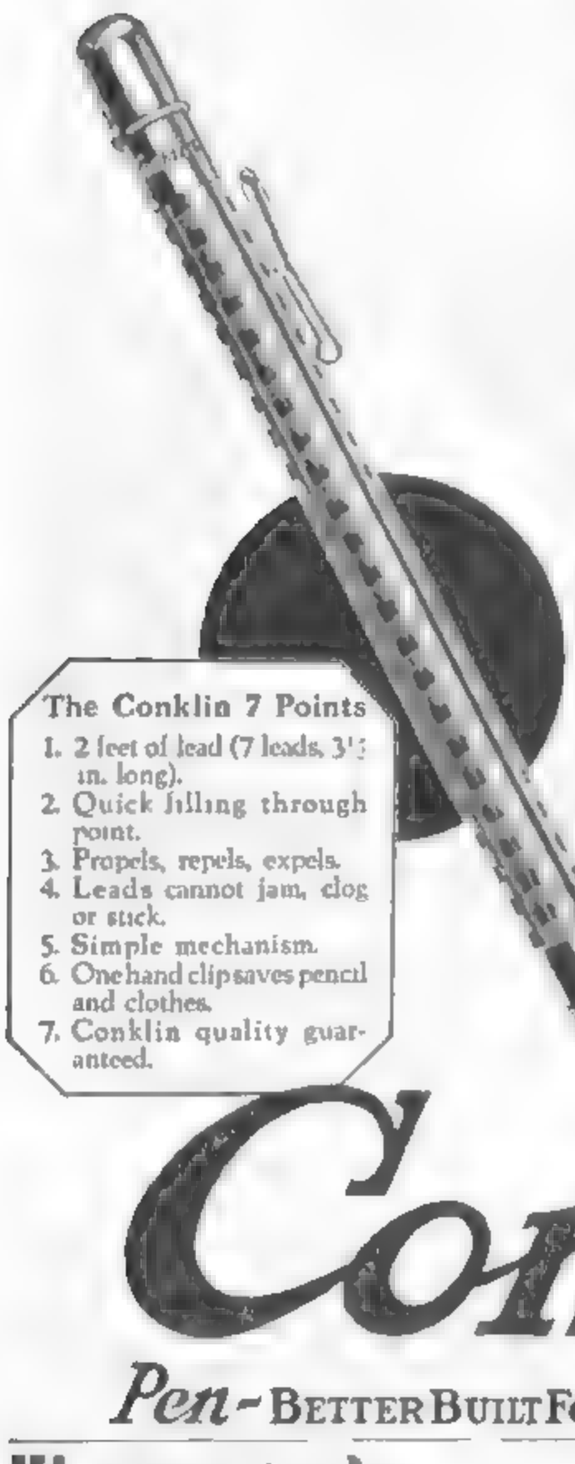

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1. 2 feet of lead (7 leads, 3½ in. long).
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Conklin

Pen—BETTER BUILT FOR BETTER WRITING—*Pencil*

Not Just Ink—

When you ask for just ink, that's just what you get. The man behind the counter takes down the nearest bottle. He wraps it up in nice blue paper and ties it with a pretty yellow string.

You've got your ink. Maybe it will clog your fountain pen, build on the nib and all come up when you blot it. But you asked for ink—just ink—and you got it.

Call for Carter's Fountain Pen Ink and you will get ink that is scientifically prepared for fountain pens—ink that has none of the ink-faults that you thought that all inks had. Carter's Inks are the result of sixty-four years of experience and effort.

Another thing—when you ask for just paste you're asking for trouble. Call for Cico—the perfect liquid paste that is always right, always ready, requires no water and sticks best when spread thin

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston Montreal
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Call for CARTER'S

Writing Fluid
Fountain Pen Ink
Cico Paste

Carbon Paper
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Stamp Pads

security, and when, in the Southwest, they were not standing their tour with the caravans they were raiding over the Texas border.

This, certainly, could not continue; it soon became neither possible nor desirable; and, for a little, the cowboy sustained an irresponsible courage and gayety of spirit. After that the sweeping change became evident and then overwhelming; settlers and farms appeared and villages grew into towns, towns into cities; men were less independent, less apt in emergency, yes, less honest. They were less honest because they had lost the ability to see their surrounding world as the setting for what they believed; they lost their individual belief in a servile copying of what other people thought.

For a while the individual commanded the mass, but in the end the mass swallowed the individual, and strongly held opinions, courageous acts, faded to a timid apprehension of what the rest of the community or country might feel.

Something of this decline, of course, was due to the magnitude, the almost instantaneous development, of the United States. Georgia had no time in which to grow familiar with California, New England had hardly outgrown its suspicion of Kentucky, when they were bound by an indivisible unity; at once, almost, the South fought the North, and the War of the Rebellion colored all the West. That was a difference of opinion born in animosity; when the war was over the animosity, generally, vanished; but with it, seemingly, went a great deal of the vigor—equally national on both sides—that sent men to death for an opinion.

It was better to have a war, I thought, even the horror of a fraternal combat, than to have no opinions more valuable than varying sums of money, no conviction more tyrannical than the safety of the skin. And, although I had begun with a contempt for the bigotry of Daniel Webster's attack upon the early West, now I regarded him with a warmth of admiration; for it occurred to me how, in a situation of any similarity, the politician of today would conduct himself: I could hear his smooth accents laboring to propitiate every influence that might be corrupted to his own account.

There were, however, no memories of nations, of factions or of men, in my mind as I sat on the rim of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. I was not far from El Tovar and the Bright Angel Trail, and I had no inclination to move, to explore beyond. On that bench I had already gone farther than the combined journeys of my life, and I was in clear sight of the unexplorable. The difficulty of a mental adjustment was so great that I had no ambition toward physical effort; and, where seeing was concerned, I was now gazing at infinitely more than I could ever realize. My thoughts, actually, were troubled with trivialities—the movement of passers-by, the old Mexican rugs, soft in color with vegetable dyes, for sale at my back, the faintly heard stamping of mules. My imagination swung into sheer space and retreated.

The Writing on the Cañon Walls

It was morning, clear, and the sunlight pouring through the chasm brought out great masses of red sandstone; their shadows and the strata of the farther wall were intensely blue; there were, in reality, only three colors evident, three colors but an infinity of shades—red, blue and, far below, slate green. The distances were so great, the atmosphere so enveloping in its harmony, that a wider variety was impossible.

Red and blue and slate green: a world of eroded red stone set with blue shadows on a foundation of gray-green rock; a world below the world created in an immutable sterile emptiness, made out of nothing that changed but only shifted its forms and light; nothing in it died or was born, or had ever lived—its elements were transformed always in their own images. It held no time, as time proceeded on the round layer of fertile earth above; a million years had passed and the stone was a little different, a new talus formed, the Colorado River deepened its channel; a million years passed and the talus was obliterated by freshets of rain, the Colorado River deepened its channel; million led back to million on million, and then there was no cañon at all, but only the illimitable carboniferous sea.

This was all plain, the sides of the cañon were written with it; immediately under me there was Kaibab limestone, eight hundred feet of it; under that were three hundred feet of gray cocomino sandstone; below were a thousand feet of supai red shales and sandstone; and again, still down, was the great red wall limestone, its blue surface washed with the ruddy stain from above.

Then, at what seemed to be the bottom, there was the Tonto shale—those lost slopes of flinty green; but that didn't reach the profound depth within depth where the Colorado swept; the Tonto shale was Cambrian, so old that it held the earliest of fossil traces of life, it was Devonian; and yet the dark granite below was measurelessly older, the Archæan granite was a part of the earth's first crust.

The emphasis on the massive red rocks and ridges of the supai stone moved with the moving day, the shadows, sharp in their blueness, shortened and swung, new peaks and promontories grew brilliant, mountains of garnet were lifted from cobalt space; a Tonto platform had the appearance of a little green cape thrown out as a momentary stay in a descent that had no stop, that went below all the courses of the stars for the reason that its end was emptiness; at the bottom there was but another flood, narrow and swift, cutting its way to the tranquillity of eventual stillness. The Colorado River, carrying in its torrent to the sea, more than three million tons of silt a year would at last become a watery plain; it would evaporate, go back into simpler elements. The earth, quieted of its fever, would finally grow cold.

Shifting Colors

The green of the Tonto platform seemed, in that disaster of space, to be fresh, restful and inviting, but it was nothing more than a false sage, it was only an illusion of security; at places there were mesquite cactus, Spanish bayonet and mescal—for what they were worth as a relief to the mind. And vertically at the platform the granite, patched with purple and glinting with mica, began, the granite that was the base of all the rest.

At the hour for lunch, obedient to the little habit elaborated from the mere necessity to remain alive, I went in to tables spread with white and set with silver and glass and china; women brought hot food on trays, and on the trays took away the emptied dishes. The men and women eating in satisfaction filled the dining room with the sound, the words, of their intentions and purposes, with the importance of what they were; they gathered on the porches after lunch and smoked, the wisps of smoke slipped from their lips and dissolved; and they regarded one another with disdain or curiosity or indifference. Then the stir of voices was silent, I was again at the brink of the immensity where the beginnings of life were but stone incrusted in stone.

The masses below glowed more brilliantly, the garnet in places was ruby, the Bright Angel shale rose; the blue was deeper and there were spaces of lavender, skies in reverse of lavender. The movement of the passers-by was constant, there were passages of feet, murmurs of voices, advancing and retreating, but the stamping of the mules had ceased. On a side track, I suddenly remembered, were the cars of the train on which I had come, by which I should go; but the name of my particular car evaded me. What was it? There wasn't a cloud in the zenith or on the horizon; at my feet pure color dropped into infinity; after the shelf before me the world, life, time, ended. On the left, where the wall turned, I could see the lichen and mosses, the embedded shells, of the Kaibab limestone; its whiteness bore yellow flints. That was hard, but the lower sandstones were soft, they were carved by rain and winds laden with sharp particles of sand.

I idly shoved a small stone over the edge, into the Cañon of the Colorado River, and it would have been the same, of no more importance, if I had fallen in place of the stone. The instant I left the rim I would be destroyed; it wouldn't be a death but an obliteration; I'd become nothingness.

The light shifted again, and what had been garnet and then ruby became garnet once more; far on either hand the lavender was purple, the peaks were pure purple, and the shadows had changed from cobalt to indigo. There was a hush in which it

(Continued on Page 145)

SERVING AMERICA

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from Hotel Sherman, Chicago

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Pea and Tomato Soup [Mongol], 15c
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Viko Coffee Pots [illegible] 3½ qt. capacity, $2.25 to $[illegible]

Viko Individual Teapot, 1 pint [illegible] $1

Viko Teapots, 1 [illegible] qt. capacity, $1.65 to $[illegible]

Viko Teapots, 2 and 3 qt. capacity, $2.25 and $2.[illegible]

That *Perky* Little Percolator

The little fellow down front. He holds two cups for you and a half for himself. Modestly he doesn't insist on the time-honored "one for the pot."

He's the Viko one-man pot—but he'll serve the mistress of the house with equal cheer. When coffee for one is the order of the breakfast table, whenever a fragrant cup—"Just one or I'd never get to sleep!"—is the one thing you want, ask him for it.

He belongs to a regular family of Viko percolators and coffee pots. There's a family of Viko teapot cousins, too. On the theory that the pot should fit the job; that it shouldn't be necessary in any household to brew good cheer for one in a wash boiler or for a family reunion in a pint cup.

Study the illustrations as evidence of the resourcefulness of Viko, The Popular Aluminum. The whole Viko line is like that—unusually complete; ready to co-operate by providing you with the very utensil that fits the task in hand.

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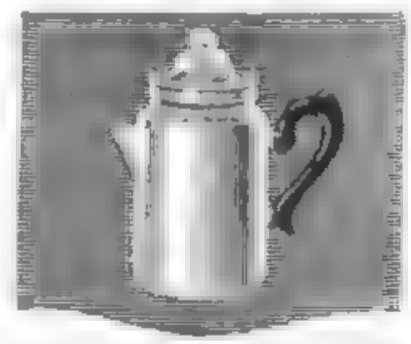
You will find Viko in the stores you like best. Merchants prefer to sell it because it is popularly priced and yet gives perfect satisfaction.

Viko Coffee Percolators, 1½, 2 and 3 qt. capacity, $1.80 to $2.70



Viko Coffee Percolators, 1½, 2 and 3 qt. capacity, $2.50 to $2.[illegible]

Dealers—Ask Your Jobber

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Makers of Everything in Aluminum

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

(Continued from Page 142)

seemed that I could almost hear the Colorado in its cold bed of gneiss, a river conquering even granite in its struggle toward a release from the fever of being.

It was dark when I left the Cañon of the Colorado, evening had merely stilled its color, drooping into its vastness with a melancholy tide that left nothing for contemplation; the cañon showed the infinity of its centuries. After that, little remained for me to see of the magnetic west. It was time for me to return. At Lamy I left on that train which carried me across Kansas: and, gazing over the fields, deep in grass, the streams reflecting a clear afterglow, it seemed to me that Kansas was held in a suspense which at any moment must be broken by the clamor of change. At first there had been no farming, but only woods and prairie; then lonely clearings with rude cabins, sod huts showing a glimmer of candles to the night of the plains; the open range had expanded and then contracted before the farms; and now the farms and the countryside were one. But the cities, too, had risen; they were originally no more than places of exchange, of administration, for the land, trading posts and government houses; but that, as well, grew different—the people of America became city dwellers, the tradition of the soil was taken captive by the consolidations of the cities. Farmers, the most inveterate individualists, were combining in industrial and political groups; any isolation was at an end.

Perhaps it was because my thoughts had a habit of turning into memories, but—for that reason or another—I was glad that, by inheritance and disposition, I had been able to gaze back, with a degree of understanding, into the past, the heroic age, of America. The truth, of course, was that, in an older day, I should have been supremely uncomfortable—it was one thing to recall with a glow at the heart the courage of early overland emigration, but quite another to labor in bottomless mud and hunger and thirst, and then, dragging through insuperable weariness, to be killed by Indians smeared more with filth than paint. I liked to think of the Bannock of the gamblers, but I shouldn't appreciate an existence where a depraved drunkenness might at any second shoot me with a derringer. I didn't, I was forced to admit, enjoy very high mountain passes with a civilized roadway; and the peaks and gorges Jedediah Smith conquered would have frozen me not with cold but horror

The flame had gone out in me, too; comfort and safety had taken away my powers of resistance and aggression and placed them in the departments of the municipality; I was a citizen of an organized society—with rights. That was inevitable, it was progress; at Isleta I had seen how hopeless was any opposition to change. As the community increased in power its human units declined; as civilization advanced the individual decreased in importance; the mass grew. Yet here there was a difficulty to be cleared away, for strong men were invaluable, able men were irreplaceable, still; and I wondered if that fact, as well, were doomed. Would life in the United States turn into an economic and political machine of an infinity of equal parts? I thought not, and a hope that this wouldn't come about was philanthropic, for there was no chance of its happening during my life. Men, fortunately, were still unreasonable and moved to death by dreams, youth had a bright thread of adventure yet in its fabric.

The Process of Civilization

It might be that even the opportunities for fine daring remained but that I was unable to distinguish them; however, they were decreasing; youth itself assured me of that. The old chances were rapidly going and—not only in Kansas but over the whole world—an era of uncertainty offered no new rewards. There was a great deal of golf, but no fresh fields of gold; there were scientific expeditions to tropical rivers and to the poles, but there was no township moving into the unknown with a banner proclaiming Oregon or the Grave; the unknown was vanishing. It was a pity but it couldn't be helped, the process of civilization couldn't be stayed. If land were more valuable for planting than grazing, then it would be planted, and good-by, good-by to the cowboy with his fantastic dress and humors; and if cities spread with their hordes over the country, then the planting would cease and stone streets pave the green and culverts hide the defiled streams from the late sunlight

Fortunately there was no need for me to make predictions, even a natural deduction or so was, properly, outside my purpose, which was that of record. I wanted to see the West and put down what it was in the terms of what it had been; others, then, might assert where, in their opinions, it was going. I had my convictions, of course; any effort to hide them was hopeless; but they were the feelings of my generation, no longer the youngest; they were the result of my experience, a condition with an incidental knowledge that could not be communicated.

It might easily be that my convictions were no more than prejudices. For example, I had no faith in the future of a country where the people were so inert that even the corrupt government they had was above their deserts. The people already were content to live in spite of the government, as Russia had done; they made what money they could, pursued what pleasures were open, outside of the national power they had founded. This inertness, as much as anything, was the result of ignorance, of ignorance in the native mind and indifference in the masses that, bringing with them and establishing traditions and languages of their own, were resettling America with Central Europe.

The America That Was

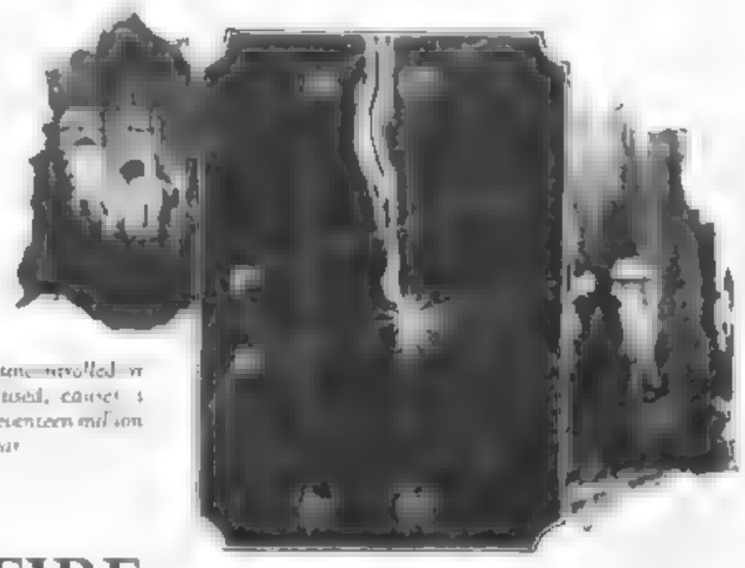
If they grew stronger than what they found they would replace it: America, and rightly, would be theirs; and they would practice on a new soil all the communal ideals which had possessed them to little purpose on the old. I was quite willing to admit that, even in thought, I should regret this; the West had shown me the America that was; and I should have liked it to succeed and flourish, its promise and greatness welded, where the world was concerned, into a perpetual West for whoever was one with its heritage.

In this connection I again recalled the early Eastern statesmen who bitterly fought any extension of their original states—it would end, they cried, by the destruction of America But what they failed to see was that the expansion must go on, and if it ended what they knew as the United States, then that federation must fail and be built again of other and more durable materials. All that might well come true, yet, I repeated, I shouldn't have to witness it—I could still find forests in Oregon, and the mesas of New Mexico would hold safely the wagon trails of the spirit I preferred.

Pennsylvania, in May, was even greener than Kansas; the peacefulness of the town, the summer, to which I came back was as unbroken as any on the loneliness of prairie. It was as tranquil but different, for in this vicinity there wasn't a rood without its grasses and flowering; the soil, that had been so long tilled, was still rich and dark. There were, everywhere, hills and little valleys, valleys no more than pastoral lanes between hills that were orchards; and their banks were blue with violets; the cherry blossoms had gone but the apple trees were rosy clouds; and there were buttercups across the meadows. After the Southwest the richness of Chester County was incredible; after the sterile bed of the Rio Grande the sodded edge of the Brandywine was like a bank of emeralds. The old low stone houses of the country, each in its grove of maples and attending dark plowed acres, had been once in the extreme West, they had been at the edge of the forest, the wild; they had been the new America.

Now, in the measure of their time, they were old; they bore the mellow tranquility of age—the floors of white oak were worn, the beams were powdery with dry rot, the first shingles had dropped away and the second were patched; only the stone walls hadn't changed. The stone walls, set in a mortar harder than cement, were solid, better than the masonry of yesterday; but the life they held was utterly different from the activity that had built them. Once that life had been supported by the fields, but now it supported the land, the ground had become merely decorative; the old Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouses were places of show and luxury and fashion. That had happened within a very few years—a decade ago they had been ignored for impressive dwellings in

A Minute of Prevention Might Save a Year of Reconstruction



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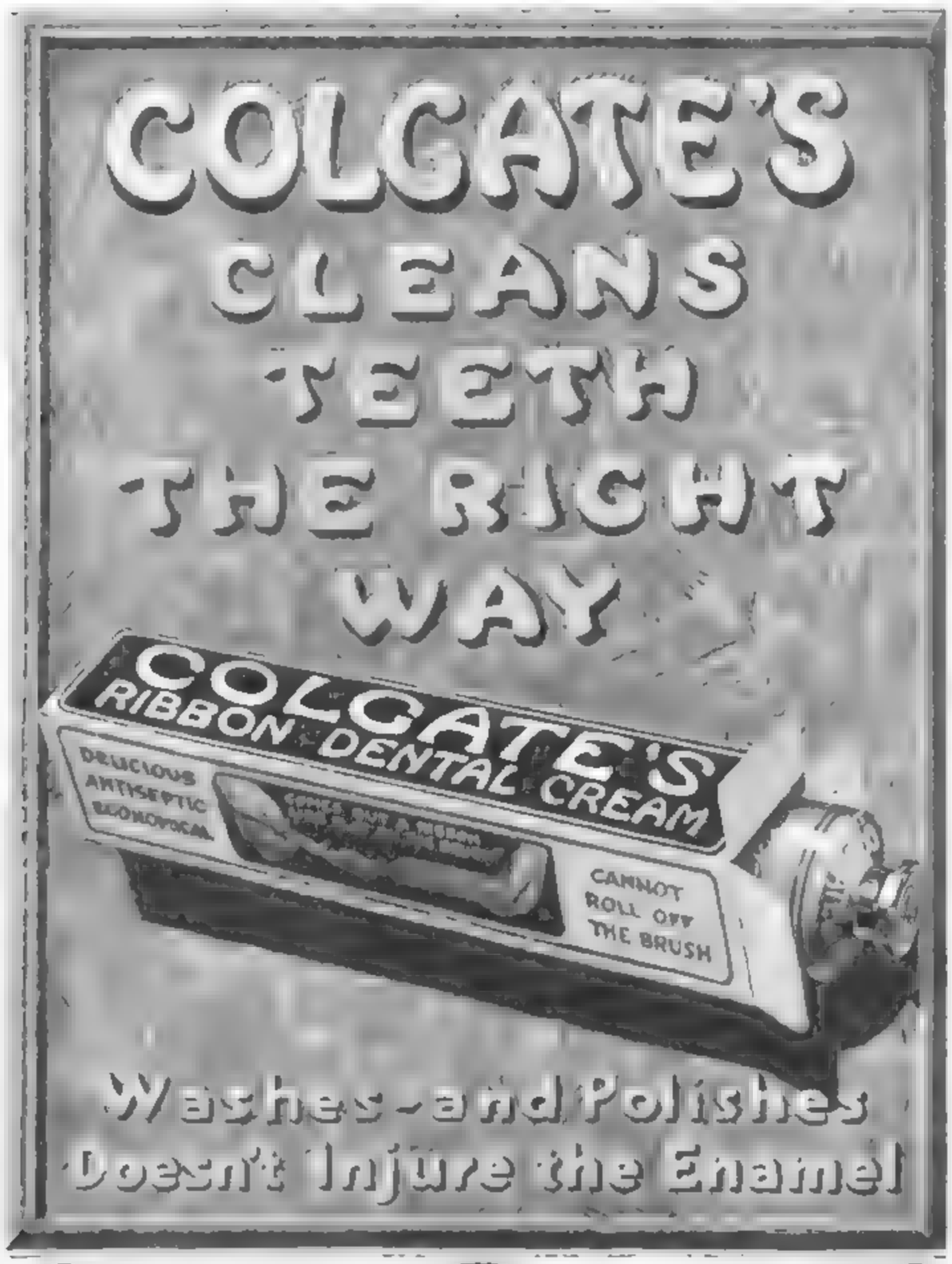

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fancy stones and slates and stained glass, the approved furnishings were in a Victorian interpretation of Arabian taste

That abruptly changed, and whatever was colonial acquired an extravagant value; the colored stone courses were pulled down, the slates broken, and the leaded frames of ruby and orange and vitreous green glass discarded. Pent roofs over windows with many lights, hand-drawn cypress shingles and field stone were ruthlessly restored; and hedges of box and lilacs were planted where the circular beds of cannas had been cut. It was a return to as many of the aspects, as much of the simplicity, of the past as was possible. Just as the landmarks, the walls, of that early time were falling forever they were caught and braced and cherished. The old hickory chairs were saved from broken oblivion, their honey-colored wood freed from paint; walnut chests on chests were recovered; gate-legged tables were scraped and fabulously sold; silver and copper luster china, primitive pitchers and Philadelphia pewter from early kitchen cabinets became extravagant to possess. The kitchen cabinets were moved into reception rooms.

This was at once the mark of a quickened appreciation of what the past had been no such furniture was manufactured now—and a sign that the present was inadequate to its own needs. America, in short, was being collected; that America was over, the simplicity and integrity were gone, they couldn't be secured by money; but the beauty of its common objects might be preserved. The first native life was done. the West, William Penn's paternal colony, had become the East—beyond the Alleghanies was nothing now, the Rocky Mountains, the Shining Mountains, were hardly more. In a little, I reflected, the last West would have vanished except where it was gathered in rooms and museums or recorded in books.

This must happen because while objects, chairs and bridles with silver conches, stagecoaches and flint glass, remained, the westward movement was checked; there was no longer a fabulous golden Chersonese, the Cipango of the ancients, to take ravaging the imagination; it wasn't possible, as it had been granted to Fernam Tellez, to give an adventurer all the islands he might find but those in the Sea of Guinea. The important thing—but no longer for me—was what would take the place of all that was lost, what would the next America be?

There was so much, even a swift ruin, that might happen to it; but it was my special weakness to hope that a fresh expression, a continuation, of the past would be accomplished. I hated to see so much that was splendid willfully or ignorantly discarded. The truth was that I had no welcome for a new America totally at the expense of the old. I wanted it, yes, for myself, to grow from its first rude unlettered bravery into a strong aristocracy; I didn't in the least object to attacks, to charges of injustice, from some quarters; I wanted it to get old with beauty and dignity and power, and then join Greece and Spain and Carthage

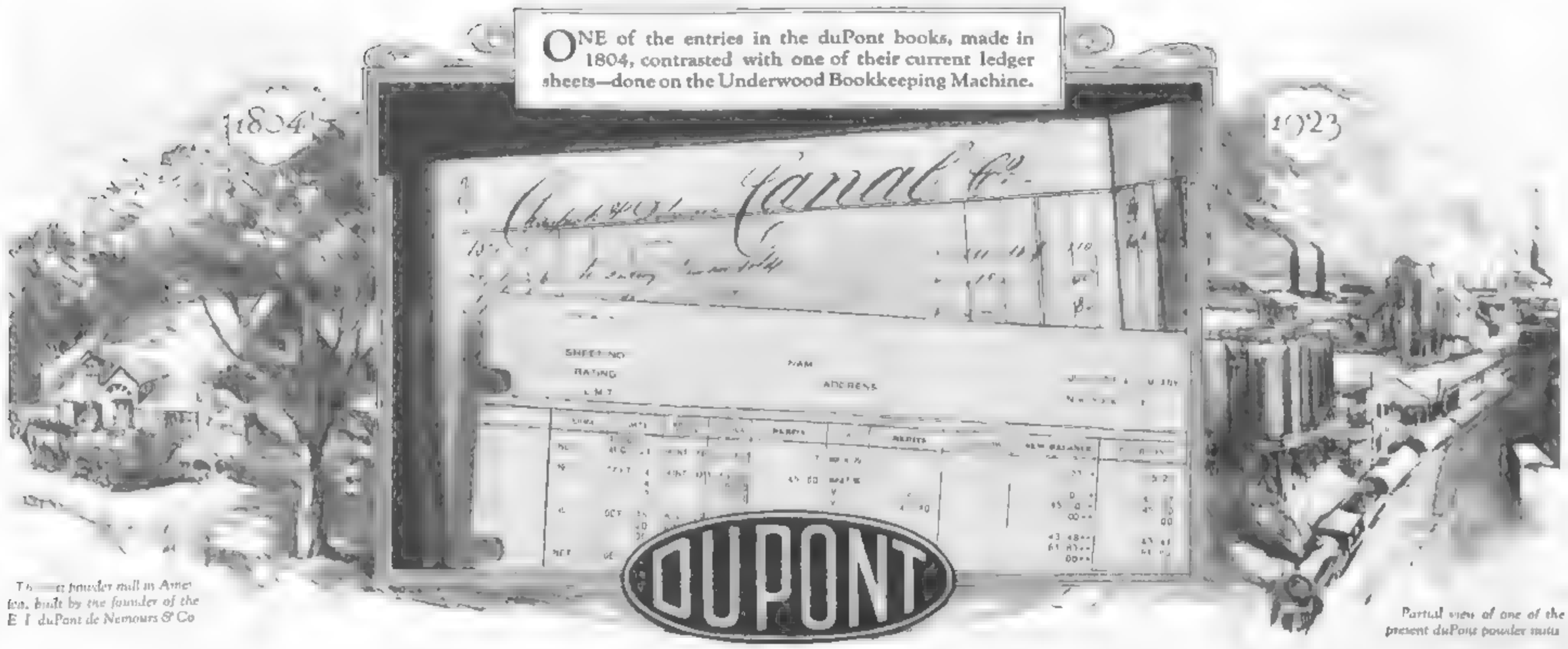
I was I began to suspect, a Federalist a political party wholly vanished from the United States. It was a fact that I lived in an old house, among old things; and that was why I went West—not to find the new but to recapture traces of what so signally had been. Yes, I went to Missouri and Oregon and New Mexico for the past; in less than a hundred years that amazing reversal had been brought about. Time went so quickly. But in the West I had found a present still linked with its beginning, older men valid yet, and the forests of Humboldt County; the mountains hadn't been leveled, nor their snows dimmed. No money was to be made by that! Happily I had gone just before it was too late; twenty years ago I should have seen infinitely more, in twenty years what I had experienced would be an impossibility; improvement was relentless.

The summer succeeded May, and the greenery increased in richness, early apples took the place of the cloudy blossom, crystal showers approached and departed at dawn and thunderstorms darkened the afternoons; and then, in a flash, it seemed, the sumach leaves were scarlet and fall had come; I was finished with what record I could make of the West. That was the only part I could play in it, for I had lost the actuality, the romance, of its vitality; I no longer had the vision it required, the endurance and skill of body, the metal of soul.

I had found too much ready, easy and protected; for too long I had been ignorant; all that I could manage was to stand on a high place of recognition and gaze over the prairie and across the passes, west and north and south, and wish vainly that those men and days would again bring back what they beautifully held.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Hergesheimer.

Looking North Up the Mississippi at Dubuque, Iowa


ONE of the entries in the duPont books, made in 1804, contrasted with one of their current ledger sheets—done on the Underwood Bookkeeping Machine.
1804
1923
DUPONT
The first powder mill in America, built by the founder of the E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co
Partial view of one of the present duPont powder mills

is no longer under "the Shadow of the Pen"

IN 1802, E. I. duPont de Nemours & Company opened their first ledger. One of its pages is pictured above. It records a sale of powder in 1804 for blasting a canal—long before railroads were dreamed of.

In 1917, duPont's Accounts Receivable were taken out of "the Shadow of the Pen" by the installation of the Underwood Bookkeeping Machine.

Today, fifteen machines are in operation; approximately 1,500,000 postings are made on them annually.

In spite of the huge volume and diversified nature of the duPont business, the month's accounting is completed within 24 hours after receipt of the final invoices from the branch offices.

Recently, the balances for Accounts Receivable ledgers (33 controls, comprising approximately 80 ledgers) were secured in two hours and ten minutes' actual time.

There were approximately 45,000 postings made in the month on about 30,000 active accounts, in ledgers, and the same number on statements.

Keeping books on Underwood Bookkeeping Machines enables E. I. duPont de Nemours & Company to:

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2. Prove that all items are accounted for, and that none are omitted from either ledgers or statements.
3. Prove that old balances are properly picked up on both ledgers and statements, and that new balances are correctly computed.
4. Prove that debit items are entered in debit columns and credit items in credit columns.
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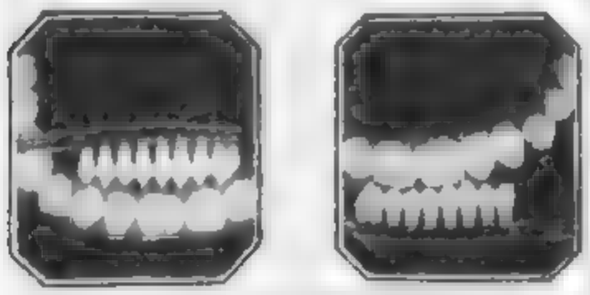

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STEVE TOKACZ

(Continued from Page 6)

Montenegrins and Czechs, who are keen and quick, on through the Serbs, Slovenes, Croats, clean to the Ruthenians and Galicians. The Tartar-Slav Bulgars seem to have nothing left of the old Asiatic fire such as the Magyars possess. And the Russian Slavs—the Letts, Lithuanians and the like—most nearly resemble the neighboring Galicians and Ruthenians of Hungary, most cloddish of them all. Poles are difficult to classify. I have seen more different kinds of Polish labor gangs than of any other distinct race, ranging from splendid to absolutely worthless.

If there is personal bias in this estimate of the value of the Austro-Hungarian as a pick-and-shovel man it is a bias built upon the personal experience of years in steel plants and construction jobs, and upon contact with hundreds of other men who have done much work with foreign labor. There is no bias due to ancestry. Such names as Day, Allan and Kutz add their Nordic elements to our distinct Scotch patronymic.

One mighty good way to get an idea as to what kind of immigrants we need most is to take a look at the kind we don't want.

Men Who Like Rough Work

Right off the bat we're going to lay ourselves open to a sweet beating by saying that it's not citizens we're after. There are enough Americans in America right now to replenish and subdue this country by the mere mathematics of birth rate, provided that the present and coming generations of Americans would do the pick-and-shovel work. But we won't. Therefore what we want, primarily, is not future citizens. We can produce all the American citizens we need ourselves—100 per cent stuff, at that. What we need is pick-and-shovel men. Hewers of wood and drawers of water, I think is the classical stuff: muckers, in practical words; diggers, shovelers, lifters, luggers, pushers, grunters. What we want foreigners over here for is to do the dirty, back-breaking work. Why not talk plain English? We won't do this work ourselves. So why bring in the class of people to do this kind of work who do not want to do it; who are planning to drop pick and shovel while on the way over; who put down pick and shovel as soon as may be, adding at once to the population which must have more pick-and-shovel men to do their hard work for them?

There was a time when this country needed citizens as much as it needed pick-and-shovel men; a time when its citizens were largely pick-and-shovel men. But the day for the need of importing citizens is past. The day when any move that tends toward increasing our need for immigrants is past, for the day when we shall be facing the matter of overpopulation with serious thought is not far distant. Our present birth rate is not far from twice our death rate. At this speed we should double our population in eighty-some years, without the aid of immigration, and without the aid of increased quotas from those countries whose immigrants are of such fine type that they demand more immigrants to do their hard work.

Little doubt in our American minds, which are Nordic minds, that the Nordic peoples are the steady, decent, strong folks of the earth, or that they are the finest raw material for American citizenship. But are they the best people for our pick-and-shovel work? And which do we need, citizens or laborers?

The man with needs for rough labor will not, you may feel pretty sure, go in ecstasies over the thought of having his hunkies taken away from him and Nordic people supplied in their stead. Long experience has taught him that the best pick-and-shovel man is the one who lands in this country with a great yearning in his heart to grab hold of a pick and shovel and bite his initials in the handle of each in capital letters, mighty thankful for the chance to swing these wealth producers on the right side of the ocean.

Among other folks that the labor man has no great longing to see on his job are the temperamental races. Temperament and the pick and shovel do not blend artistically. The less temperamental a man is the better dirt slinger he makes. Also, the man who has to get rough work done can see no need for the merchant races. He's after the wealth producers, not the wealth venders; and he thinks that the needs of his country do not include the banana seller, the shoe polisher and hat cleaner, nor the temptation sundae dispenser who dispenses seven days per week.

The labor man also thinks that the country can produce its own sweatshop workers If it can't, the country probably can, without much loss of sleep, see its sweatshops disappear. We are well stocked, thank you, with such races as seem to gravitate naturally to our great cities. There isn't much pick-and-shovel work to be done in the slums, and we have an elegant plenty of Black-Handers and gunmen. The Oriental rug-and-shawl bazaars seem well enough manned, and our rough-labor needs do not call for a full quota of immigrants from such countries as countenance plurality of wives. Lord knows, we have enough plurality of wives now, if the news headings are to be believed. Man may be a polygamous animal; but we belong to those races which believe that if God made him so it was to give him something to fight, not to countenance.

By this time you have perhaps said to yourself "What these labor men want is a lot of coolies." No, I don't believe they do, although it has been suggested that coolies be imported, tagged, allowed to work here for a few years and then deported again. The coolie is, we understand, one thundering good pick-and-shovel man, and the scheme is worth at least a thought. But I believe all thinking labor men will reject it in the end.

Neither do the men who need laborers have any great desire for Professor Russum to set up a plant here for manufacturing his Universal Robots. The labor handler knows better than anyone else that the backbone of this nation is in its working people. The labor handler knows that the great men of a country come from the ranks that know adversity and back-breaking toil, from the people who have the immense advantage of having to fight their way out of these things to better things. But Asiatics cannot fight their way out of these ranks to citizenship, because we are not yet ready to have them do it. Look at California, who will not do her own hard work. Very simply, Asiatics will not do, because at this time, in spite of our high respect for Japan and our growing love for China and the square gentlemen who, we are coming to learn, abound in the republic now struggling into being, we are not yet ready to intermarry with Asiatics; and in this our feeling is not that of superiority but of difference.

What the Labor Handler Wants

In order that strong men may spring up amongst us there must be possibilities of citizenship in those who do our rough work for us. And now you say Nordics. All right; for agriculture and semiskilled labor and skilled labor, if needed; but not for rough labor, which is the great need. There are possibilities for citizenship in the Austro-Hungarian. The best of these peoples are often splendid, rugged stuff. Hundreds and thousands of these chaps the writer has handled and found among them many, many square-shooting, honest, decent men. As great a proportion of them will give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar as among American workmen. Bohemians, Montenegrins, Austrians, Serbs, Magyars—the kitchens of their women are often as clean as your own, maybe cleaner; and their men will stay with a pick and shovel till the cows come home. Also, they are not void of ambition; but the point is this: That we get them while they are still dyed-in-the-wool pick-and-shovel men, and not just when they are ready to graduate out of that class.

The hunky has a pretty tough rep, but like the English bulldog, which is perhaps the sweetest and most unoffending of all breeds, he is a much maligned creature. Take it from one who has been in contact with him for many years; or if the testimony of one will not suffice, ask many; but be sure to ask the man who works with them, who has actually handled them and who knows them. You will be told that in the great percentage of instances they are a fair-and-square, quiet, steady-gaited bunch who respond like animals, sullen and resentful and sometimes treacherous

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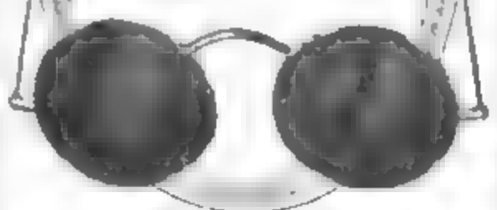

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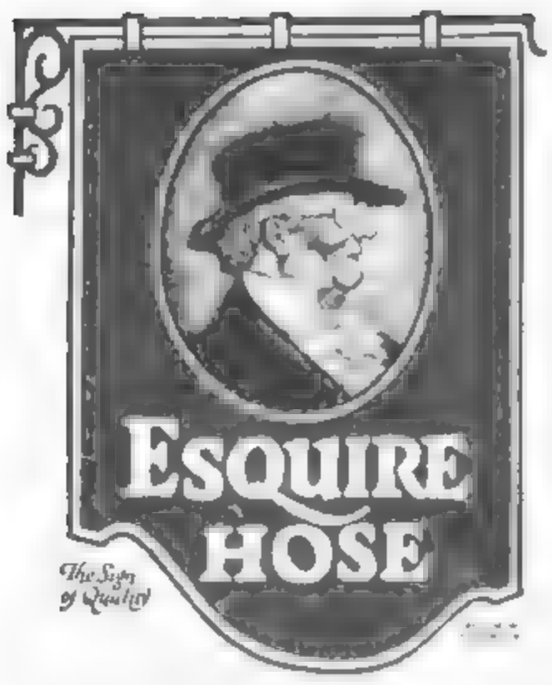

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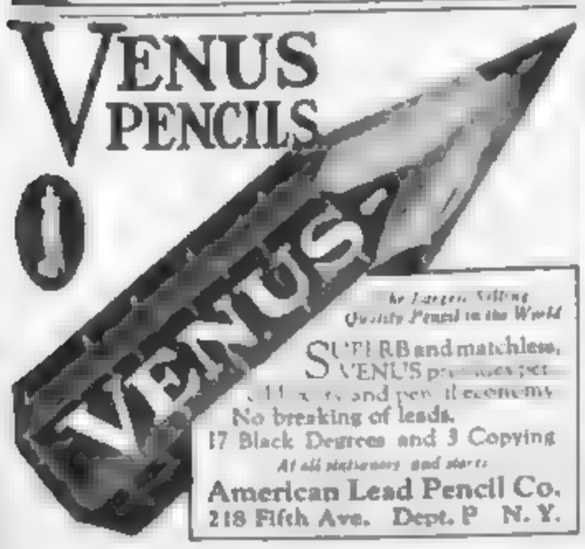

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when treated like animals, but who respond like men when treated like men, and the writer, who has handled a few Spanish, many blacks and thousands of Italians, Slavs, Bulgars, Rumanians, Austrians and Magyars, has come to the conclusion that this is pretty true of humans in general.

Moderation, then, is what the labor handler suggests; not only in immigration but in the control of it. No sane labor man but knows that immigration bars must never be opened so carelessly as heretofore. No sane labor man but would be glad to have some plan of intelligent selection put into effect to guard America from the undesirables. But there is a whale of a lot of pick-and-shovel work to be done, and he wants Steve Tokacz to do it for him. Carl Carlson makes a peach of a steel erector. His folks were sailors, and he can shin up a column like a monkey and can tie more different knots in a rope than America will ever have need of. But he's a tramp with a pick and shovel. Gwylm Powys is also a molder from his heels up. And George Scarth can throw fire bricks into a furnace lining in great shape. Angus MacLaurie is a bear cat at growing mutton, and any Nordic farmer who can be pried away from his own soil would be an asset to us. But Steve Tokacz can give them all lessons at picking and shoveling; and what is the meat of the nut, Steve is dog-gone glad to do it. No doubt about it, Heinie Holtzenbein is a fine rough carpenter. Dozens of him have knocked together concrete forms without number for the writer in the past. But several years ago he said "Never again!" Of all the pig-headed, stubborn, disturbance-breeding, thick skulls in the world, Heinie is king.

Of course, at that time Heinie was at his worst. Heinie at his best is a mighty fine fellow. But it is up to Heinie to prove to the world that he can get back to his best again. It's going to prove a long tough pull for Heinie, but a lot of us think that it's strictly up to him. A lot of us are still poor enough statesmen and political economists to think that since Heinie got into this hole all by himself, and came mighty near pulling us all down into a similar hole, he ought to be made to pull out of it by himself, without any help; and this is not revengeful talk either. No one would be quicker than the average American would to stick out a hand to Heinie and say "That's what I call a man," and forget bygones, if he was man enough to make good after the terrible mess he made.

Less Speed, More National Wealth

But it wouldn't be good for Heinie's soul for the progress back into prosperity to be made easy. If it took centuries of travail and suffering to bring back the Germany we once respected and loved it would be better than to restore in a few years the Germany we hated. Better for the world to have the Germany we now pity. At any rate, from the labor handler's standpoint, a flood of German labor into this country is not a thing to be considered for a hundredth part of a second. If they would not be a mass of disturbance-breeding, trouble-making, pick-and-shovel-despising, un-American ferment, then let them prove it some place other than here.

No thinking man can blink the matter of overpopulation. Of course, the very first recorded word of God to man was the order to increase, multiply, replenish and subdue. Triple insistence on numbers to bring about subdual; as though overpopulation were the urge to the progress of the race; as though surplus of peoples were the mother of the wonderful inventions to come that will meet the demands of a crowded world. Perhaps only when man faces the necessity will he invent the way by which he will reach the new frontiers of space. But at present the matter of overpopulation has mothered principally the invention of many engines of destruction, such as those Europe has turned upon herself, insisting that we join her in the merriment. A sorry way to meet the problems of overpopulation. And however desirable it may be to see the race of humans send their surplus hordes swarming from outer darkness down upon Mars as the Tartars swarmed out of the darkness of Turan down upon Europe, still America might be excused for hesitating to hurry this great hegira by any other means than her own birth rate. Therefore Steve Tokacz

After all, there can be no really intelligent and sensible way of regulating immigration until there is instituted some method by which each community—and so by totaling, each state—can give to some central body its immigrant needs, say a year ahead. In this way only can we find out with fair accuracy what we need and want from foreign countries, both as to numbers and kind, and what they are wanted for.

The swift development of this magnificent America of ours was the fundamental thing back of the great rush of immigrants to us in the past. But along with the development there was much exploiting, and there still is. Some sort of a check on what foreign labor is wanted for will give a check also on those great enterprises which are undertaken for the sole object of increasing personal wealth at the expense of the common wealth. Any move that will tend to slow up the exploitation of the country's riches will lessen our need of immigrants and will be a mighty good thing in itself.

Construction Camps in the Old Days

Even in the essential labor tasks that are now just ahead of us, the need for the slap-dash and hellity-split methods which we are so proud of as an American characteristic does not seem apparent. This business of get-it-done-quick-and-to-hell-with-the-cost has been overworked. It has wasted more magnificent national wealth than can ever be calculated. Of course it is impossible to vision the great labor tasks that are ahead of us as a nation. No man can dream what jobs are approaching us just over the horizon. But with the great jobs that we now can see, which are highways, and hydraulics for flood control, irrigation and power, there is no reason why we cannot move with enough deliberation to avoid economic blunders, and to avoid the necessity for a great horde of aliens to get the work done for us some time during the next ten minutes.

On several occasions questions have been put to the writer which class themselves in one bunch something like this: You labor men make about the first contact with these foreigners after they land. As soon as they've got a roof they come to you and go to work. Can't you do a lot to help make them good Americans? What can you do? Do you do it?

The answers to these three questions, in order, are:

Yes.

Treat them white.

Most of the time. And we're improving in this last respect very rapidly.

The labor handler is realizing more and more the big responsibility that is his in having a few score or many thousands of foreign laborers on his pay roll. The boss and his organization can do more to make these men like America and Americans than anyone else. He can do more toward making them decent and desirable residents among us; and more toward fitting them to citizenship, if that is desired, than all the night schools and all the extension courses extant.

Man dear, how those poor guineas used to be roasted in the construction camps in the old days! Hardly a dollar of the contractor's money ever got out of his hands. What with the commissary tickets, by which a large part of the hunky's pay went right back into the contractor's store at the camp, where clothing and food and household stuff brought prices to make a modern profiteer blush for shame, the hunky was generally out of luck on pay day. Of course he bought the commissary tickets out of his pay voluntarily. Sure he did! But that certainly made it nice for the contractor, for with a fistful of tickets the wop would not be likely to buy any place else than at the camp store.

Then he had shanty rent to pay; and though fifty cents a week or a dollar a month was not much, just the same, some of the shacks that brought in the contractor a hundred dollars a month and more would make a New York landlord turn red, white and blue with envy. Then, too, his rent was deducted whether he lived on the job or not; but this he could get back by losing a half day to thresh it out with the cashier. And he'd find that the cashier made the same mistake again the next pay day. Also he paid a dollar for his brass check; and this, too, was refunded him when he quit the job—if he thought to ask for it. Also, if he quit without giving notice, or without being fired, he couldn't get his money till next pay day, and generally pay day for one month was at the end of the following month.

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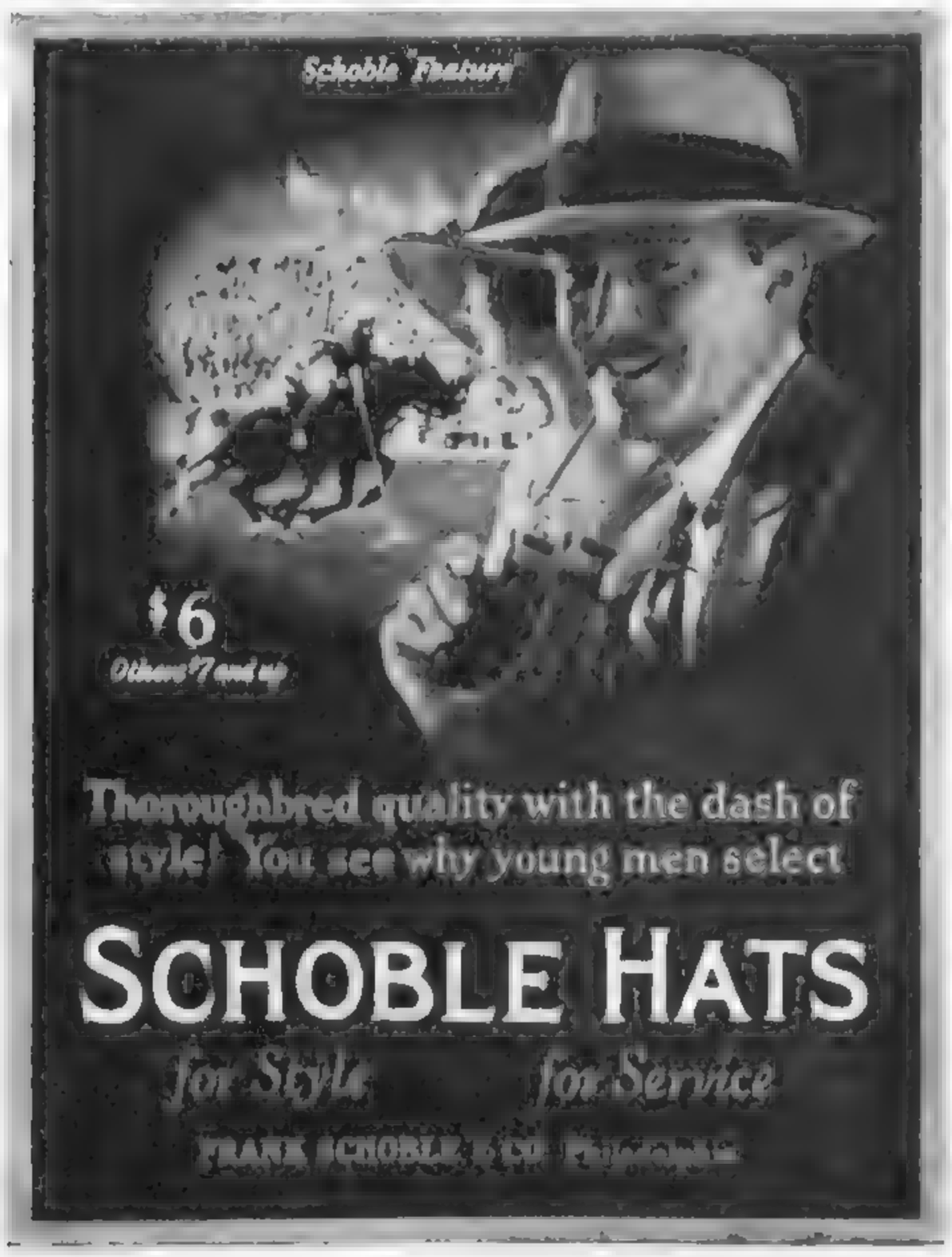

I remember mighty well one job where we were paid for May labor on the twenty-eighth of June. Of course the poor wops didn't know enough to give a notice, and they couldn't wait for pay day, so they generally sold their checks, most often to some kindly disposed soul in the cashier's office or to some friendly walking boss, at a discount of about 30 per cent. The writer remembers working on the rigging crew of a big job during one college vacation. He gave notice of when he was going to quit; but when he came for his money he found that the notice had not reached the office. He declined the kind proffer to sell his brass check at about half what was coming to him, and departed to school, leaving the brass check with his dad. And dad, upon collecting, found that twenty dollars had been deducted for board at one of the company's boarding houses

As dad had already, much to the flattening of his pocketbook, paid for the feed of the young rigger with an appetite built upon a day of labor in the open measured from leaving the house at five A.M. and returning at 6:30 P.M., he was not enthusiastic about having that twenty deducted. But he mighty near had to dynamite the main office on the job to get that money back. When they pulled this on a perfectly good American, you can guess how they took the guineas across. A whole article could be written on the graft that these poor wops had to stand for in the old days.

But that sort of thing is passing out. The labor handler has found out that the old estimate of these hunkies was wrong; that it pays in dollars and cents to treat them as though there might be a man or two in every gang

Take even the hard-boiled gang boss, for instance. You'll find that his men are no longer all "John." He has found that it pays to know them as individuals. Nowadays it's Nick this and Steve that, and "Milan, get your shovel." Sander—Alexander—and Mike and Jovan and Ahdom Adam—are called by name, and, believe me, they like it. Many a gang boss nowadays knows the towns or provinces from which his men come, where previously he was lucky to know their country. He knows now which fella got frau, which fella got sick baby, which fella old momma be dead last week in starry country, and that pretty near the whole gang lives with Pete Yakshe, the boarding boss, and that Yakshe's woman is "too much schön"—very pretty.

The Story of Poor Stanoff

Even the general foreman on the job gets to know a good many of them by name; especially the handy men, the fellows who can hold a rod plumb for the city engineer when he's short-handed, and who can set up a hand ratchet and drill a few holes without breaking the bit

Not only that, but the superintendent himself will follow up the fortunes of his labor a bit and help out many a time in little matters of private concern that worry them. A flock of quack doctors and shyster lawyers and grafting aldermen and short-skate police officials swarm about every foreign colony, bleeding these ignorant people at every chance. The contractor whose men know that they can get help from him against such harpies, and in the untold embarrassments and scary difficulties that harass them from the time they set foot in America until they have learned to defend themselves in ways just as devious as the ways in which they are attacked, will have labor on his jobs when everybody else is crying for it.

Maybe there is room for one rather unusual instance of how these fellows may be helped

I know of a contractor who stopped one of his men who was hiding ballast and asked, "Say, Steve, where be that big greener, Stanoff -that too much veliki fella, work here on track one day? I no see again"

"Stanoff?" said Steve. "Oh, sure, Stanoff, dot big Bulgar. She's dead. Flu ketch'm."

"Too bad. Stanoff maybe got frau, baby?"

"No got," stated Steve "Stanoff no got nobody. No got box for sleep. Stanoff stop for house, bed."

And an investigation revealed that poor Stanoff was indeed dead, in bed, without friends or relatives, and the boarding boss unwilling to pay for the funeral. And being a Bulgar, and his countrymen nine times as tight across the chest as the most penurious Caledonian of the funny story, every one was waiting for the next fellow to make a move to hire the undertaker.

This contractor put a hundred dollars, more or less, into the burial of Stanoff. Stanoff had a decent box to sleep in and a decent number of candles burned and a decent buggy to take his last ride in, and a whiskered orthodox priest in a black alpaca nightie said a decent number of prayers over him. And to tell the whole truth, Stanoff paid most of the freight himself, for Stanoff had about seventy perfectly good dollars' worth of labor on the contractor's books.

Just the same, though the contractor took no credit to himself for what he did, the time is not far past when nine contractors out of ten would have stuck Stanoff's seventy in their jeans and notified the health authorities; and maybe that particular contractor a few years back would have been one of the nine. But if he had it would have been the height of folly, for that hundred dollars—or thirty, if you will—brought in more magnificent returns than any other money he ever spent. For when everybody else in his territory was bawling for labor a year or so later he could have had every Bulgarian in his county on his pay roll, and he generally had them.

It Pays to Americanize

As to the giant corporations that use foreign labor, the thing they can do, and are doing more and more, to help make these folks like America is to house them better. Good housing and a personal interest in these folks mean a lot more than educating them. The fact that many of these foreigners are not used to clean places to live in is no reason why such places should not be provided, and if they are made to understand that our most important requirement for citizenship is going to be that their homes be decent they will keep their houses clean. Besides this, there are many of them, such as the Magyars, the Czechs and the higher-class Slavs, who are naturally neat and cleanly, and these need no coercion to make them live decently; all they need is the chance

Those who have seen some of the homes provided for the foreign people by the mining companies in the not distant past need not look on the inside of them to realize how impossible it is for the people who live in them to improve. The narrow, unlovely rows of them, standing in precarious ranks upon the bleak and barren hillsides, offer a drabness and sheer ugliness unmatchable in human habitations and present a picture of housing that would offer no urge of spiritual improvement to a pig.

But this is improving. Many of the steel companies now have real-estate departments with men at their head whose business is not merely that of keeping a lot of shacks rented and of keeping them in just that state of repair where it is a mystery that they do not tumble in on the occupants, but whose work is to improve the housing conditions of these people. He is the man who is urging that his company employ married men. And soon, given a chance to state their immigrant needs, these companies will be asking for married men, with their families. Good reasons for this are apparent to anyone. But the best reason is known only to the man in intimate touch with the foreign laborer and with the evils of the establishment of the boarding boss, in whose house a swarm of bachelors crowd, with the attendant evils of poor sanitation and crowding, bachelor immorality and resultant disease.

A considerable moral obligation adds its joy to the joys of those whose job is to get out the work by means of foreign labor the obligation to see that these folks are so treated and so housed as to like America and Americans. And the employer of these folks is coming closer all the time to meeting these obligations; not because he is any more eager than the rest of us to rush gladly up to a moral obligation and clasp it to his bosom, but because he has been reached in the way that the human being can be reached when all other methods fail: He has found out that it pays

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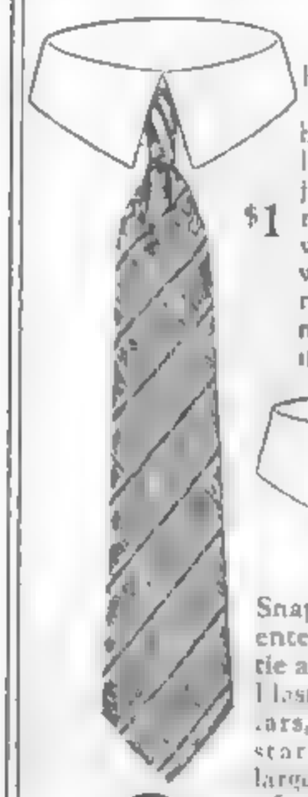

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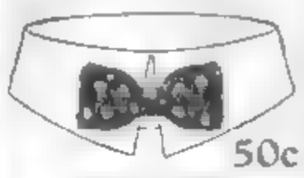

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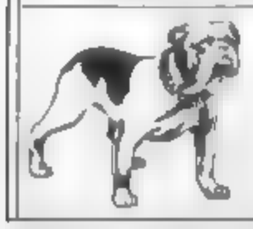

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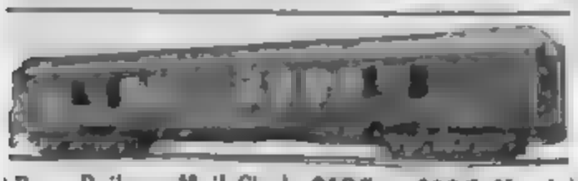

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BACK TO THE HILLS

(Continued from Page 16)

the noblest men I heard discussing this breach of faith on the part of the Turks was that if this country had entered the League of Nations, Smyrna would not have been destroyed and the Turks would not have violated the treaty they had made.

My own nobler instincts have prompted me to favor joining this league, but you cannot always trust your nobler instincts any more than you can your other instincts. It is dangerous. If entering this league means besides feeding Europe and crediting her we may also be called upon any day to send another army there to keep the peace, I am teetotally against going into it. Enough of a thing is enough.

But you cannot take the time to sit down and digest any kind of news before it changes, and you must face some other excitement. The general elections in this country flared up and went off with a terrific explosion. Back home that same day the people had cast their ballots as usual. With us it is a very simple business. We go to that little courthouse, fill out the ballot, thrust it through a broken pane in the window. One of the two men inside numbers it and thrusts it into a stone pitcher which stands on the table. That's all there is to it. Then we go on about our affairs, knowing well that it means little to us which party is in power at Washington. Whether it is the Democrats or the Republicans we keep on passing under the rod and looking to God for our salvation. This is about all we can expect, and it is not dependent on politics.

Two Bushels of Wheat for a Meal

The gluttony and extravagance of the people in the fashionable restaurants terrified me. I wondered what it would mean to them if they could catch a glimpse of the barren hillsides and weed-grown fields all over the country where five years ago rich harvests ripened in the sun. Last year coffee sold in these restaurants for ten cents more than a bushel of corn would bring in the West. Right now an ordinary breakfast with a slice of melon costs more in a first-class hotel than we can get for two bushels of wheat. And a half-grown yearling sells for less than these people pay for one planked steak. I do not know what the politicians think they are going to do with our taxes and with the labor situation and with all the other expensive problems they are making for us by way of keeping themselves in office and their political friends provided for, but I can tell you what is bound to happen soon or later: Every young man in this country will have to be drafted to the land, as they are drafted in other countries for so many years' military training and service. Then there will not be so many long lily-fingered gentlemen with polished nails sitting around these restaurant tables or in the midnight roof gardens. Because when they finish a four years' sentence to honest labor their hands will never be the same any more, and nothing will polish their nails any more, and they will have lost some of this decadent cabaret suppleness of the legs. But, Lord, what a change upon the face of the earth, when rich men's sons are fastened down to it! The land will be built up, all of it down to the last swamp and desert. And not so much millionaire capital will be spent in hotels and fashionable apartment houses and tall office buildings. Prices will go down, and labor will behave itself or starve. This is why we have strikes now. The workers have the drop on us because there are too many folk in this country too lazy or too smart to do hard work with their hands.

I do not know that we can live up to the Scriptures anywhere; maybe it was never intended that we should. I have observed that most people who make a devilish point of doing it develop moral conceit, which usually renders them unbearable to their fellow men. So I have always endeavored to be only moderately righteous and to keep within humble reaching distance of the Scriptures. But the longer I stayed abroad in the world the farther I seemed removed from my ordinary Christian experience, especially from verses like this:

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

The fault may have been mine. I may be pinched to a meanness of spirit by a sort of bigotry and envy at the richness, vivacity and prosperity of the world, but I could not see much which was true that ought to be praised. On the contrary my mind darkened day by day with bitter thoughts. Instead of the sense of justice which makes men noble, I began to acquire the sense of injustice which makes men ignoble; I could see how stupid my neighbors at home would look in these hurrying, ardent, well-groomed crowds along the fashionable avenues. But one of them, just one, is worth more in virtue, patience and long suffering than a handful of these smart fellows, however successful they are, because he has the courage to face bad weather, perpetual poverty with long hours of labor, that these people may live and prosper. He does not know it, he does not think it, his vision is holden to the land and the vicissitudes of his own narrow life, but this is its meaning. If the virus of the world I was in ever enters such men, this world, this civilization, its wealth and culture are gone.

The front page of every daily paper might be called the murder, scandal and bandit page, because the leading feature of it is usually that kind of feature. I was mentally pop-eyed from reading them, degraded and guilty of what I knew. This is a very insidious kind of guilt, because you are decently innocent of the wickedness upon which you indecently nourish your mind. I had seen so much that did not feel right or look proper, I had passed through so much disturbing news and bad news that when at last I started home my catastrophic imagination was still working. I expected the worst, some disaster to have happened there.

But when I arrived nothing had happened, nothing had changed. The same serene silence. Nobody had committed a fault worth publishing, nobody had made any money or spent any money. The weather had been good for the harvesting. And the social calendar for the week was full. The usual neighborhood picnic had already come off. This is some bright day in the early fall when everybody spends a day in the woods gathering nuts. The children lead, then the lovers, young men and maidens. At last, toward noon, come the fathers and mothers with their hampers of food, to be laid out at some convenient place, upon snowy cloths spread upon the autumn leaves. The food is abundant, the cooking is terrific, but nobody gets sick. The Hippodrome itself would be too small a place to stage the riot and joy of these picnics.

The lovers pair off and sit removed, as is their recognized right; the older men work into groups and talk importantly, as is their nature; but the mothers are everywhere, dispensing their bounties, discussing their cakes and pies, squalling at their children, sedately dividing the harvest of nuts that lie in heaps upon the ground.

Neighborly Methodism

I missed the cotton picking at the Spratling farm and the grand dinner served by Mrs. Spratling. But all the girls and boys were there, I heard, and a little gossip about what went on among them, nothing much, if you were not maliciously psychoanalytical in your interpretation of this gossip.

I am a Methodist. It is impossible that I could ever be anything else in this world or the one to come. If any very searching question is put to me about my human past at the final judgment bar I shall answer simply that I am a Methodist, which will be explanation and excuse enough for whatever faults or virtue I may have developed in the scrimmage of living. But this generous creed which allows so much play in the spiritual harness has another advantage—we can enjoy a religious service with any other Christian denomination without feeling snobbish. So, the next day after my return being a Sabbath day, and feeling the need of being shriven and getting the worldly scenery wiped out of my mind, I went up to their church to worship with my Baptist neighbors.

The house was crowded. The congregation was divided strictly according to the

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two sexes. I sat in the female amen corner, where I used always to sit when I was a circuit rider's wife in the Methodist itinerary. This location gives one a human-eye advantage both of what is going on in the pulpit and of what may be going on in the congregation, with no cranking of the neck or unseemly exhibition of that curiosity which we all have. I counted nine infants in my corner and fourteen more in the maternal body of the congregation, restless youngsters who demanded their rights and got them. The bowed shoulders of these mothers, the soft giving look upon their faces, their serenity—it was beautiful, and belonged to that service, but not fashionable. The faint iridescence of the young maidens seated behind these mothers and older women was the only evidence there of any manner or style which belongs to the world.

Services began with a hymn. There was no trouble about raising the tune; the question was whether we could ever get it down or not. Fortunately this was not necessary; so many of the women sang high treble. We were led in prayer. I know something about the worth and quality of prayers in a church, as others may know the difference between a masterpiece and a clever imitation. This was a masterpiece of homely eloquence. He had an anthem voice, that preacher. The "Amens" of the deacons sounded like feeble, humbler echoes. He omitted nothing from this prayer. He prayed for the people, and for the harvest, and that the weather might be suitable. He mentioned all little children among us. And finally he searched up the men in power at Washington. It is the custom in every church to pray for those in authority, and in my church we mention the President of these United States every Sunday morning politely, in a tone which implies that so great a man needs little revising

Not so this preacher. The inference was plain that he believed many improvements could be made in the souls of those men in authority if so be the Lord would bring them to their knees and elect them to a lowly contrite mind. I had no idea anyone around knew that much about what had been going on at Washington.

Then he arose from his knees, took off his coat, laid it on the bench behind him in the pulpit, opened the Bible and took his text, which was "Put on the whole armour of God."

This was the last we heard of that text by word or inference. He simply used it as a springboard to all the Scriptures he could remember which might or positively did apply to our case as human beings. He preached one hour, with less and less hesitation. In that time he covered all the space between the most damaging prophets and Revelation. Now and then his blood-shotten eye quivered like lightning upon the young he-goats in the back of the house, and once he let them have this: "And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison, and after many days shall they be visited." I do not know what this Scripture means, but it sounded fearful to the ear. And there was not one eye abroad in the back of the house. Every youth sat rigid, as if he had been overtaken in his secret fault.

A Good Text

I observed when he came to the saints he quoted tenderly from the New Testament. And he was mindful enough of those round-eyed babes who had not ceased to watch his every movement, to drop into a softer tone with a sweeping gesture which included them all and say, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the Kingdom of heaven." But from first to last he quoted Scripture; not his own interpretation of what the Lord meant, but what the Lord said, literally. There is no dodging a sermon like that. The word of the Lord always fits you or pinches you somewhere. Altogether it was one of the most searching sermons I ever heard.

One circumstance which I have never heard mentioned impressed me—the similarity between the delivery of an Episcopal minister and that of a hardshell preacher. They both chant their sermons. The difference is that the rector reads his discourse in the same measure from end to end and is not hurried or stirred by his thoughts, while the hardshell preacher depends strictly upon the Word, and the more of it he remembers the louder and more rapid he chants, until it is quite possible for him to reach the sublime stage of incoherence. There is no doubt in my mind that he is literally carried away at that point by the emotion of his faith in God. Certainly this is always the view taken by his congregation. And it seems to me preferable to the coolly critical attention given by a merely politely intelligent congregation.

Immediately after the sermon the sacrament was served. If this bread and this wine had been offered me I certainly would have fallen on my knees and taken it, which is not the way these people took it. They sat up with their eyes open and a solemn, blessed look on their weary, weatherbeaten faces. But the deacons who passed the plate and the cup omitted me.

I was not offended. What impressed me was that they do believe something too sternly to be polite against their own conscience. It occurred to me that a mere Methodist might seem to them to have some of the qualities of a spiritual bounder in this matter of communion, for it is known that we would not hesitate to commune with any denomination, even a sinner. I thought so by the swiftness with which the deacons skipped me.

The service was not yet finished. This was a very special occasion. Twice every year these Baptists wash one another's feet. The preacher called attention to the fact that it was one of our Lord's last commandments. I never knew that before, but he stood up and read it from the thirteenth chapter of Saint John. It was after the Last Supper. "He riseth from supper, and laid aside his garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet," the preacher read on slowly until he came to that place where Peter protested against this humility in his Lord. "Thou shalt never wash my feet!" The preacher lifted his eyes, swept us with an authoritative look and went on in a sterner voice, "Jesus answered him, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Simon Peter saith unto him, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"

Competing Saints

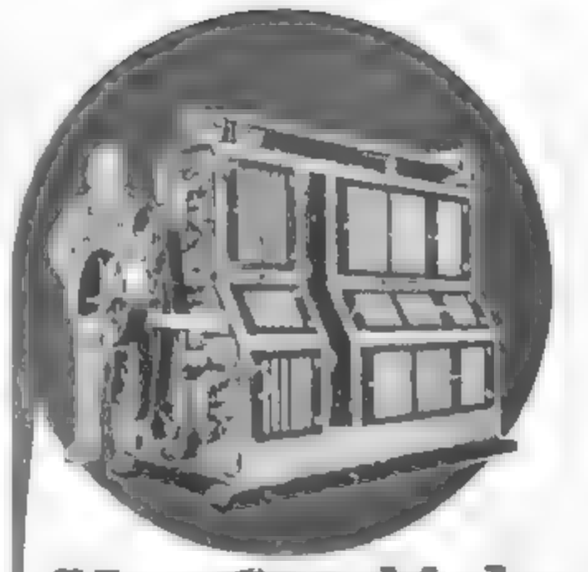
That clinched it so far as these people were concerned. And I have been wondering ever since why the rest of us in other churches do not wash one another's feet. The ceremony began at once. First one deacon, then another would rise up, lay aside his coat, gird himself with a towel, take a basin of water, kneel before another deacon and wash his feet. Then that one would rise up, lay aside his coat, gird himself with this towel, take the same basin and wash his brother's feet. After this they stood up and addressed each other in low sweetly rumbling tones. I was too far off to eavesdrop these sacred confidences, but from their solemn, shining faces I inferred that they exchanged words of Christian love and encouragement.

Two of these old saints impressed me particularly. They are neighbors. And there is always a fierce competition between them as to which will get the better of the other in a trade or any business affair. But now they sat side by side, their feet mutually washed, their vows of Christian charity exchanged, each with his arm over the other's shoulder, like two old weatherbeaten roofs leaning like a shed and a gable together to shelter their gospel and their dearest doctrines in a perverse world. Surely it is not our deeds, nor even our achievements, however great, that save us, but it is some invincible faith like this in us which transcends every mortal power and weakness.

While this ceremony was going on the congregation sang, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord."

Nothing untoward happened except that one very ancient and palsied deacon spilled his basin of water over himself. But he passed with such awkward majesty through this accident that it only gave him a drenched doctrinal dignity in excess of that of the other deacons, whose clothes were not wet.

There was one old man who washed not, neither was he washed. But as the solemn ritual of love and humility went on he seemed to shrink and grow smaller, more downcast in his corner. It appears that being very poor in dollars, and having much more corn than he needed, he was led by the devil into mining moonshine somewhere in a very secret ravine in this neighborhood. Officers of the law got the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worm and the juice, but not him. His brethren did that. They turned him out of the church. Later they received him into the fold again. But his fault lies like a sediment in the cup. His Christian character is not yet clarified. So his feet were not washed. Maybe they will be next year. He touched my heart. He was so nearly the image of that publican and sinner, always seen in the rear of the saints, to whom my husband used to preach so comfortingly. But my husband was a Methodist circuit rider, and maybe a trifle too tender in his dealings with sinners. As for these stern old hardshell saints, you must show the very ripe fruits of repentance before they will pet your soul or show public confidence in you.

The good women also gird themselves with towels and wash one another's feet. But I observed one who held aloof. I know her. She is a very diligent daughter of God. She will do her duty by you whether it hurts or not. She has a busy little old wrinkled face, even when she sits compelled to repose under the gospel, as if she were in the habit of perpetually thinking about how much she had to do tomorrow and must get about her work earlier than usual to make up for this Sabbath-day idleness. Now she sat prominently in the amen corner, her little hickory-nut face lifted and primped to a sort of spiritual sniff. Her skirts were drawn forbiddingly close about her ankles and her feet stuck as far back as she could get them under the bench. None of the towel-girded women approached her with their basins of water.

I have never known what it was to have a religious rite made of washing my feet, but since it was one of the doctrines of her church I wondered how she dared not to take part in it.

Being a meddlesome Methodist with less delicacy than I ought to have, on the way home I asked her why she didn't take part in this duty.

"They know!" she retorted grimly. "I lay sick in my bed for weeks this summer, and them women neither visited me in my affliction nor did they wash my clothes, though they knew that I had nobody to do it for me. Now they shan't wash my feet!"

This was about the proudest view I ever saw a woman take of herself. If there is such a thing as vanity of the Lord, this old lady has got it. As for me, I felt a sort of amused reverence for the sweet feminine heinousness she let go like the smack of her hand on the cheek of her negligent neighbors.

Before dismissing his congregation the preacher finished the service with the thirty-fourth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Saint John, which are the words of Jesus after he had washed the feet of his disciples: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." No long-winded exhortation, you understand; just that, with his arms lifted and his head bowed.

And we all went out of that house very quietly as if something good had been done to us, for the moment forgiving and forgiven, a little closer and kinder together, like children in our Father's house.

What I mean is that it is safer to live here in these hills, not so far from God. We have more quietness with our handful than the people of the world know, no matter how many handfuls they have. The travail we suffer is merely a matter of weather and work, and fine clean poverty. We rarely get in jail for embezzlement, there is so little to steal. We hate one another only in a trade. We do not keep it up. Our vexations are with the simple duties of a plain life. We do not covet or envy one another, because we all have about the same and no more.

It has occurred to me that if some of the bright Solomons of this present world could be sentenced to a year's hard labor and to attend preaching regularly in a community like this, much of the vanity and vexation of spirit which come of knowing too much of the wrong kind of wisdom might be sweated and dusted out of them.

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Big Property Owner: Where is the Fire Engine going?

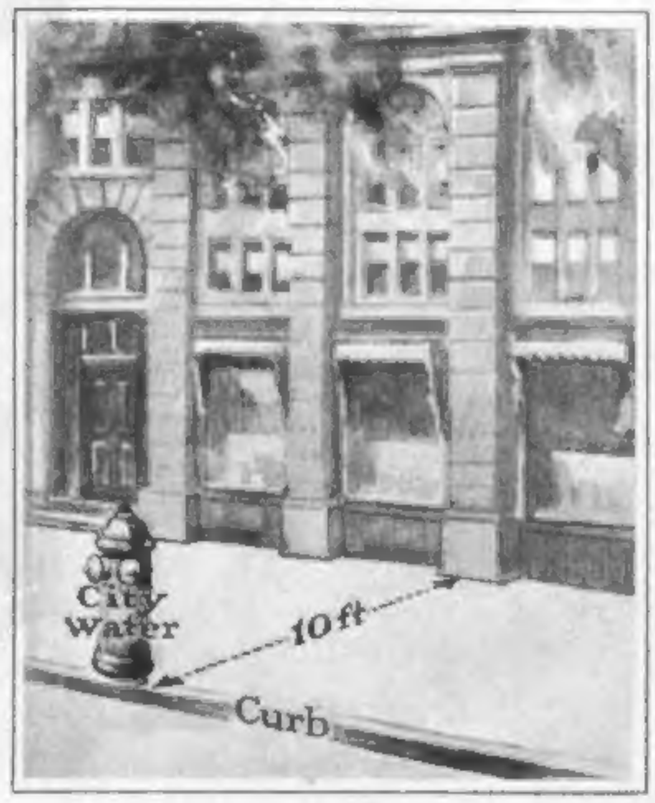
Fire Chief: To the curb.

The Mayor: What do you mean—to the curb?

Fire Chief: To get water from the city's mains ten feet across the sidewalk into a private building that is burning up.

The Mayor: It's more than a private building now. It's a public menace. Your men are fighting now to save blocks of buildings—perhaps the whole city.

Fire Chief: Right. And fighting under the terrible handicap of the usual delayed alarm. The city's water system should be in every building automatically fighting the fire before my men leave the engine house.



Safety brought to the Curb—but stopped

TWO hundred and nineteen American cities have spent hundreds of millions of dollars to carry water through thousands of miles of street mains. After bringing that water to the curb, they hire 40,000 firemen at a cost of over $50,000,000 a year, buy them apparatus and quarters costing $111,000,000 and rush them in fast motors through crowded city streets to carry the water from the curb a few feet to the inside of buildings that are burning up.

The Fire Chiefs, charged with the responsibility of keeping these American cities from burning up, know that if the water which now stops at the curb were scientifically piped throughout adjacent buildings, fire losses in those buildings would be only one-twentieth what they will otherwise be. *Twenty times*—think of it!*

Such scientific piping is called an Automatic Sprinkler System. With this system the water starts automatically when the fire starts. Such systems are now safeguarding forty thousand business properties worth billions on billions of dollars and saving insurance premiums by the hundreds of millions. The fire losses on these properties year in and year out average from two to three cents per hundred dollars of value. Insurance rates are correspondingly low.

That all buildings in the crowded business sections of American cities are not similarly protected, thus saving large amounts in insurance expense, is due to a combination of circumstances too involved to be explained here. Every property owner and public official should know what those circumstances are and so see for himself why intelligent municipal action as regards sprinkler protection is the only way quickly, definitely and largely to reduce a fire loss that is costing the country all told over a billion dollars a year—not a few hundred millions as is generally supposed.

Such information is contained in a booklet reprinted from "Fire and Water Engineering," the recognized authority of the Fire Chiefs of the country. It outlines a sane plan of municipal action unanimously supported by the fire chiefs of the country.

If you are paying heavy insurance premiums—

If your property is exposed to nearby fire traps—

If you keep wide awake to your city's growth—

If you are a public official—

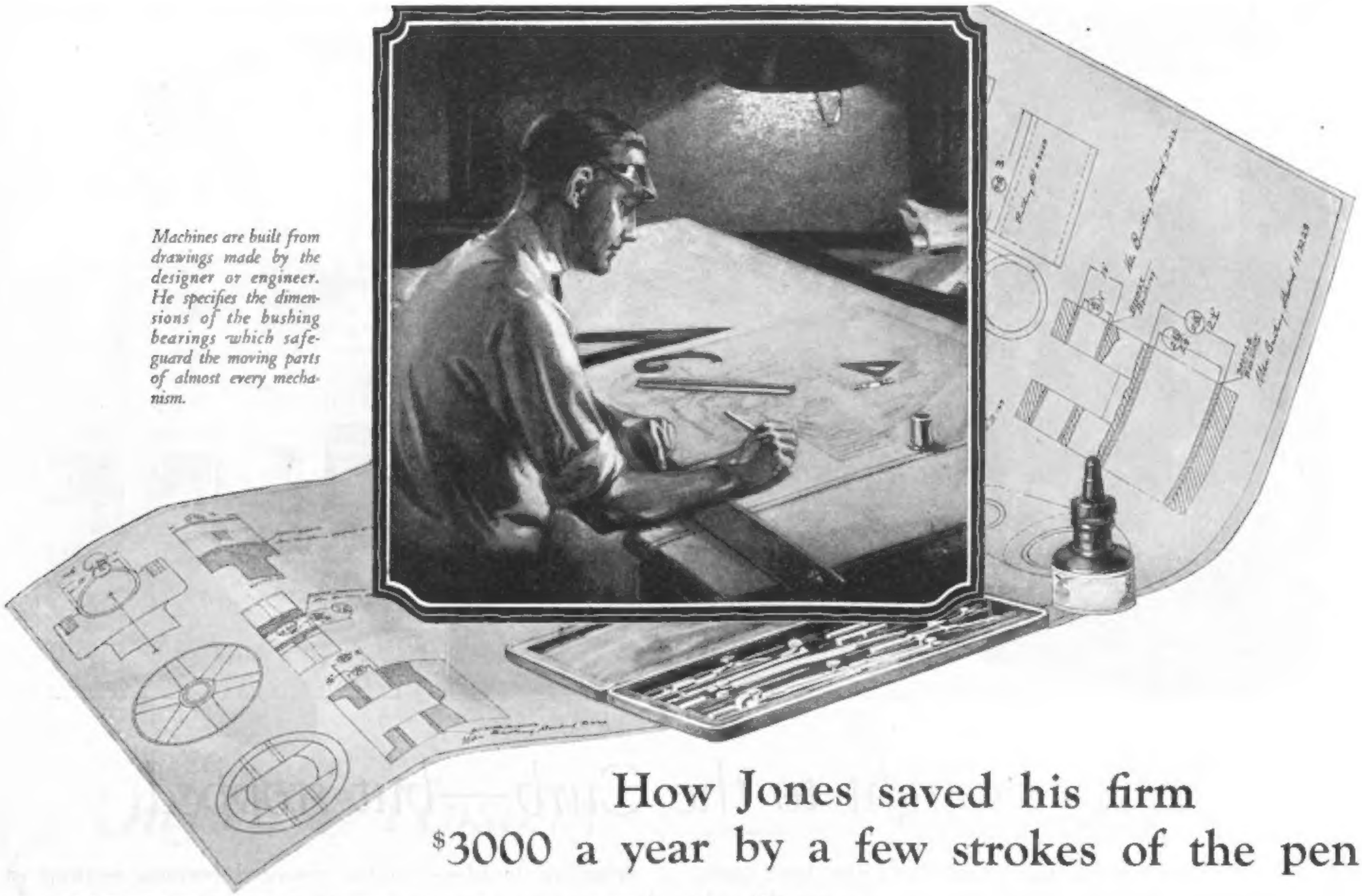
you want "The City's Fire Problem in a Nutshell." Therefore send for this new booklet today. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 275 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

When the fire starts, the water starts

*In mercantile properties without automatic sprinklers on guard, the *fire loss in one year* is $130,478,000 greater than it is in about the same amount of mercantile properties protected by automatic sprinklers.



Machines are built from drawings made by the designer or engineer. He specifies the dimensions of the bushing bearings which safeguard the moving parts of almost every mechanism.

How Jones saved his firm $3000 a year by a few strokes of the pen

THERE had been conference after conference. Just that night the chief engineer had said, "Can't you fellows get that cost down a little more? If ever we needed to save some money, it's now."

It was late at night in the drafting room. Jones looked vacantly at the walls, turning over in his mind the detail of a lathe that had been redesigned a dozen times in as many weeks. Tired of staring at the drawing, his eyes rested suddenly upon a card dimly visible in the shadow on the wall.

"Bunting's Stock Card" his mind told him. Then a look of awakened mental processes flashed into his face. He hastily brought the card to the drafting board. He scanned it intently and began to figure.

There were 20 bronze bushing bearings in the lathe the firm was building. Everyone was made special and to order, costing an aggregate of about $16.00 per lathe. By slight changes, no more than a sixteenth of an inch in any diameter or a quarter of an inch in length, Jones could make 18 of them correspond to sizes listed in Bunting's "Ready Made" line.

Referring to Bunting's price list his hasty figures showed that on the 400 lathes the company planned to build within the year, he could save at least $3,000 by specifying Bunting Standard Ready Made bushing bearings in place of the special order ones.

"We can't buy better bushings at any price, and the beauty of it is that we can buy them as we need them and get them when we want them. They're always in stock," said Jones, as he locked up the office and started home.

This revolutionary cost reduction affecting an indispensable part of almost every one of the millions and millions of machines and automotive vehicles in the world today, can be applied instantly, anywhere at any time.

Manufacturers, Designers, Repairmen

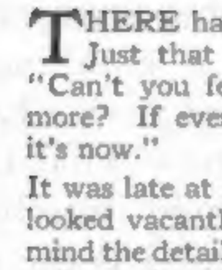
You can get a stock card like the one Jones used, showing sizes and prices of 154 completely finished bronze bushing bearings always ready to ship — small lots at big run prices. Write for stock list 10.

Auto Parts Jobbers and Repairmen

You can get complete information about Bunting Piston Pin and automotive bushings for all popular cars, trucks, tractors and motors by writing for stock list 11.

Special Requirements

Quotations promptly furnished on all special designs. Pattern and Tool equipment for over 10,000 different bushings and bearings.



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San Francisco 198 Second St., Cor. Howard Douglas 6215
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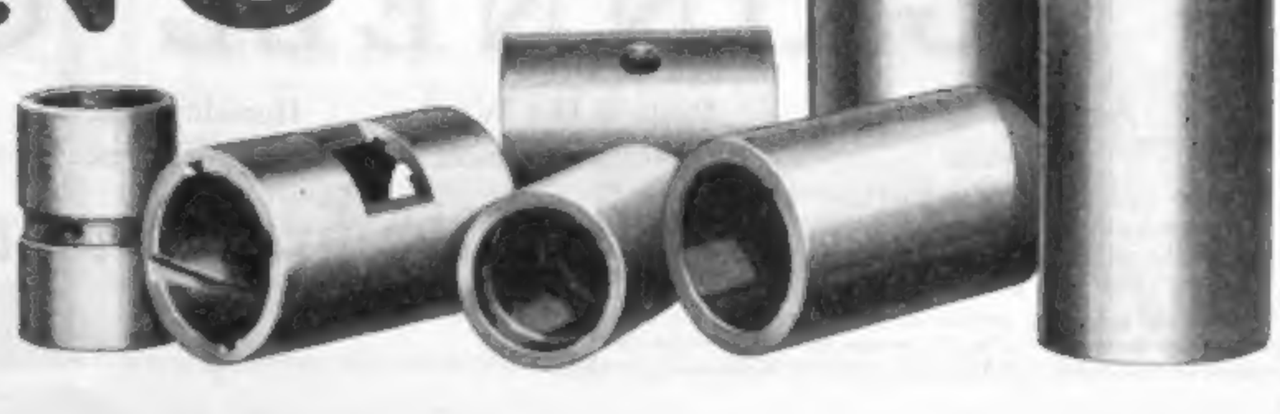
BUNTING BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

Complete stocks of Bunting Ready-made Bushings are carried constantly at all Bunting Branches.



For
Business
Floors

All things that a floor should be

IN a library a quiet, clean floor is almost as necessary as book-shelves. The Denver Public Library, one corner of which is pictured here, is one of many public buildings that have floors of Armstrong's Linoleum.

If you took the trouble to write down on paper the qualities that a floor should have, you would write an almost perfect description of a linoleum floor.

For a floor should first of all be durable and long-lasting, and, when properly installed, Armstrong's Linoleum makes a practically permanent floor.

A floor should be waterproof, easy to clean and to keep looking well. The cost of maintaining the floor should be low.

Linoleum floors can be cleaned thoroughly, more quickly, and with less effort than almost any other type of floor. The linoleum floor never needs expensive refinishing, and an occasional waxing and polishing is all the care it demands.

Quietness and a restful resilience to the tread are outstanding qualities in linoleum and desirable virtues in a floor. In a library, for instance, chairs move noiselessly and people move about without disturbing others. Linoleum is warm to the touch, and, in the different colors and patterns in which it is made, is pleasant to the sight.

Your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant can give you more extended information on the value and economy of Armstrong's Linoleum. If you are interested in floors for any business, shop or office or for public or semi-public institutions, write for our free book, "Business Floors." It contains 48 pages, and includes photographs of installations, plates of colors and designs from which to choose, and directions for laying linoleum over concrete or wood. Sent on request.

Look for the CIRCLE "A" *trademark on the burlap back*

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ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION, *812 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

Old Dutch is Thrifty

A little goes a long way—
You are proud of your sink, porcelain, and other kitchen things when you use Old Dutch Cleanser. The Old Dutch way means satisfaction, ease and thoroughness in cleaning, and saving in household expense.

A natural cleanser, composed of fine, soft, flat, flaky particles—***there is nothing else like Old Dutch.*** These flat particles make complete contact with the surface and wipe the dirt away in a clean sweep. Contains no lye, acids or hard grit, which scars the surface and grinds in the dirt

—use Old Dutch for all cleaning.